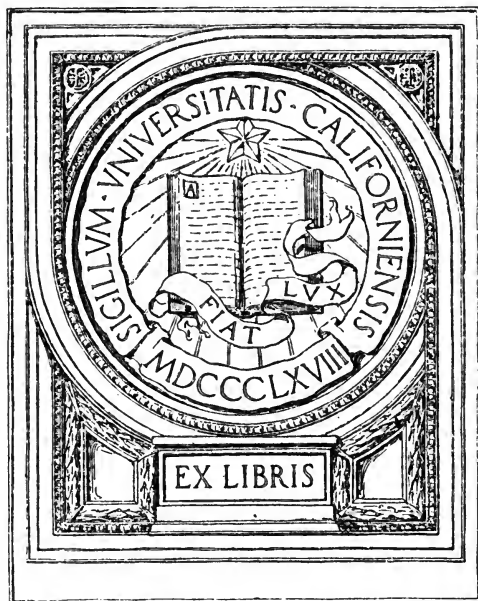




The  
IMMORTAL  
HOPE

M·C·Hazard ~  
and  
Newell·Dwight·Hillis

IN MEMORIAM  
Rabbi Isadore Isaacson

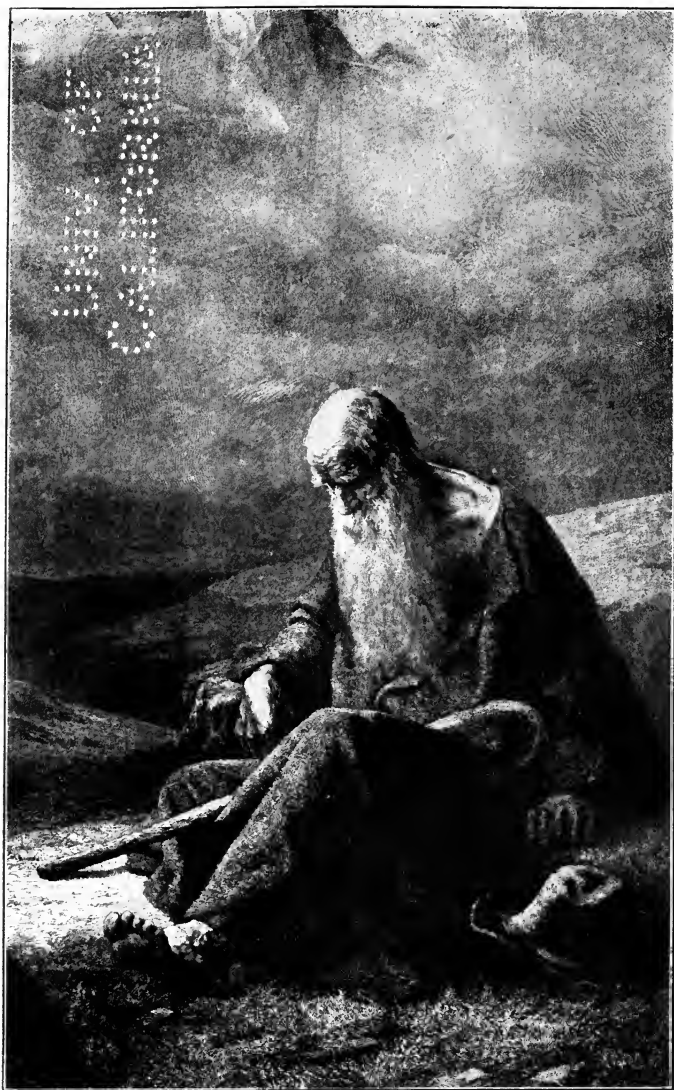


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But is there for the night a resting place? Page 65.

(From Painting by I. Stuetz.)

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

# The Immortal Hope

THE WITNESS OF  
THE GREAT POETS  
OF ALL AGES TO  
THE LIFE BEYOND

COMPILED BY  
M. C. HAZARD, PH. D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



WITH SIXTEEN FULL PAGE HALF-TONE  
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL  
PAINTINGS BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS

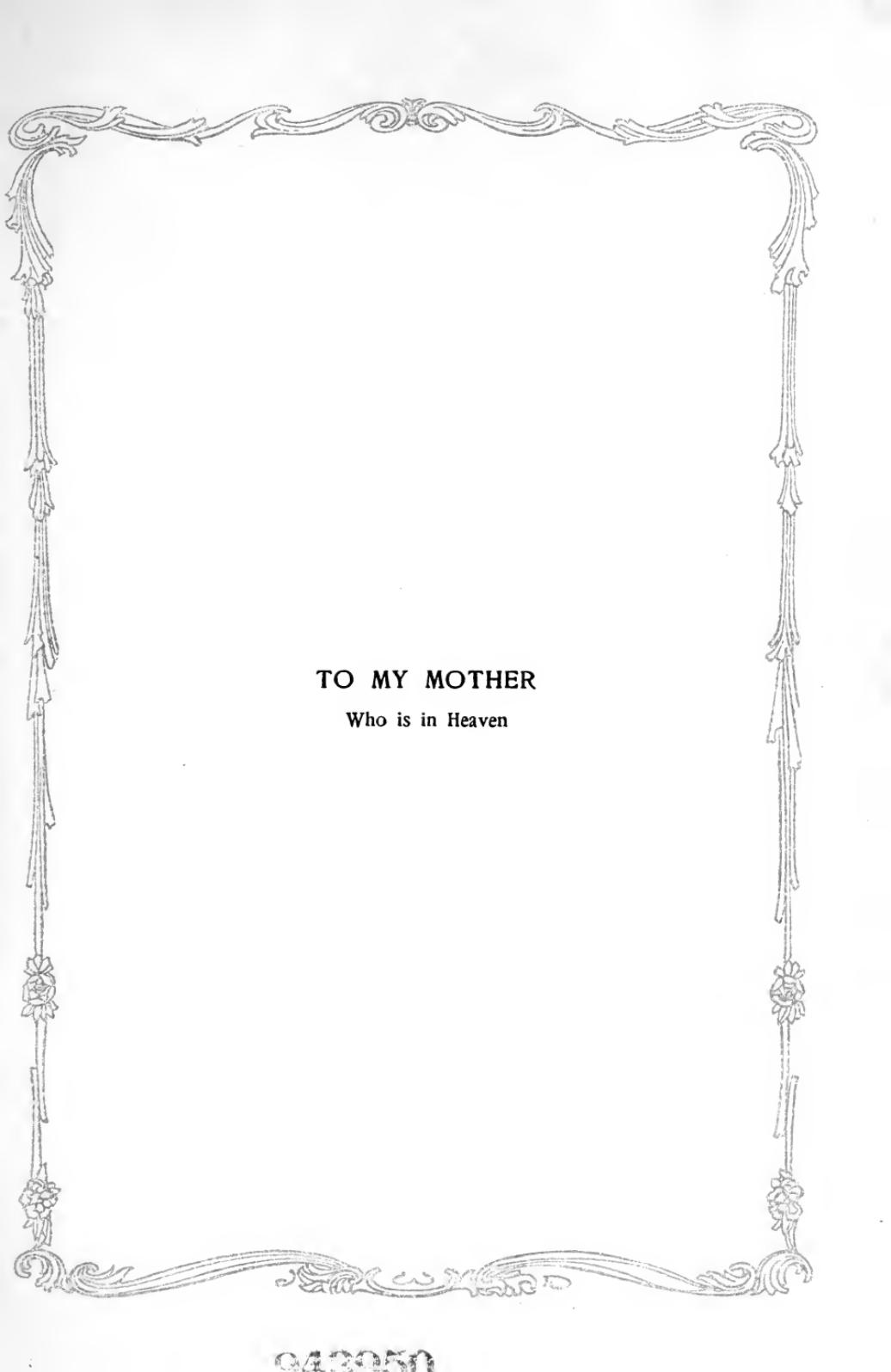
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THE IMMORTAL HOME  
Compiled by M. C. Hazard

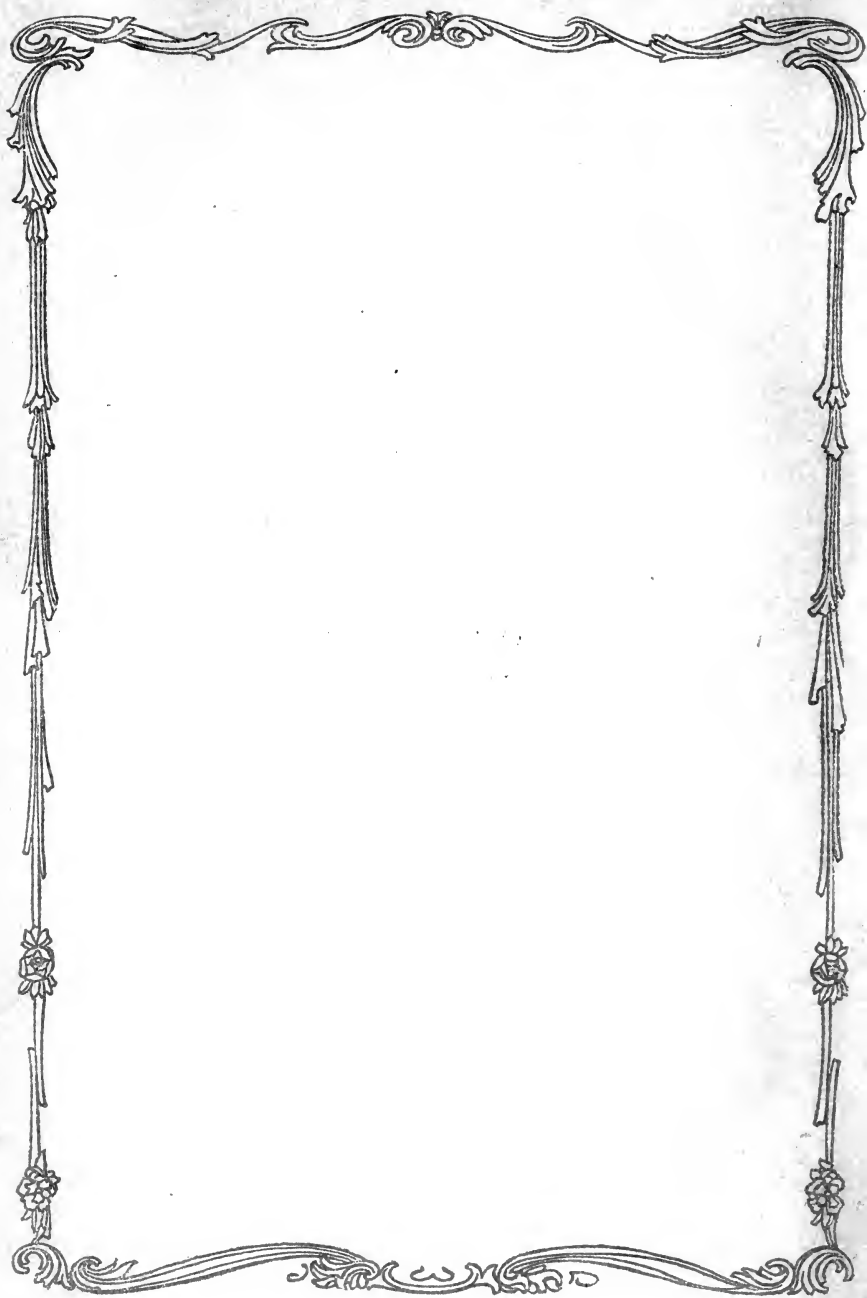
IN MEMORIAM

PAUL ISAACSON



**TO MY MOTHER**

Who is in Heaven





## Introduction.

---

Among earth's wisest teachers, we give the first place to the poets. These are the men of vision, who see the open rift in the sky: who hear and understand the voices that fall over the heavenly battlements. And who, when the clouds stand upon the horizon, pierce through the darkness, and show us the sweet fields that lie beyond. In all ages, the poet has been the true consoler and guide, and teacher. He is not simply the interpreter of the beautiful, he is also the prophet of the eternal, and the herald of an invisible friend. It is given to the soldier to protect the people, the teacher instructs the state, the statesman guides the state. But the poet inspires us, stays our faith, and gives the clue out of the maze. What the philosopher cannot do, the poet, with his song and parable, has easily accomplished. The world owes much to Moses for his laws, but not less for his psalm of the brevity of life, the eternity of God, and the certainty of the realm that lies just beyond the stars. Welcome, indeed, therefore, this volume that binds together the great songs of the greatest



## Introduction.

singers of the great hope—the hope of the life immortal.

Just now the whole world is confessing a new interest in immortality. The old material science has lost its grip. The pendulum is swinging toward idealism. And once more our best thinkers are writing on immortality. Men have learned that thoughts are as substantial as things. That prayers are as real as paving stones. And if reason has questioned, the heart of the poet and the mystic whispers, "Hope, and have faith in God." Once more the world is celebrating the festival of the soul. The individual is being capitalized. At last events have compelled the recognition that the grave, hitherto digged for other feet, may soon be digged, not for others, but for us. The mystery, the pathos, the tragedy and the glory of this momentous event, named death, is that the messengers of release and convoy may even now be a-wing on their journey for us. The wise reflections of the good and great upon the brevity of life also enhance and intensify our personal relation to immortality. So rich is our world, so wondrous are the intellectual fields where reason may gather her sheaves, so sparkling are the treasures of friendship, so beautiful the banks of clouds in which the sun sinks to rest, so marvelous and fascinating the ruins of the old cities, where other people had their beginning, so swift is the progress and upward growth of our city and our republic, so vast are the problems of



## Introduction.

the poor, inviting our help to solve them, that the very thought of leaving this world after so brief a sojourn, brims the eyes with tears and eclipses, for the moment, every joy. Verily, art and growth are long, and life is short. All too short the time for that prince of Israel, "the days of the years of my pilgrimage have been few and evil." All too short also the years of Moses, the sage. "The years are heavy upon me, so that I can no longer go out or come in." For earth's wisest men also the weight of sixty years became a weight unendurable, for, lo, "the grasshopper is a burden, and desire hath failed, and man goeth to his long home." For the scholar, for the soldier, for the courtier, for the merchant and jurist, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Have you ever seen the slow movement of a vast glacier, flowing as a river of ice, down from the mountains of God? Then, if not, take your stand on the prow of the boat, and behold the Muir Glacier of snow and ice. Watch this vast river of snow and ice, as it moves, crowded slowly forward by the vast masses of snow falling from the heights, at the one end, while at the other, with boom like unto the boom of cannon, the icebergs break off, and go floating out to sea, attended by white mists and clouds, that wave their plumes with the angels of God. And then you will understand with what awe and fascination, joy and tears, we see the multitudes coming in, and in death, going out, to be seen no

### Introduction.

more forever! Verily, these fields are white unto the harvest! When that foreign army invaded Greece, it passed by many villages, and marched straight toward Athens, to sack the city of its treasures of art and beauty. What if the ruler of Athens, beholding their coming had said, "This is the tribute that an enemy pays to our accumulated treasures. Spoiling our Parthenon of its marbles, they would get the treasures up to enrich other cities. The beauty disappears from our midst, but it does not perish." So comes death last. Our world has been dear unto God's angels of death. In retrospect I know what God thinks of His saints here made meet for heaven.

We are quite sure  
That He will give them back,  
Bright, pure and beautiful;  
We know that He will but keep  
Our own and His until we fall asleep;  
We know that He does not mean  
To break the strands reaching between  
The Here and There;  
He does not mean, though heaven be fair,  
To change the spirits entering there,  
That they forget.

—Pg. 191.

**The Ground of Immortality.** In all ages the philosophers have loved to pass in review the arguments for immortality. They have made much of the universality of the hope. Of the



## Introduction.

fact that the instinct for immortality is all but inexpugnable, much also of the analogies in nature, based upon the death of the seed that the plant may live, the falling of the flower that the fruit may swell, the rending of the chrysalis that the butterfly may spread its glorious wings, the flight of the bird through the pathless air toward the far-off tropic land. All these arguments are full of meaning, all are valid, all carry comfort, and all are rich in suggestion. But, in the nature of the case, we cannot realize what it is to stand in another continent until we arrive there. The arguments of Columbus may be sound, and his descriptions of the newly-discovered continent may be clear and accurate, but his hearer can never realize that vast new world beyond the seas, until he sails away into the great West, and for himself steps foot upon the shores hitherto unexplored. Great is the hunger of man's reason and heart for immortality. But that immortality rests not upon a desire in man, but upon the purpose and will of God. The wisdom of Jesus taught us that because "God lives—man shall live also." Oh, the wondrous words! telling us that God is eternal and that the man who possesses God-like qualities is therefore immortal also. Close study of the events of nature compels the reflection, that God represents power in storms, goodness in harvest, beauty in faces and landscapes; represents also truth and justice, mercy and love.

## Introduction.

Is there a man, then, who, travelling across the years, has gathered unto himself power, justice, goodness, the love of truth, mercy, pity, love, such an one has those attributes that in God are eternal, and, lo, these qualities, under the touch of God's love, have clothed him with immortality.

For the healthy mind it is inconceivable that God could have lent this divine treasure to the soul of a great man, named Paul, or Moses, or Lincoln, only to destroy that soul after a few brief summers and winters! Surely, there must be some proportion between the endowments and the field of action. The great redwood trees of California cannot think, nor weep, nor laugh, nor love, yet they began their growth before that sepulcher was digged near the Mount of Olives. Near Rome, there is an old olive tree that has been mentioned in Italian literature and Latin for 1,400 years, and it is believed to antedate the poet Horace. To the white elephants of Siam, God gives a career of 150 years. There are beeches near Hampton Court, under which children have played, and kings and queens have lived and died, for five hundred years. But while the oak lives on, fifteen generations of men and women have risen and passed away again. One of the German scientists speaks of "the security of the insignificant animalculæ." He tells us that because they are so small, they are practically free from eternal catastrophe, and therefore, are practically immortal. Science teaches

## Introduction.

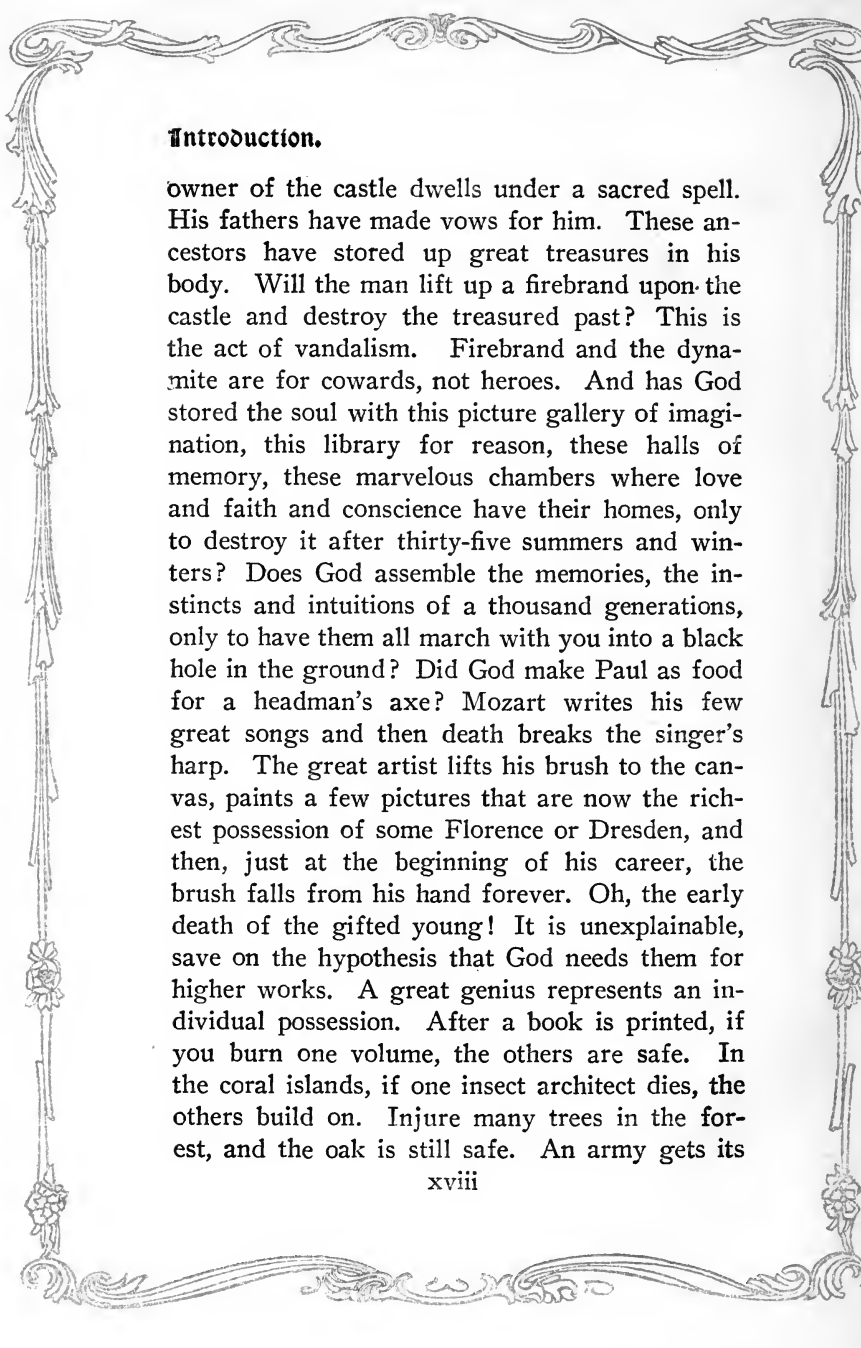
us that death is not a necessity of organic functions on the inside. It is the result of a catastrophe in the environment on the outside. For that reason, plant your redwood tree in the hidden glade, and the functions of life will go on for thousands of years. The tree is practically immortal, but for the external catastrophes of lightning, the axes, and bore worms. For man—death is not a necessity of the vital functions of the body within. It is the outgrowth and necessity of our circumstances and environment without. Has God made trees to live for thousands of years and lent "security to insignificant animalculæ," and denied it to man made in His image?

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—  
He giveth *His* beloved sleep.

—Pg. 234.

### Man's Greatness Argues Immortality.

Does God store the soul like a vast mansion, only to destroy it as soon as stored? Some great castle or manor house in England holds portraits of a hundred ancestors on the walls of the gallery. Here, too, are old swords and medals, won on many a battlefield. Here are old manuscripts giving the history of the family. The present



## Introduction.

owner of the castle dwells under a sacred spell. His fathers have made vows for him. These ancestors have stored up great treasures in his body. Will the man lift up a firebrand upon the castle and destroy the treasured past? This is the act of vandalism. Firebrand and the dynamite are for cowards, not heroes. And has God stored the soul with this picture gallery of imagination, this library for reason, these halls of memory, these marvelous chambers where love and faith and conscience have their homes, only to destroy it after thirty-five summers and winters? Does God assemble the memories, the instincts and intuitions of a thousand generations, only to have them all march with you into a black hole in the ground? Did God make Paul as food for a headman's axe? Mozart writes his few great songs and then death breaks the singer's harp. The great artist lifts his brush to the canvas, paints a few pictures that are now the richest possession of some Florence or Dresden, and then, just at the beginning of his career, the brush falls from his hand forever. Oh, the early death of the gifted young! It is unexplainable, save on the hypothesis that God needs them for higher works. A great genius represents an individual possession. After a book is printed, if you burn one volume, the others are safe. In the coral islands, if one insect architect dies, the others build on. Injure many trees in the forest, and the oak is still safe. An army gets its



## Introduction.

meaning out of the multitude, and if some fall, the rest march on to victory. The hive gets its meaning from the many, but the great man, Lincoln, Hallam, Keats, is unique. It is the one thing of its kind in the universe. If death sweeps it into a hole in the waving grass, then the one thing that makes this universe worth while has been destroyed. Do you say that the soul of man has the qualities of God? And the "arena of an insect"? Who art thou, that thou chargest folly upon God? Let him believe it who will—I scorn it! God is Our Father. Men are broken-hearted over their prodigal sons. Though the boy wander far, though he blast every hope, though he wreck every plan, though every door is turned against him, there is one heart that aches for him, and longs for his return—his father's. Until the boy comes home, the house is empty. And reverently I say it, God, the Infinite Father, is homesick for His earthly children. His heart aches until they come home. Through the storm and the night, He is abroad, seeking for them. He will not be satisfied until He brings them in. Their bodies fall like the leaves, but they do not die for God; there are no sailors in the depths of the sea, no pioneers forgotten in the forest, no falling statesmen, no dying mothers, no little children held in tombs. Unto God all live. Presidents rule over eighty million of living and loving and enterprising men. Think you God is a king who stretches

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a sceptre over graveyards, and whose only subjects are bones and skeletons? For God there is no death. But that event called death is a little incident and a trifling episode, a brief moment, when the soul slips out of the bodily garment, that it may wear brighter, lighter, and more radiant robes.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
Thy will always,  
Through a long century's ripening fruition,  
Or a short day's;  
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,  
If thou come late.

—Pg. 73.

**Man's Growth Foretells His Immortality.** The very way in which God educates men seems to be a foregleam of immortality. This world is God's workshop and school. Events are our teachers. Joy and sorrow polish the soul into shapeliness. By long processes we go slowly to culture and character. But there ought to be some proportion between the time spent on preparation and education, and the time spent on work and enjoyment. Even human educators recognize this principle. One of our college presidents published an article on the shortening of the university course. In part, his views approved themselves to practical men. In view of the fact that the average life is approximately thirty-five years, the period of education



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and the period of work must be proportionate, and stand in a normal ratio. First of all, some six years of education through the parents and the home, then follow ten years of the public schools, at 16, the boy enters the academy, at 18, he enters the college, where he remains for four years. At 22, he begins another four-years' course in the halls of medicine, or law, or morals. Even if the average life is forty, there remain only fifteen years for work, and the use of the education. But character is a diploma that God gives only after the full forty years. Some men and women He keeps at school until they are 70 and 80, but He keeps them at school by many a hard task, by many a fiery pain, by light shades and by dark shades, with a stroke here and a stroke there; by health and by sickness, by victory and by defeat, by storms and by the bow of hope in the clouds, by wealth and also by the flight of riches; by honors and the dissolution thereof, He drills and educates men for that ripe stage called the character. There is not one day of vacation. There are no long summers when God's pupil can for months leave the school. It is one long drill, with God's appointed teachers, named work, industry, temptation, prayer, love, grief, death. But if the life ends with the schooling, surely some great error has been made. Drill looks toward an end. Preparation implies continuance. The professional course argues a long career of practice and en-

## Introduction.

joyment, an apprenticeship means promotion. Are artist masters wise when they graduate their pupil into independence and a long career in Painting, and does God graduate His pupils into—Greenwood? This turns all life into a snare. Surely, God does not feed men on empty husks and bubbles. This is a school room, and when the task is done, we return home, to the long eternal years. Some day we shall put away our task and close our books. Like those boys who have been away to school, come home for the holidays, to fill all the halls with eager shouts, and brim the mother's eyes with happy tears, and make their father's heart to almost break with pride in his sons and daughters, so we shall come home after our schooling is done, and be satisfied and find our beloved dead!

And yet that same word ONCE  
Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,  
Shaking a discrowned head,  
"We ruled once,"—dotards, "We once taught and led,"  
Cripples once danced i' the vines—and bards approved,  
Were once by scornings moved:  
But love strikes one hour—LOVE. Those *never* loved,  
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

—Pg. 203.

**Man's Great Past**      For deeply reflexive minds, man's great past argues his long, immortal future. In this era of physical science, our scholars are now chiefly interested in the rise of the intellect, and



## Introduction.

the evolution of the faculties of the reason. The time was when they held that the great intuitions represented the result of a creative fiat. Man has certain intuitions of space, and of time, and certain mathematical principles are axioms. These principles are so inwrought into the fibre of the soul, that we cannot conceive of their being otherwise. Little by little scholars have traced the history of these instincts. Wordsworth thought that perhaps they represented a pre-existence, in that "man comes trailing clouds of glory. Not in utter nakedness, not in entire forgetfulness," does man come. Grown accustomed to this physical world, the rich, heavenly memories soon fade away; the shades of the prison house close in about the boy, and gross temptations make him forget the glories of that imperial palace whence he came, the splendors there, on happy hills of God, that once he knew, but now, are all but forgotten. These are the glorious thoughts of the old poets, that are true, but with a different philosophy. With larger study, has come the wiser conclusion, namely, that the instincts are ancestral memories, that the intuitions are the condensed recollections of long generations, registered, preserved, and handed forward for us. By long study and habitual practice the worker's hand performs certain feats automatically. And by practice and long time, man has his mental traits. Could we stand, therefore, in the aisle of man's soul, and listen—oh, what thousand-



### Introduction.

fold whispers would we hear. As if ten thousand streams and rivulets were flowing down from ancestral hills, to make up that great river of intellect called the human soul. To what end was this task accumulated? Plainly, for a great future. Yesterdays, so many and so rich, imply to-morrows, equally numerous, and no less rich. Ten thousand years to develop your intuitions, your instincts, your heart-hungers for righteousness and purity, and prayer, and self-sacrifice, imply ten thousand years for your continuance, and the full development and exhibit and use of your treasure. It is this great past that prophesies the immortal to-morrow. It is this immortal hope that consecrates to-day's tool and task. The setting sun pours a flood of splendor over humble objects—the fallen log, the rail fence, the humble cot—and the soul stands in the foregleam and anticipatory glow of an immortal day. God, who made the sun to disappear in a rich bank of clouds, that it may rise again in the morning, makes the soul to sink into the arms of death, to disappear from sight, but not to pass away. The great sun to-day lifts from the sea the white mists and the land sheds its vapors that rise like white clouds and incense unto the throne of God. And thus, the poet says, our earth sheds its whitest souls into the air and our noblest spirits rise heavenward, unto Him who dwells above the stars, where is Our Fa-



## Introduction.

ther's house, the many mansions, and where dwell the apostles and heroes and martyrs.

O angel of the land of peace!  
When wilt thou ever come for me?  
I fain would be where sorrows cease;  
I dread no more thy kind release;  
I wait for thee!

—Pg. 48.

**Science the Prophet of Immortality.** Physical science, also, has become a prophet of immortality. How fascinating those volumes, "The Soul's Survival of Bodily Death." Here and now it is enough to say that their author deserves unbounded praise for his contribution. Mr. Myers' poem on St. Paul tells us that had he practiced verse he might have been a great poet. His essays tell us that had he given himself to literature he might have been a great writer. His studies in mental science tell us that he could have achieved great fame as an analytical student; but Professor Myers gave himself for thirty years to the problems of the mind, and for that form of mind which is generally called abnormal and provokes severe criticism, and induces much misunderstanding. In the second volume of these great books, in which Professor Myers seems to me to have established his argument, he says that but for the study of physical science and for investigations into the realm that he has been studying that a hundred years



## Introduction.

from now no man might have believed in immortality, but that because of these investigations a hundred years from now, there will be no scientist of any standing who does not believe that the soul survives bodily death. From every quarter, therefore, the arguments come trooping in. The proofs are cumulative. All the facts march—and they all march one way—toward immortality. Poetry has its prophecies. Philosophy moves along its great highway of argument; the over-equipment of the soul hints the preparation for the immortal life; the early death of the young, the gifted and the noblest tell us they have been promoted to higher tasks; our heroes, slain by assassins' bullets, our martyrs, rising in chariots of fire, our reformers, exiled and hunted over the hills, our teachers, poisoned in Athens, our missionaries, beheaded in Rome, our apostles, crucified in Egypt and Ethiopia—their wrongs shall be righted, for this is a moral universe, and justice shall be done. In this hope they lived—the hope of immortality, and in this faith they died, without a fear or tear. God tells no lies to the birds, to whom He whispers through instinct that if they will leave the storm behind, far off is the warm tropic land. Let us believe also that beyond these voices, there is rest and peace. That God hath explained their hard problems; and that one look into His face, one word of approval from His lips, hath justified the long years of perils in the city, and per-



## Introduction.

ils in the wilderness of temptation, and sorrow and struggle, of sacrifice, and death.

### **Immortality the Very Genius of Life.**

After long years of reflection, and much study, some of us have found the rock. Hope has become conviction, conviction has become certainty, and at last faith is a winged reason, and a form of glorified intellect. For us the immortal hope is at once the solace and the glory of daily life, and but for this outlook, life would be all but unendurable. Hours there are, let us confess it, when life for some is scarcely worth the living. The statesman plans the people's good and receives criticism. The publicist informs the people, and a single sentence is torn from its context and turned into an arrow, and winged with fire against him. For generosity the merchant receives ingratitude. Oft, too, the best men are cast aside, while the worst climb to place and influence. Utterly tired of their fellows, worn out inside and worn out outside, an overworked public servant often feels as if he never wants to see the face of man again, and would like to seek a dreamless sleep. Then there is but one thing that will recover his soul to its wonted strength, equip him for his battle on the morrow, and pour fresh life into his jaded soul—the immortal hope. Hours there are when one could not live, but for this outlook toward the stars, and but for that door opened into heaven. What passionate hun-



## Introduction.

ger for wisdom, with no time for quiet study! What hunger of the eyes for beauty! Oh, for a century of travel in the summer, into the great mountains! and a century for travel in the winter, into the great tropic lands! What ambitions to serve the poor and weak! Must the scholar close his books forever? Must the jurist leave his hall and bench when he has scarce begun his task? Have the noble spirits with their zest for righteousness and personal holiness, no place of satisfaction? At best, what a little cage this world is!

The keeper of the zoological garden tells us that in the autumn the golden-crested eagle stands always on the south side of the cage, with its head between the bars, straining and straining toward the south. That when the spring is again upon the land, and the south wind blows softly, the eagle stands always looking toward the north. With its head between the bars it strains toward the land where coolness hath her hiding-places. And oft the soul stands expectant. Soon the signal will be seen. Then, putting out into the night, and the storm, we shall sail the sea with God alone, in the triumphant faith that at last we shall drop anchor in a far-off haven of happiness, and landing on the soul's summer land, go up the happy hills of God.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Brooklyn, 1905.

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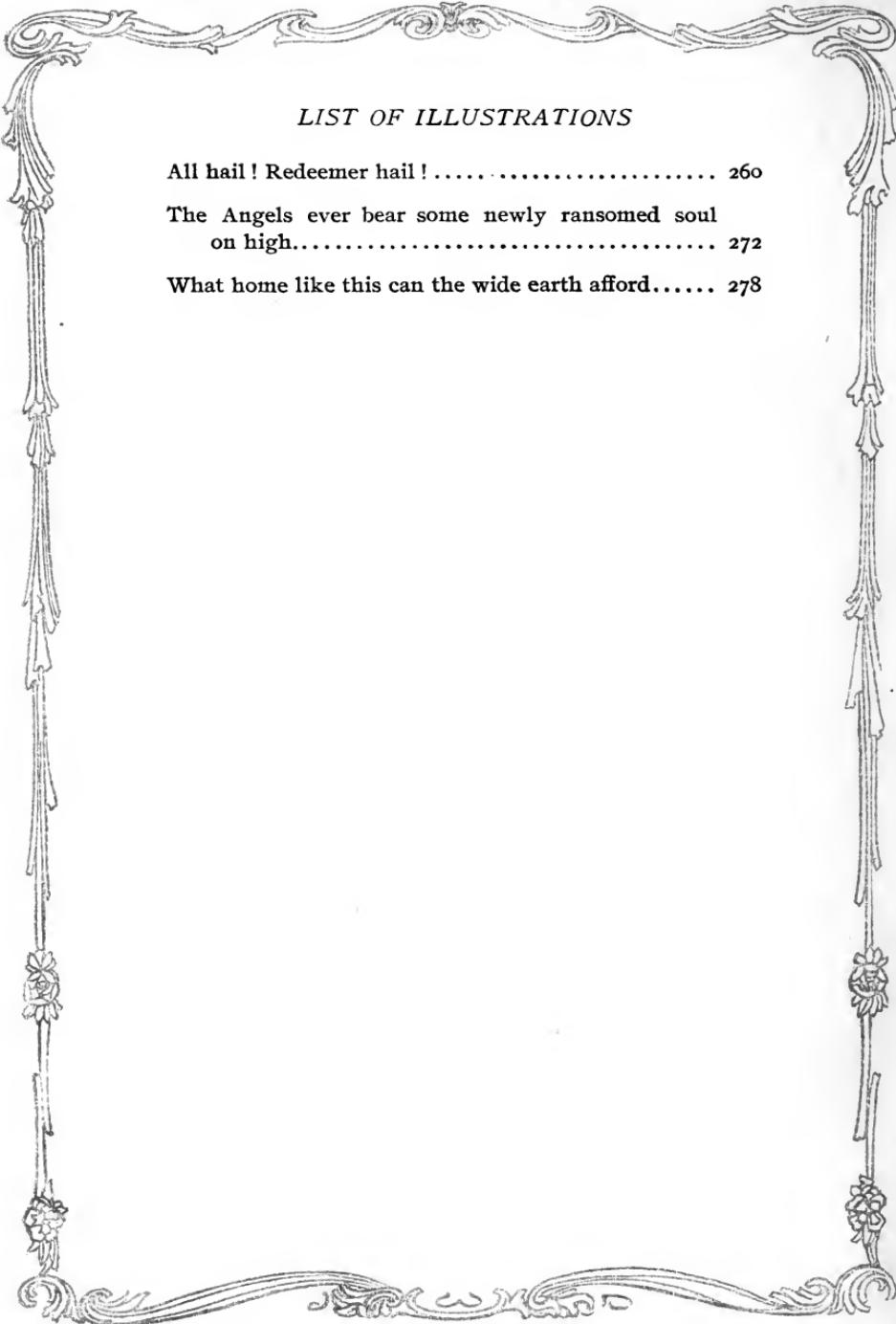
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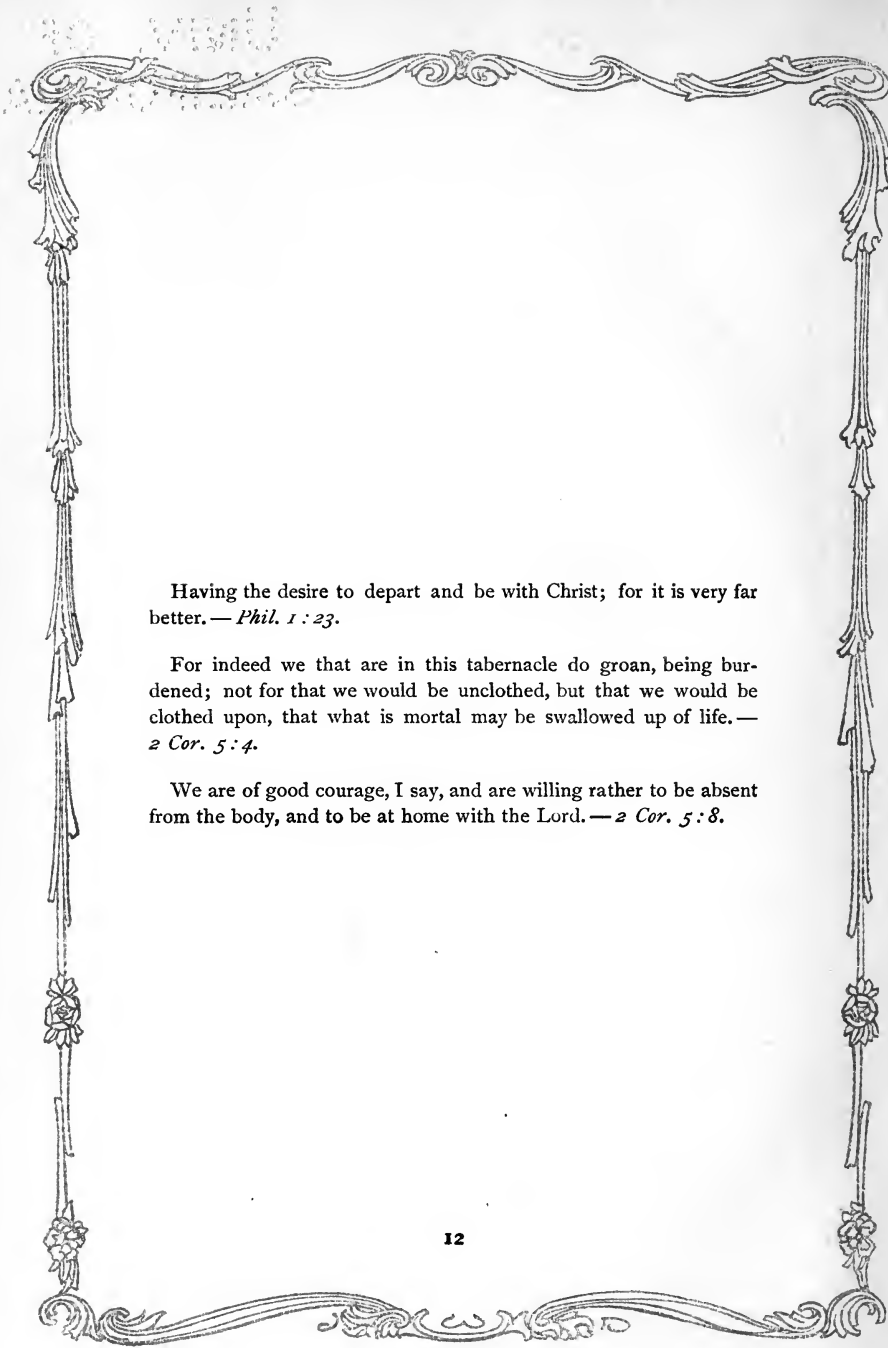
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I.

Longings for Heaven.

*I weary of this endless strife ;  
I weary of this dying life,  
This living death, this heavy chain,  
This torment of delay,  
In which her sins my soul detain.  
Ah, when shall it be mine ? — ah, when ! —  
With my last breath to say,  
“ No more I weep, no more I sigh ! ”  
I ’m dying of desire to die.*

— *St. Teresa of Spain.*



Having the desire to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better. — *Phil. 1 : 23.*

For indeed we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life. — *2 Cor. 5 : 4.*

We are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord. — *2 Cor. 5 : 8.*

## Longings for Heaven.

---

### JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

JERUSALEM the golden !  
I weary for one gleam  
Of all thy glory folden  
In distance and in dream !  
My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of thy dear country  
That lies so far away !

Jerusalem the golden !  
Methinks each flower that blows,  
And every bird a-singing  
Of thee some secret knows ;  
I know not what the flowers  
Can feel, or singers see ;  
But all these summer raptures  
Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the golden !  
When sunset 's in the west,  
It seems thy gate of glory,  
Thou city of the blest !  
And midnight's starry torches  
Through intermediate gloom  
Are waving with our welcome  
To thy eternal home !

## The Tearless Land.

Jerusalem the golden !  
Where loftily they sing,  
O'er pain and sorrow olden  
Forever triumphing ;  
Lowly may be the portal  
And dark may be the door,  
The mansion is immortal, —  
God's palace for his poor !

Jerusalem the golden !  
There all our birds that flew, —  
Our flowers but half unfolden,  
Our pearls that turned to dew,  
And all the glad life-music,  
Now heard no longer here,  
Shall come again to greet us  
As we are drawing near.

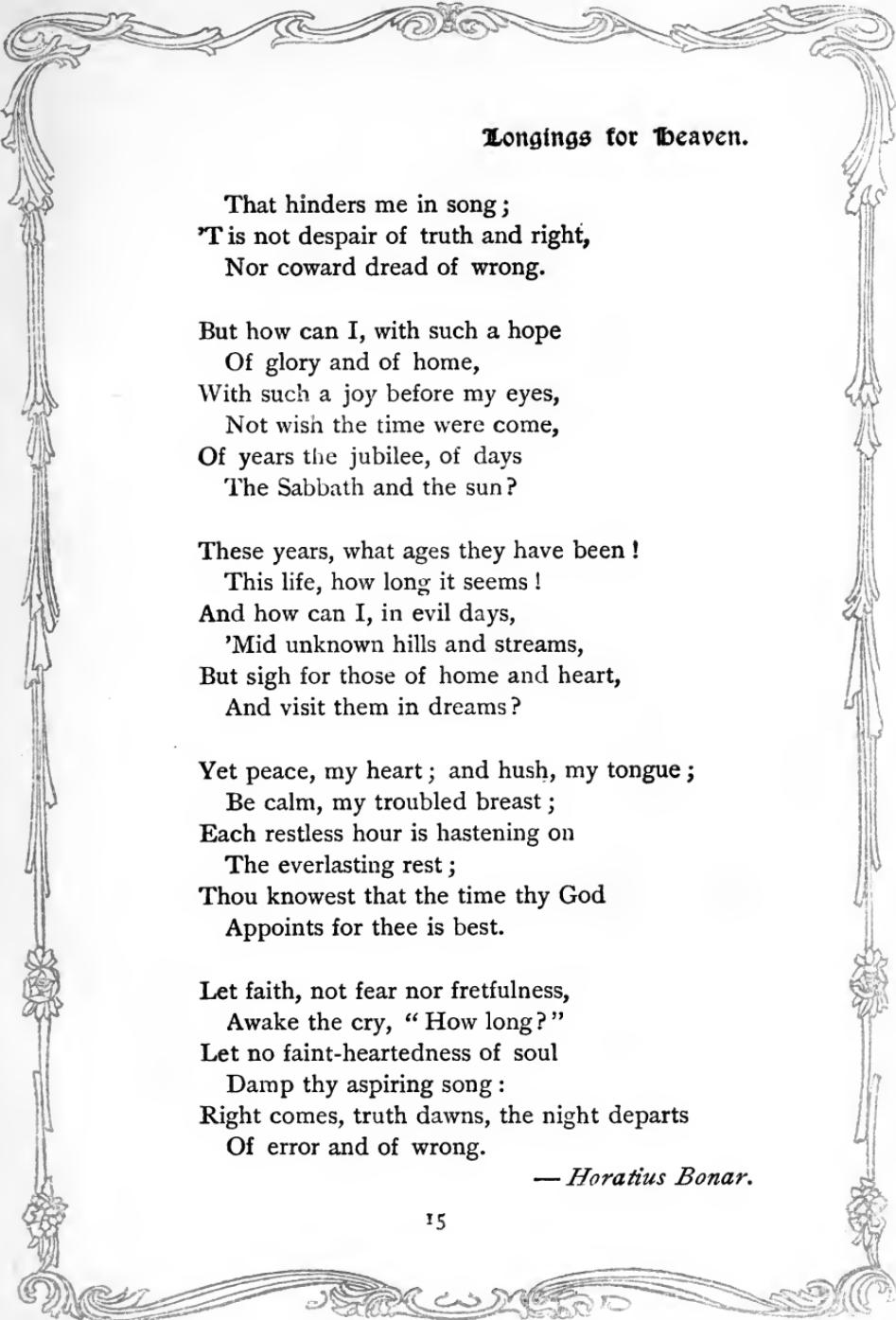
Jerusalem the golden !  
I toil on day by day ;  
Heart-sore each night with longing,  
I stretch my hands and pray,  
That 'mid thy leaves of healing  
My soul may find her nest ;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling —  
The weary are at rest !

1870.

— *Gerald Massey.*

## HOW LONG?

MY GOD, it is not fretfulness  
That makes me say "How long?"  
It is not heaviness of heart



Longings for Heaven.

That hinders me in song ;  
'Tis not despair of truth and right,  
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope  
Of glory and of home,  
With such a joy before my eyes,  
Not wish the time were come,  
Of years the jubilee, of days  
The Sabbath and the sun?

These years, what ages they have been !  
This life, how long it seems !  
And how can I, in evil days,  
'Mid unknown hills and streams,  
But sigh for those of home and heart,  
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart ; and hush, my tongue ;  
Be calm, my troubled breast ;  
Each restless hour is hastening on  
The everlasting rest ;  
Thou knowest that the time thy God  
Appoints for thee is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,  
Awake the cry, " How long ? "  
Let no faint-heartedness of soul  
Damp thy aspiring song :  
Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs  
Of error and of wrong.

— *Horatius Bonar.*



## The Tearless Land.

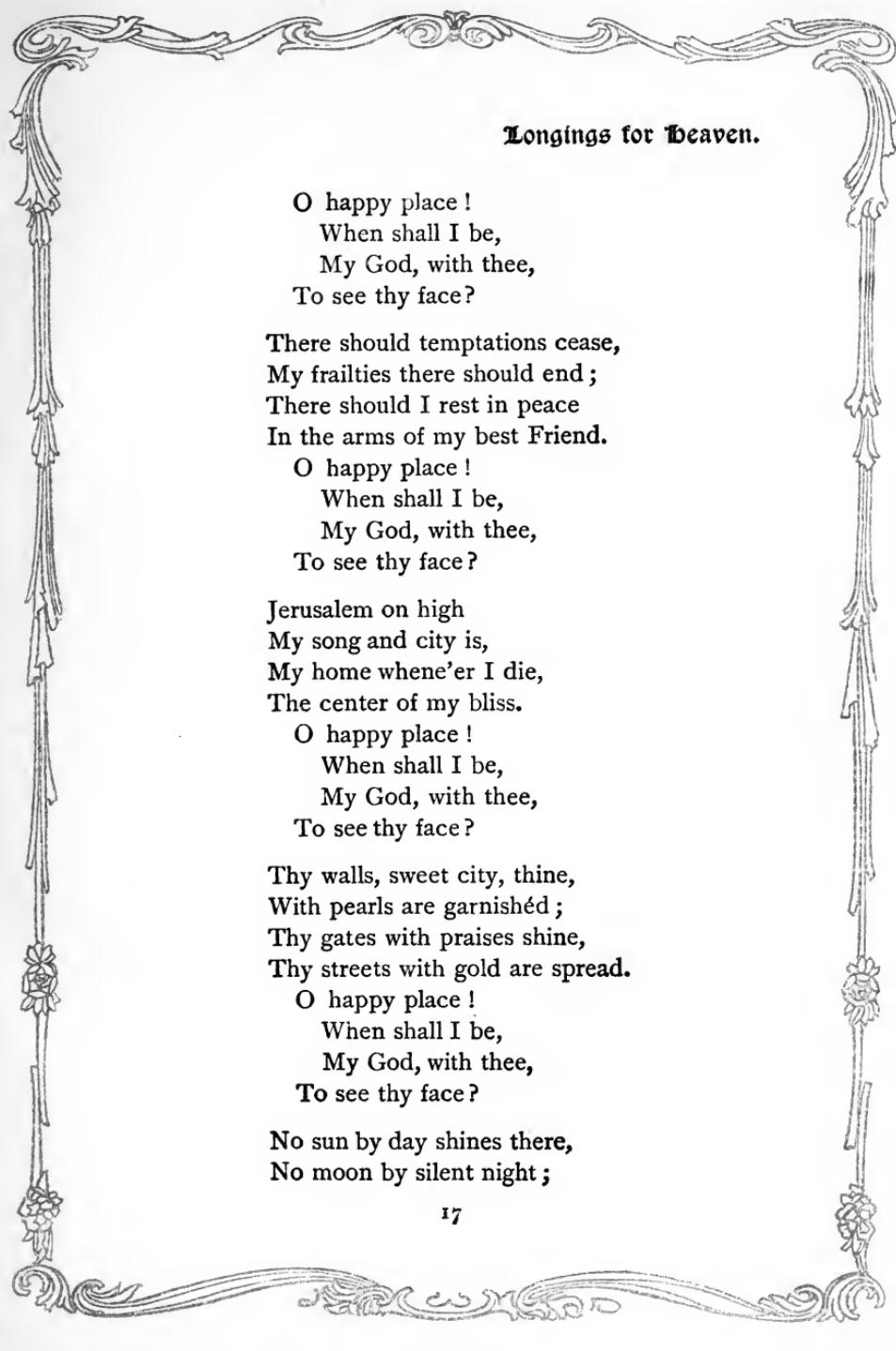
### O HAPPY PLACE !

SWEET place, sweet place alone !  
The court of God most High,  
The Heaven of heavens' throne,  
Of spotless majesty !  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

The stranger homeward bends,  
And fighteth for his rest :  
Heaven is my home ; my friends  
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

Earth 's but a sorry tent  
Pitched for a few frail days,  
A short-leased tenement ;  
Heaven 's still my song, my praise.  
O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

No tears from any eyes  
Drop in that holy choir ;  
But Death itself there dies,  
And sighs themselves expire.



Longings for Heaven.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face?

There should temptations cease,  
My frailties there should end ;  
There should I rest in peace  
In the arms of my best Friend.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face?

Jerusalem on high  
My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The center of my bliss.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,  
With pearls are garnishéd ;  
Thy gates with praises shine,  
Thy streets with gold are spread.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face?

No sun by day shines there,  
No moon by silent night ;

## The Tearless Land.

Oh, no ! these needless are ;  
The Lamb 's the city's light.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live ;  
There angels to him sing,  
And lovely homage give.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

The patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease ;  
The prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

The Lamb's apostles there  
I might with joy behold,  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

Longings for Heaven.

The bleeding martyrs, they  
Within these courts are found,  
Clothed in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crowned.

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

Ah me ! ah me ! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay !  
No place like this on high !  
Thither, Lord ! guide my way !

O happy place !  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face ?

1664.

— *Samuel Crossman.*

A SIGHING EXILE.

ON the fount of life eternal  
Gazing wistful and athirst,  
Yearning, straining, from the prison  
Of confining flesh to burst,  
Here the soul an exile sighs  
For her native Paradise.

Who can paint that lovely city,  
City of true peace divine,  
Whose pure gates for ever open  
Each in pearly splendour shine ;  
Whose abodes of glory clear  
Naught defiling cometh near ?

## The Tearless Land.

There no stormy winter rages ;  
There no scorching summer glows ;  
But through one perennial springtide  
Bloom the lily and the rose ;  
And the Lamb, with purest ray,  
Scatters round eternal day.

There the saints of God, resplendent  
As the sun in all its might,  
Evermore rejoice together,  
Crowned with diadems of light ;  
And from peril safe at last,  
Reckon up their triumphs past.

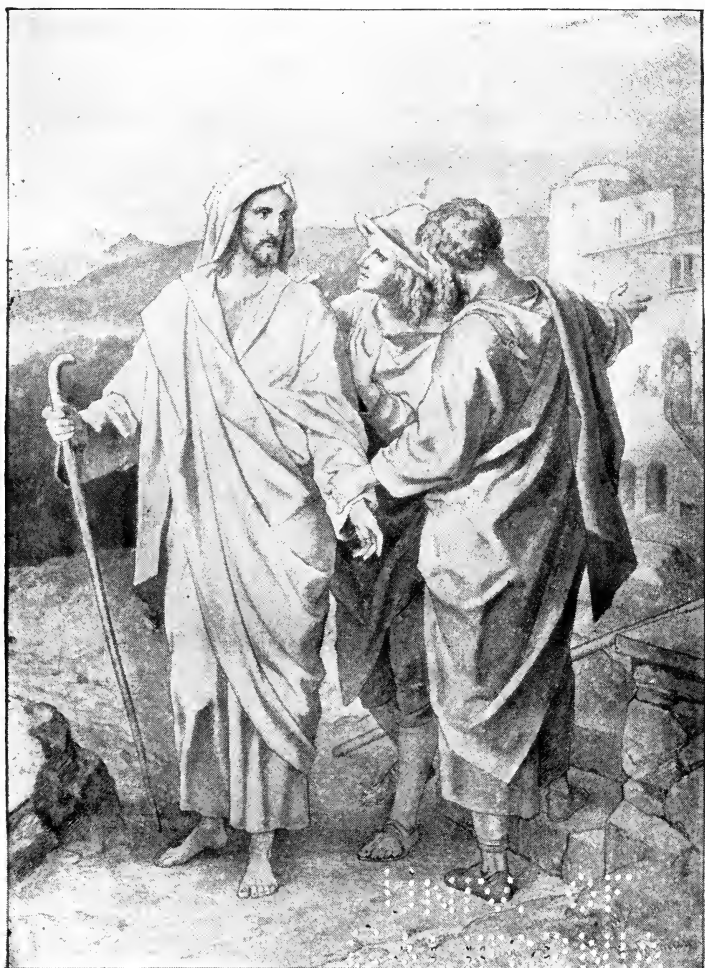
Happy they who, with them seated,  
Shall in all their glory share !  
Oh, that we, our days completed,  
Might but be admitted there !  
There with them the praise to sing  
Of our glorious God and King.

Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,  
Worn and wounded in the fight ;  
Grant, oh, grant us rest forever  
In thy beatific sight ;  
And thyself our guerdon be  
Through a long eternity.

— *Rev. Edward Caswall.*

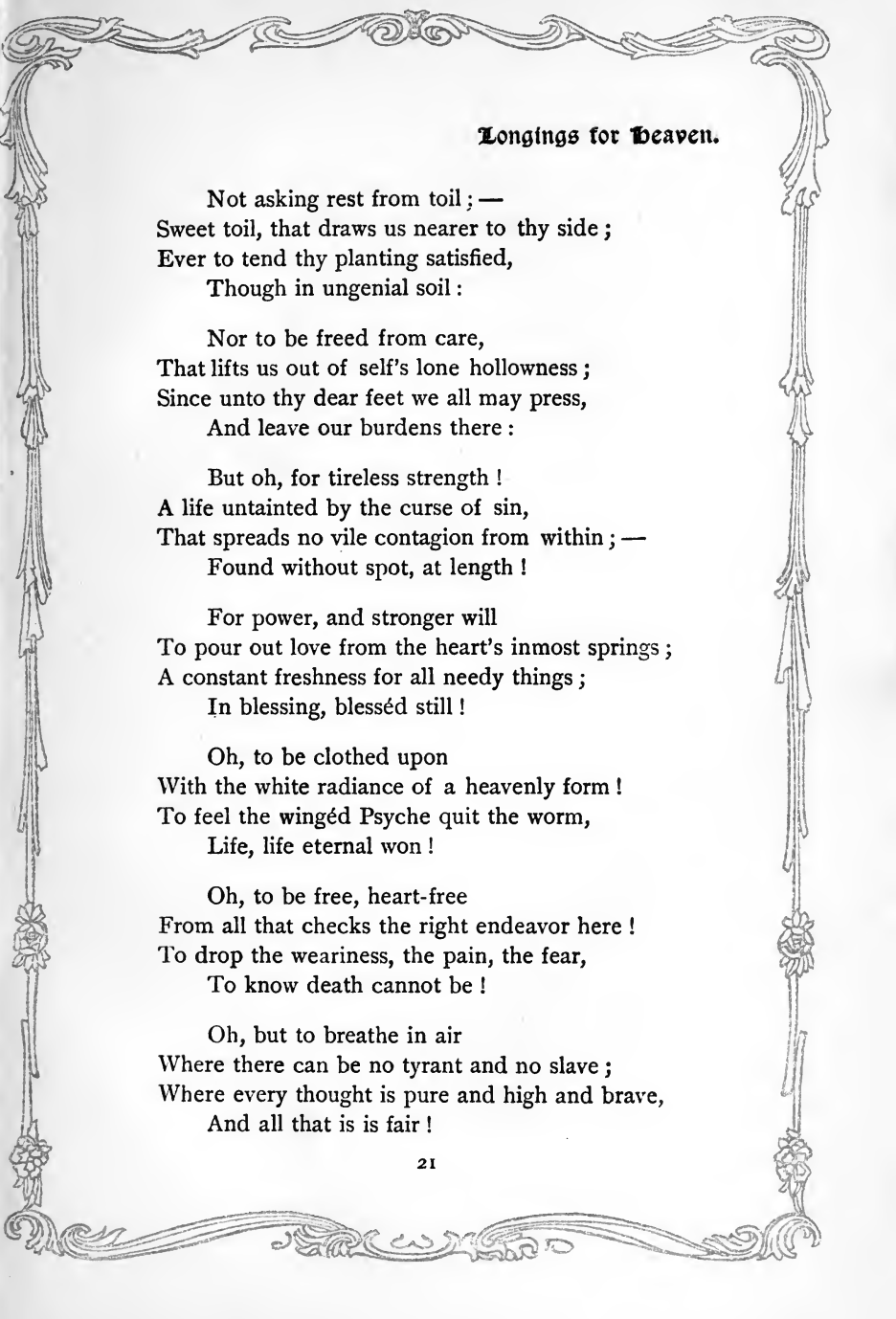
## MORE LIFE.

NOT weary of thy world,  
So beautiful, O Father, in thy love, —  
Thy world, that, glory-lighted from above,  
Lies in thy hand imperaled :



Look, O Jesus, on thy soldiers,  
Worn and wounded in the fight.      Page 20.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

THE GREAT  
AMERICAN



### Longings for Heaven.

Not asking rest from toil ; —  
Sweet toil, that draws us nearer to thy side ;  
Ever to tend thy planting satisfied,  
Though in ungenial soil :

Nor to be freed from care,  
That lifts us out of self's lone hollowness ;  
Since unto thy dear feet we all may press,  
And leave our burdens there :

But oh, for tireless strength !  
A life untainted by the curse of sin,  
That spreads no vile contagion from within ; —  
Found without spot, at length !

For power, and stronger will  
To pour out love from the heart's inmost springs ;  
A constant freshness for all needy things ;  
In blessing, blessed still !

Oh, to be clothed upon  
With the white radiance of a heavenly form !  
To feel the wingéd Psyche quit the worm,  
Life, life eternal won !

Oh, to be free, heart-free  
From all that checks the right endeavor here !  
To drop the weariness, the pain, the fear,  
To know death cannot be !

Oh, but to breathe in air  
Where there can be no tyrant and no slave ;  
Where every thought is pure and high and brave,  
And all that is is fair !

## The Tearless Land.

More life ! the life of heaven !  
A perfect liberty to do thy will :  
Receiving all from thee, and giving still,  
Freely as thou hast given !

More life ! a prophecy  
Is in that thirsty cry, if read aright.  
Deep calleth unto deep : life infinite,  
O soul, awaiteth thee !

— *Lucy Larcom.*

## LOVE, REST, AND HOME !

**B**YOND the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,  
I shall be soon ;

**Longings for Heaven.**

Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

**MY HOMELAND.**

**M**y Homeland, O my Homeland,  
The land of souls free-born !  
No gloomy night is known there,  
But aye the fadeless morn ;

### The Tearless Land.

I 'm sighing for that country,  
My heart is aching here ;  
There 's no pain in the Homeland  
To which I 'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland,  
With angels bright and fair ;  
No sinful thing or evil  
Can ever enter there ;  
The music of the ransomed  
Is ringing in my ears,  
And when I think of Homeland  
My eyes are filled with tears.

My loved ones in the Homeland  
Are waiting me to come,  
Where neither death nor sorrow  
Invade their holy home ;  
O dear, dear native country !  
O rest and peace above !  
Christ bring us to the Homeland  
Of His eternal love !

— *H. R. Haweis.*

### HOMESICK FOR HEAVEN.

**H**OMESICK for heaven ! wingéd soul,  
Whose folded pinions stir with longing,  
Sure herald this of that bright goal  
Toward which thy eager hopes are thronging.

Homesick for heaven ! weary frame,  
The Eden curse still hanging o'er thee,  
Points mutely with its sword of flame  
To that dear Beulah-land before thee.

## Longings for Heaven.

Homesick for heaven ! throbbing brain,  
Thine infinite desires outreaching  
Thy finite powers, this blissful pain  
A boundless destiny is teaching.

Homesick for heaven ! halting tongue,  
The muffled music of thy spirit,  
The thoughts unvoiced, the songs unsung,  
Are hints of what thou shalt inherit.

Homesick for heaven ! yearning heart,  
With joy's swift pulse beat out life's story :  
To love and be beloved thou art ;  
And love 's for aye, not transitory.

Homesick for heaven ! spirit mine,  
For God and holiness thus yearning,  
Behold in this desire of thine,  
A needle to its magnet turning.

Homesick for heaven ! sweetest ill  
That can befall a soul immortal !  
Dear God, I thank thee for the spell  
That makes grim death a shining portal.

— *Ella Gilbert Ives.*

## THE LIFE ABOVE.

THE life above, the life on high,  
Alone is life in verity ;  
Nor can we life at all enjoy,  
Till this poor life is o'er ;  
Then, O sweet Death ! no longer fly

## The Tearless Land.

From me, who, ere my time to die,  
Am dying evermore ;  
Forevermore I weep and sigh,  
Dying, because I do not die.

To Him, who deigns in me to live,  
What better gift have I to give,  
O my poor earthly life, than thee ?  
Too glad of thy decay,  
So but I may the sooner see  
That face of sweetest majesty,  
For which I pine away ;  
While evermore I weep and sigh,  
Dying, because I do not die.

Absent from thee, my Saviour dear,  
I call not life this living here,  
But a long dying agony,  
The sharpest I have known ;  
And I myself, myself to see  
In such a rack of misery,  
For very pity moan ;  
And ever, ever weep and sigh,  
Dying, because I do not die.

Ah ! Lord, my light and living breath,  
Take me, oh, take me from this death,  
And burst the bars that sever me  
From my true life above !  
Think how I die thy face to see,  
And cannot live away from thee,  
O my eternal Love !  
And ever, ever weep and sigh,  
Dying, because I do not die.

## Longings for Heaven.

I weary of this endless strife ;  
I weary of this dying life,  
    This living death, this heavy chain,  
    This torment of delay,  
In which her sins my soul detain.  
Ah ! when shall it be mine ? — ah, when !  
    With my last breath to say, —  
“ No more I weep, no more I sigh ! ”  
I ’m dying of desire to die.  
    — *St. Teresa. Tr. by Edward Caswall.*

## THE PROMISED LAND.

ON Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.  
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight !  
There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rock and hill and brook and vale  
With milk and honey flow.  
All o’er those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Sun forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.  
No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore :

### The Tearless Land.

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay :  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

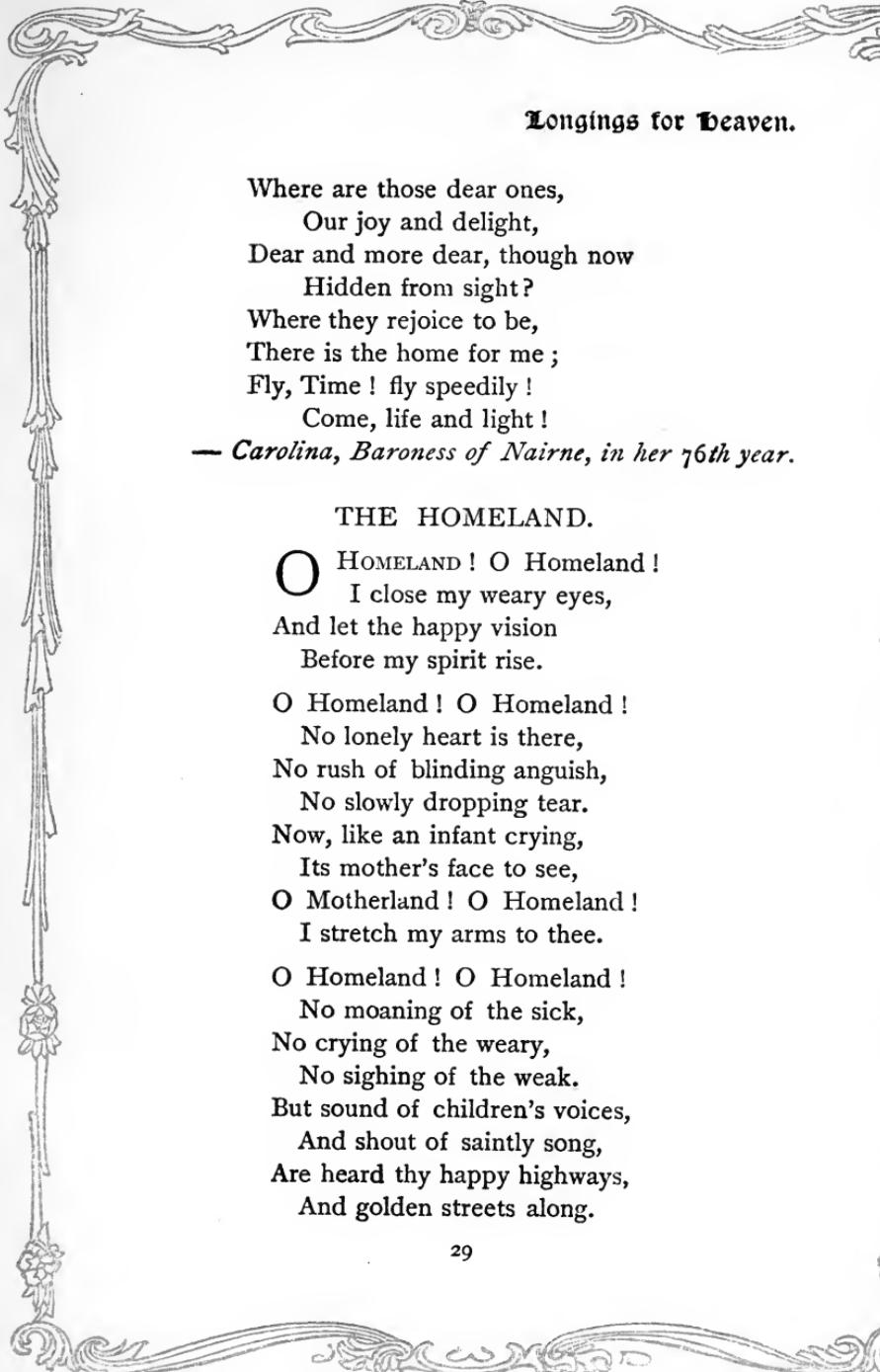
1787.

— *Samuel Stennett.*

### COME, LIFE AND LIGHT.

WOULD you be young again?  
So would not I ; —  
One tear to memory given,  
Onward I'll hie ; —  
Life's dark wave forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would you plunge once more,  
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now  
Retrace your way?  
Wander through stormy wilds,  
Faint and astray?  
Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smiles around us shed,  
Heavenward, away !



Longings for Heaven.

Where are those dear ones,  
Our joy and delight,  
Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight?  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the home for me ;  
Fly, Time ! fly speedily !  
Come, life and light !  
— *Carolina, Baroness of Nairne, in her 76th year.*

THE HOMELAND.

O HOMELAND ! O Homeland !  
I close my weary eyes,  
And let the happy vision  
Before my spirit rise.

O Homeland ! O Homeland !  
No lonely heart is there,  
No rush of blinding anguish,  
No slowly dropping tear.  
Now, like an infant crying,  
Its mother's face to see,  
O Motherland ! O Homeland !  
I stretch my arms to thee.

O Homeland ! O Homeland !  
No moaning of the sick,  
No crying of the weary,  
No sighing of the weak.  
But sound of children's voices,  
And shout of saintly song,  
Are heard thy happy highways,  
And golden streets along.

## The Tearless Land.

O Homeland ! O Homeland !  
The veil is very thin  
That stretches thy dear meadows  
And this cold world between ;  
A breath aside may blow it,  
A heart-throb burst it through,  
And bring in one glad moment  
Thy happy lands to view.

O Homeland ! O Homeland !  
One — Chief of all thy band,  
One — altogether lovely,  
One — Lord of all the land —  
Stands, eager, at the gateway ;  
The Bridegroom waits his bride ;  
And resting on his bosom,  
“ I shall be satisfied.”

— *Lucy J. Rider Meyer.*

## THE LAND OF FADELESS BEAUTY.

### I.

THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,  
Nor sorrow dim the eye ;  
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,  
And none shall ever die !  
Where is that land, oh, where ?  
For I would hasten there !  
Tell me, I fain would go,  
For I am wearied with a heavy woe !  
The beautiful have left me all alone :  
The true, the tender, from my path have gone !



Yet now he prayed, unaided and alone,  
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!" Page 31.

(From painting by Paul Thurman.)

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.



## Longings for Heaven.

Oh, guide me with thy hand,  
If thou dost know the land,  
For I am burdened with oppressive care,  
And I am weak and fearful with despair !  
Where is it ? Tell me where !  
Thou that art kind and gentle, tell me where !

### II.

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before  
The desolate paths of life ;  
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,  
Sorrow, and pain, and strife !  
Think how the Son of God  
These thorny paths hath trod ;  
Think how He longed to go,  
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;  
Think of His weariness in places dim,  
When no man comforted or cared for him !  
Think of the blood-like sweat  
With which his brow was wet,  
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,  
In that great agony, " Thy will be done !"  
Friend, do not thou despair,  
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.  
— *Johann Ludwig Uhland ; Translator unknown.*

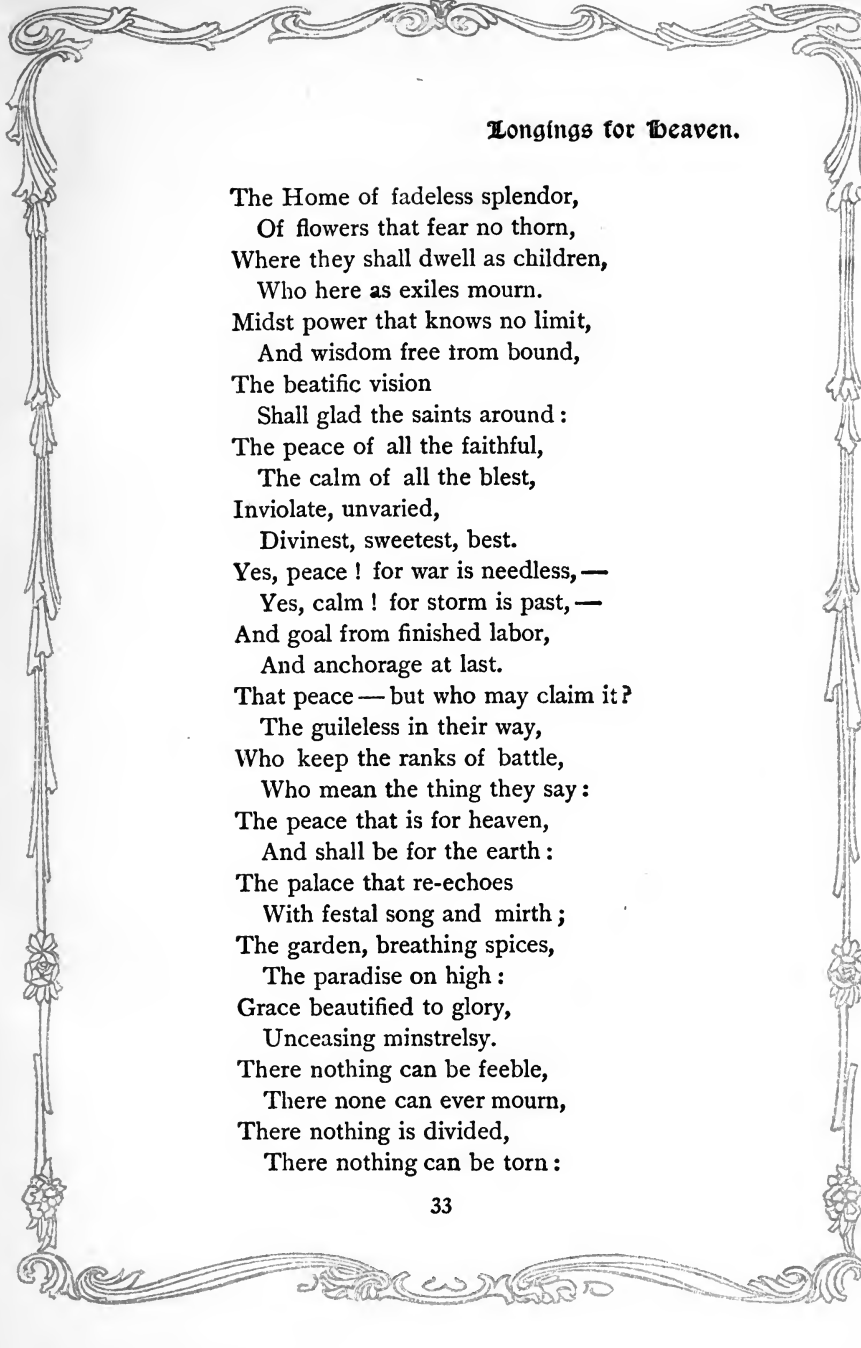
## THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.<sup>1</sup>

THE world is very evil !  
The times are waxing late :  
Be sober, and keep vigil ;  
The Judge is at the gate :

<sup>1</sup> Note 1.

### The Tearless Land.

The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.  
When the just and gentle Monarch  
Shall summon from the tomb,  
Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
For Man, the God, shall doom.  
Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed ;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead ;  
To the light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.  
And when the Sole-Begotten  
Shall render up once more  
The kingdom to the Father  
Whose own it was before, —  
Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee ;  
And the sunlit Land that recks not  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite :



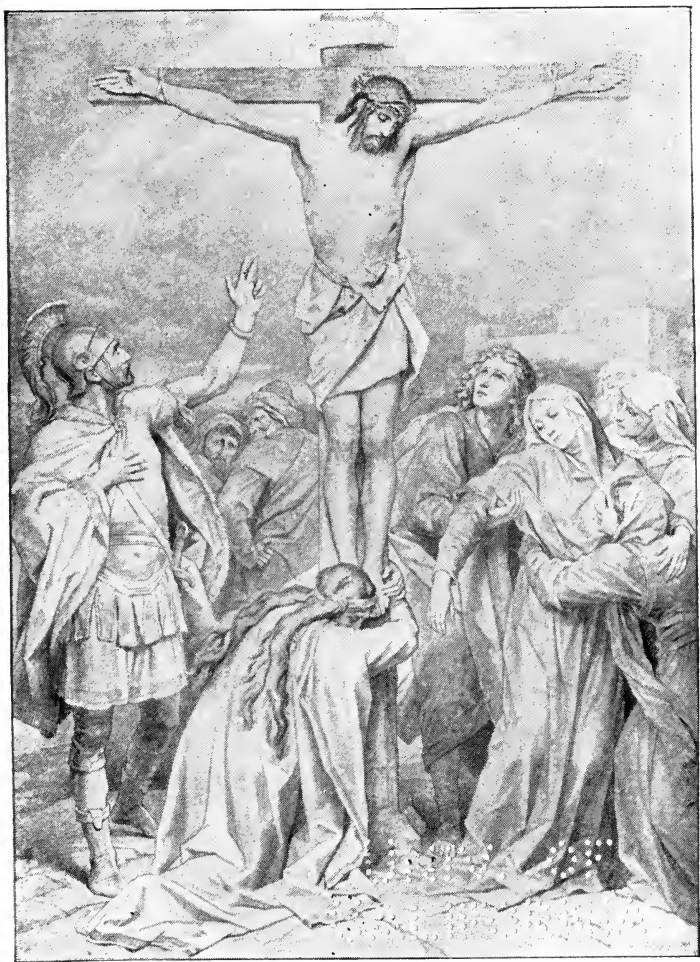
## Longings for Heaven.

The Home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children,  
Who here as exiles mourn.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around :  
The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolatè, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace ! for war is needless, —  
Yes, calm ! for storm is past, —  
And goal from finished labor,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace — but who may claim it ?  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say :  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be for the earth :  
The palace that re-echoes  
With festal song and mirth ;  
The garden, breathing spices,  
The paradise on high :  
Grace beautified to glory,  
Unceasing minstrelsy.  
There nothing can be feeble,  
There none can ever mourn,  
There nothing is divided,  
There nothing can be torn :



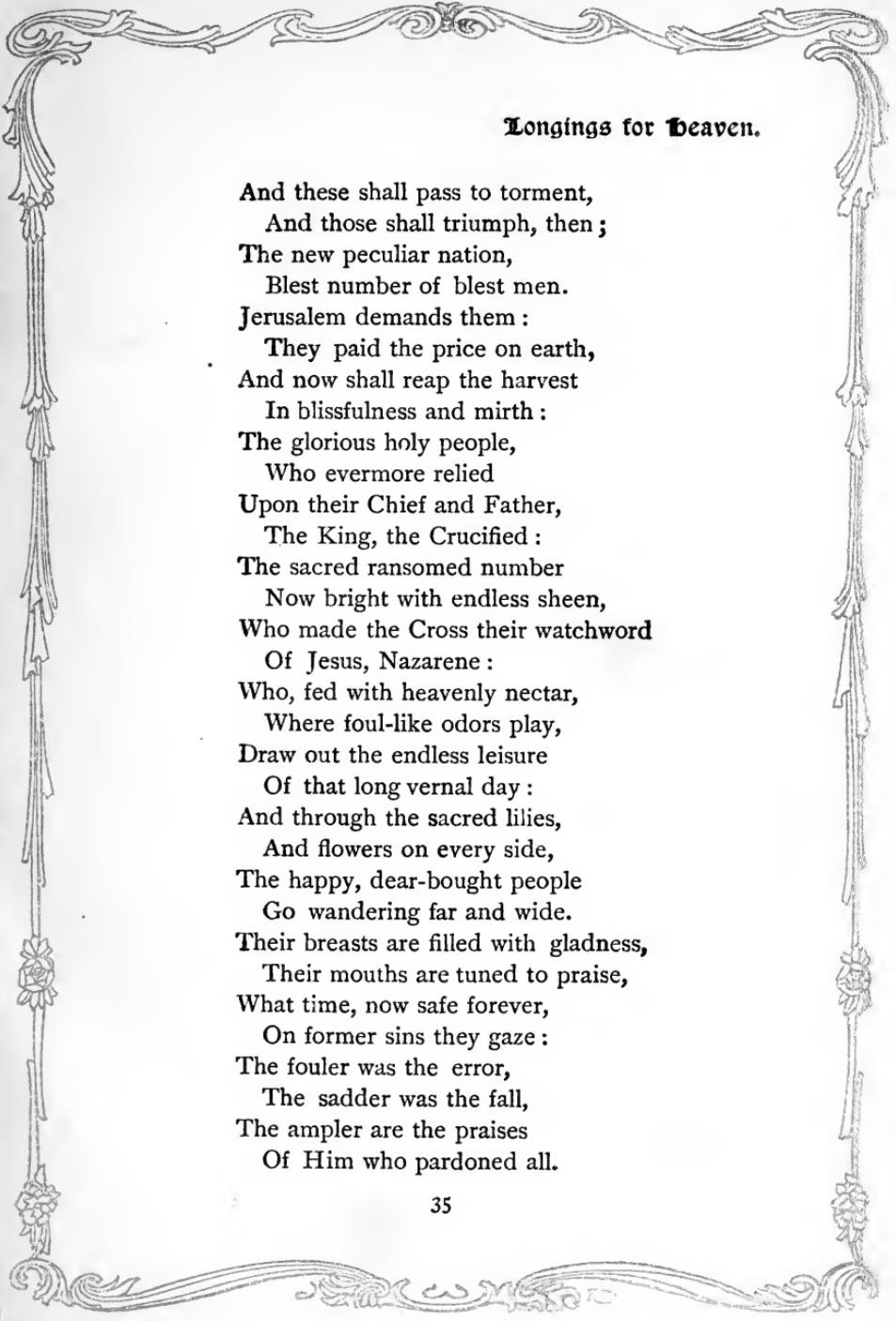
### The Tearless Land.

'T is fury, ill, and scandal,  
'T is peaceless peace below ;  
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,  
The halls of Syon know :  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest :  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distress !  
Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight :  
Till Jesus gives the portion  
Those blesséd souls to fill,  
The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
The full, yet craving still.  
That fullness and that craving  
Alike are free from pain,  
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
A home like theirs shalt gain.  
Here is the warlike trumpet ;  
There, life set free from sin ;  
When to the last Great Supper  
The faithful shall come in :  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great ;  
So glorious in its fullness,  
Yet so inviolate :  
And the perfect from the shattered,  
And the fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
Shall part on either hand :



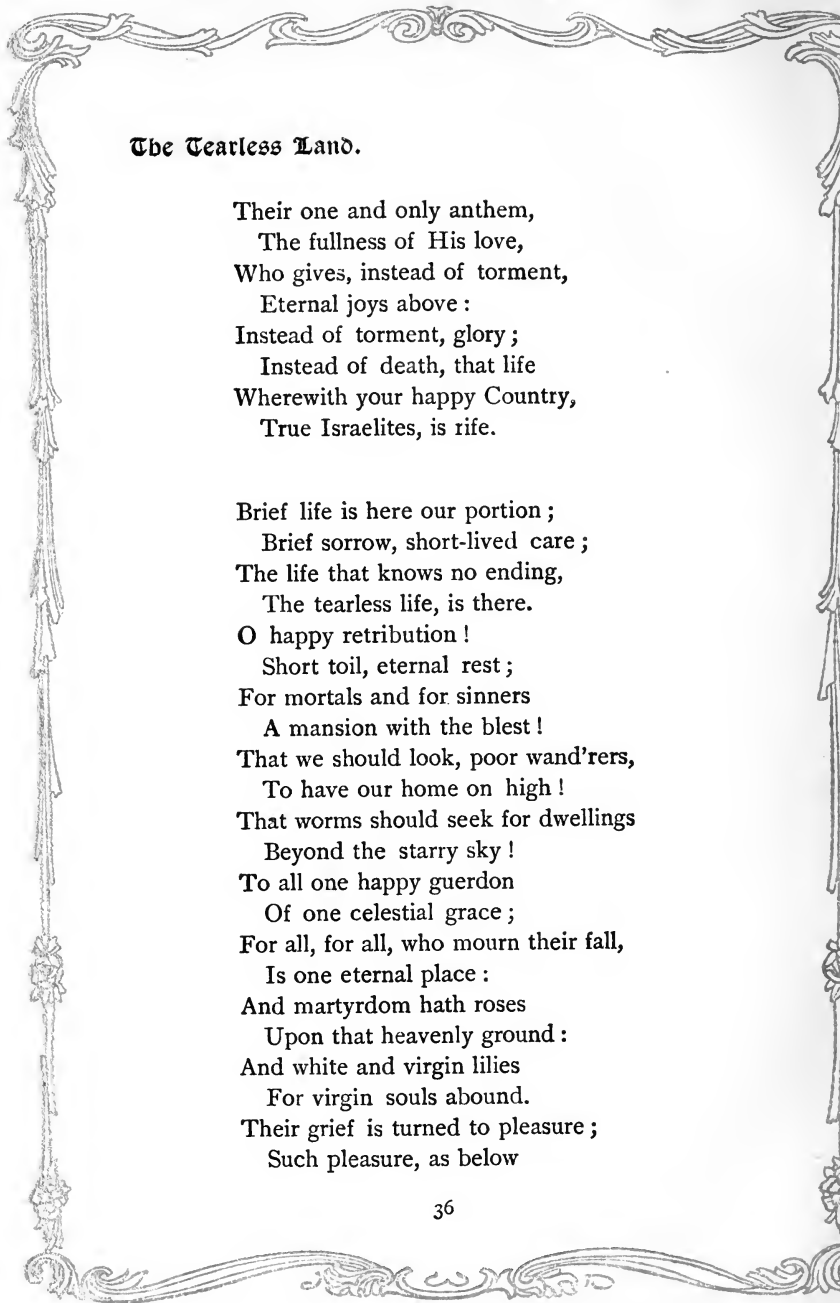
Jesus the Nazarene: The King, the Crucified Page 35.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE

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Longings for Heaven.

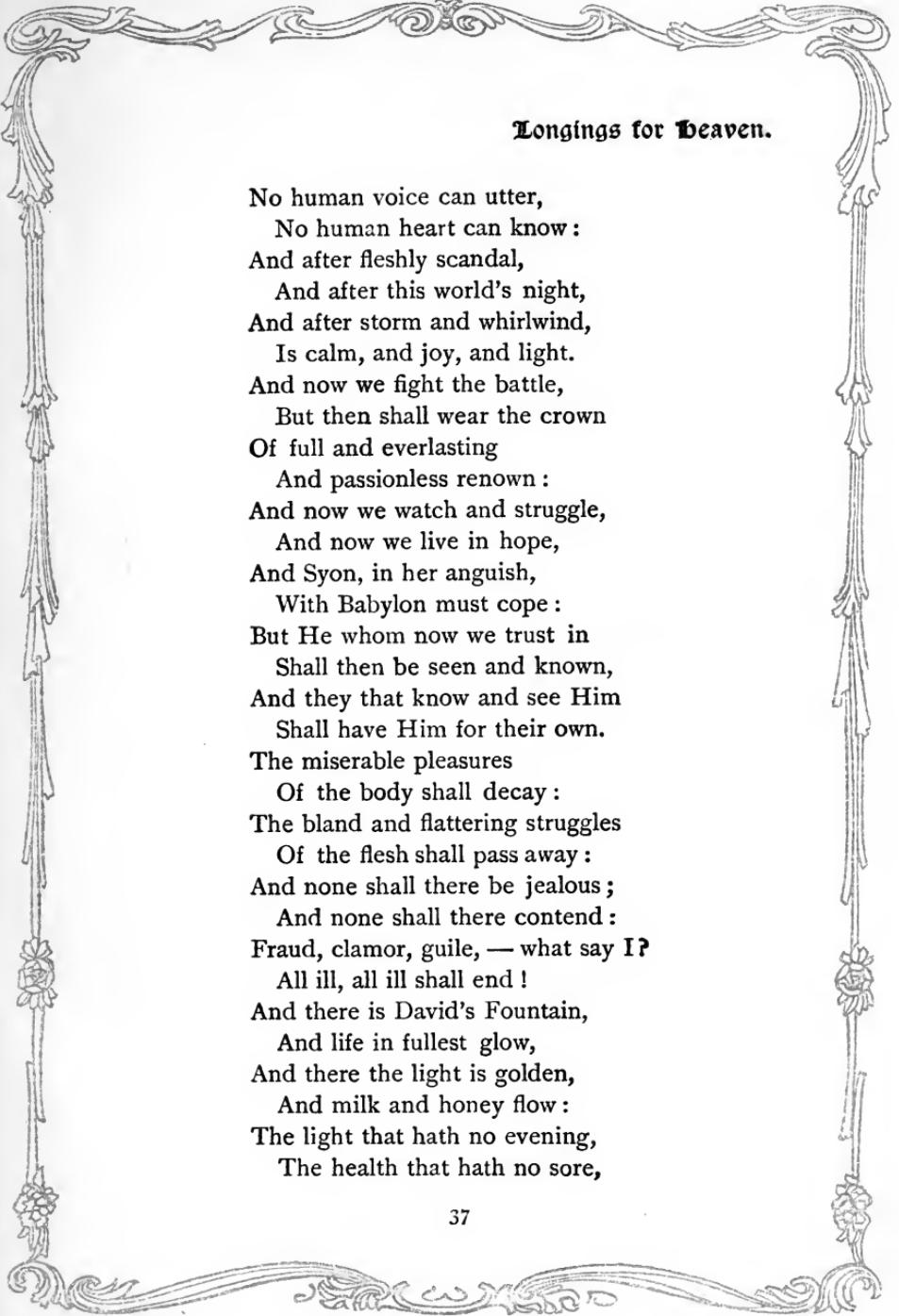
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall triumph, then ;  
The new peculiar nation,  
Blest number of blest men.  
Jerusalem demands them :  
They paid the price on earth,  
And now shall reap the harvest  
In blissfulness and mirth :  
The glorious holy people,  
Who evermore relied  
Upon their Chief and Father,  
The King, the Crucified :  
The sacred ransomed number  
Now bright with endless sheen,  
Who made the Cross their watchword  
Of Jesus, Nazarene :  
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,  
Where foul-like odors play,  
Draw out the endless leisure  
Of that long vernal day :  
And through the sacred lilies,  
And flowers on every side,  
The happy, dear-bought people  
Go wandering far and wide.  
Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
Their mouths are tuned to praise,  
What time, now safe forever,  
On former sins they gaze :  
The fouler was the error,  
The sadder was the fall,  
The ampler are the praises  
Of Him who pardoned all.



### The Tearless Land.

Their one and only anthem,  
The fullness of His love,  
Who gives, instead of torment,  
Eternal joys above :  
Instead of torment, glory ;  
Instead of death, that life  
Wherewith your happy Country,  
True Israelites, is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !  
That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace ;  
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place :  
And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground :  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin souls abound.  
Their grief is turned to pleasure ;  
Such pleasure, as below



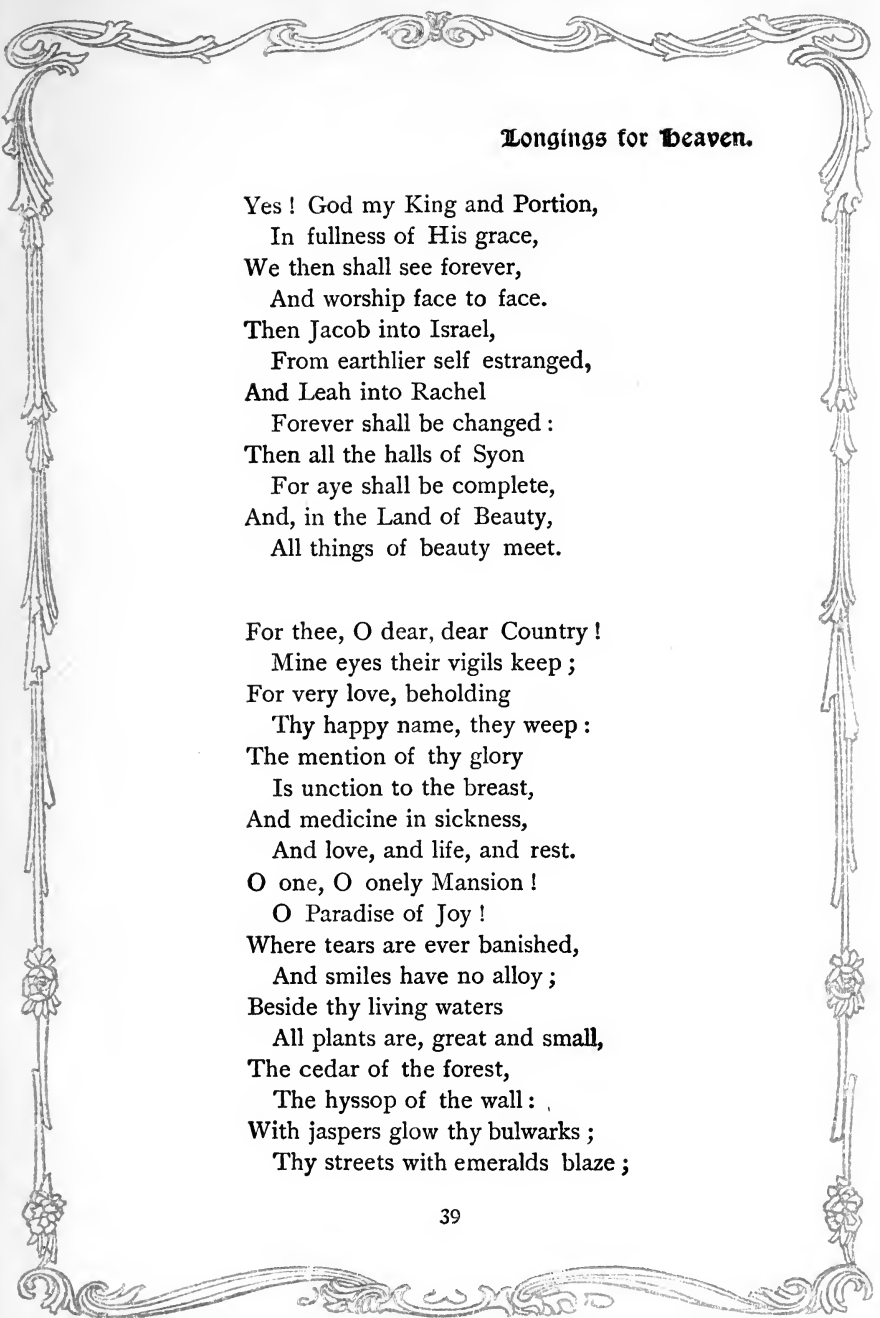
Longings for Heaven.

No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know :  
And after fleshly scandal,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.  
And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown :  
And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope :  
But He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
Of the body shall decay :  
The bland and flattering struggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away :  
And none shall there be jealous ;  
And none shall there contend :  
Fraud, clamor, guile, — what say I ?  
All ill, all ill shall end !  
And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow :  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,

## The Tearless Land.

The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,  
There Jesus be embraced, —  
That spirit's food and sunshine  
Whence earthly love is chased.  
Amidst the happy chorus,  
A place, however low,  
Shall show Him us, and, showing,  
Shall satiate evermo.  
By hope we struggle onward,  
While here we must be fed  
By milk, as tender infants,  
But there by Living Bread.  
The night was full of terror,  
The morn is bright with gladness :  
The Cross becomes our harbor,  
And we triumph after sadness :  
And Jesus to his true ones  
Brings trophies fair to see :  
And Jesus shall be loved, and  
Beheld in Galilee :  
Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay :  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :  
And every ear shall hear it ; —  
Behold thy King's array :  
Behold thy God in beauty ;  
The Law hath passed away !



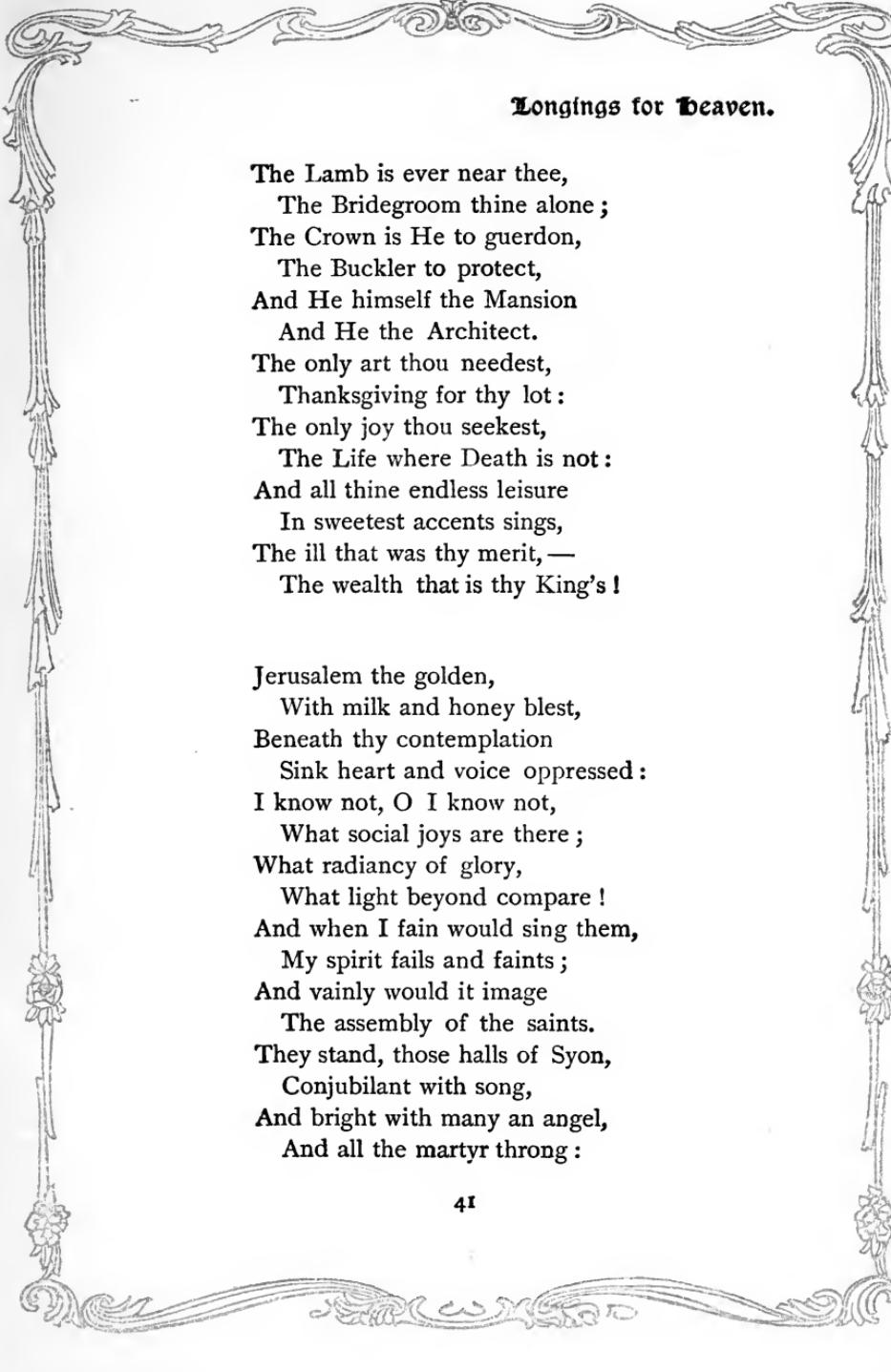
### Longings for Heaven.

Yes ! God my King and Portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
We then shall see forever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rachel  
Forever shall be changed :  
Then all the halls of Syon  
For aye shall be complete,  
And, in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep :  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.  
O one, O onely Mansion !  
O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall :  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;

## The Tearless Land.

The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays :  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced :  
Thy saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.  
The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise :  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise :  
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,  
True God and Man, they sing :  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring :  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court :  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower :  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower :  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile ;  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own ;



Longings for Heaven.

The Lamb is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone ;  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He himself the Mansion  
And He the Architect.  
The only art thou needest,  
Thanksgiving for thy lot :  
The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not :  
And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit, —  
The wealth that is thy King's !

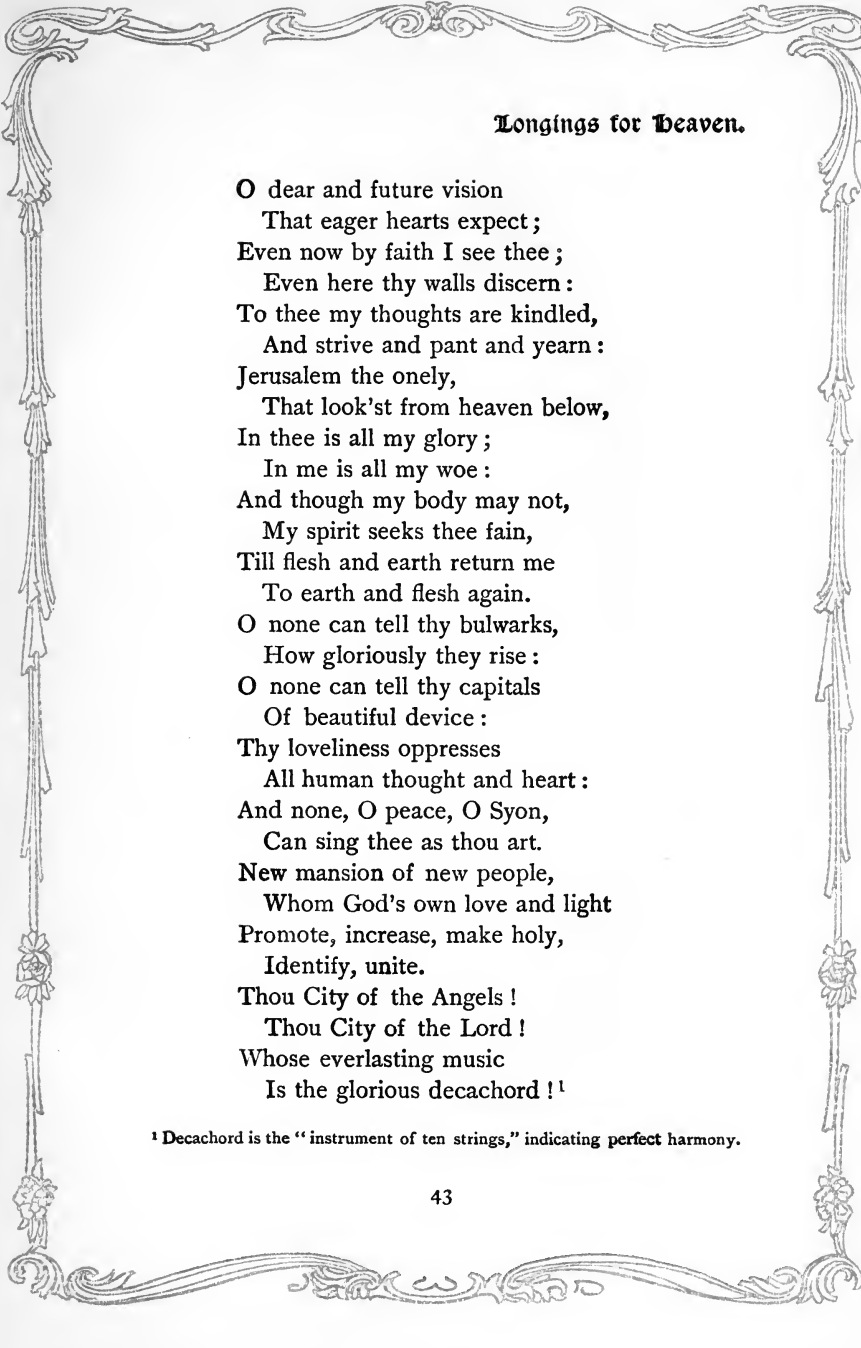
Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed :  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare !  
And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints ;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the saints.  
They stand, those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng :

## The Tearless Land.

The Prince is ever in them ;  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the Blesséd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.  
There is the throne of David, —  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast :  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn !  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of seraphim !  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content !  
O true peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim :  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter, —  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of th' elect !



## Longings for Heaven.

O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect ;  
Even now by faith I see thee ;  
Even here thy walls discern :  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn :  
Jerusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory ;  
In me is all my woe :  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise :  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device :  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart :  
And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.  
Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Decachord is the "instrument of ten strings," indicating perfect harmony.

## The Tearless Land.

And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelve-fold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.  
And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state ;  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow !  
O state that fears no strife !  
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !  
O realm and home of life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore !  
I ask not for my merit :  
I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I :  
But yet with Faith I venture  
And Hope upon my way ;  
For those perennial guerdons  
I labor night and day.  
The Best and Dearest Father  
Who made me and who saved,

## Longings for Heaven.

Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement laved ;  
When in His strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap,  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep :  
And grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.  
O mine, my golden Syon !  
O lovelier far than gold !  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold :  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever see thy face ?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace ?  
I *have* the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless !  
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The Lord shall be thy part :  
His only, His forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !  
Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The Lord shall be thy part :  
His only, His forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

— *Bernard of Cluny.* Tr. by John M. Neale, D.D.

## The Tearless Land.

### O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.<sup>1</sup>

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.

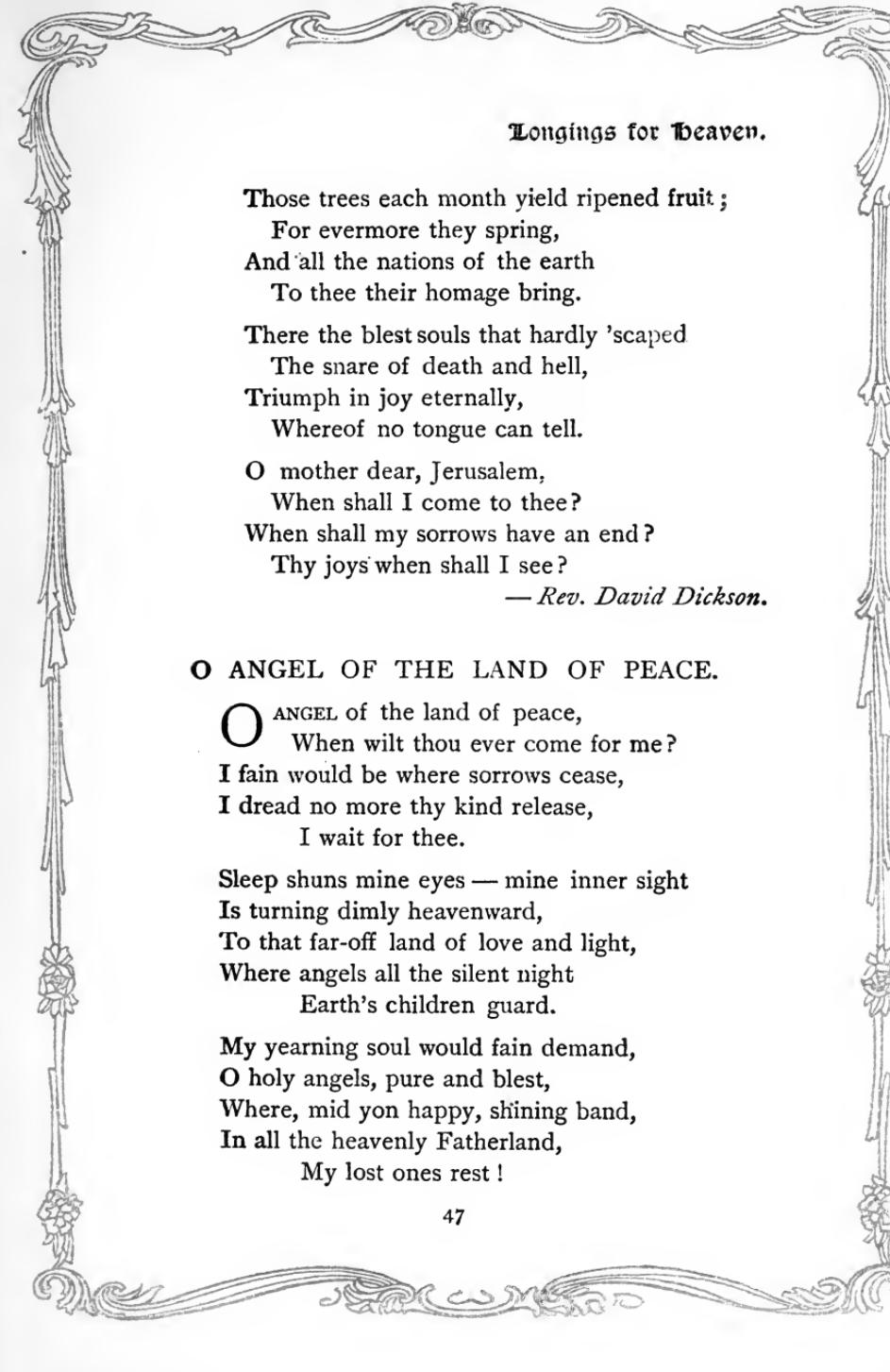
Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl —  
O God! if I were there!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
Thy joys when shall I see? —  
The King that sitteth on thy throne  
In his felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

Right through thy streets with pleasing sound  
The flood of life doth flow,  
And on the banks, on either side,  
The trees of life do grow.

<sup>1</sup> Note 2.



Longings for Heaven.

Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;  
For evermore they spring,  
And 'all the nations of the earth  
To thee their homage bring.

There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped  
The snare of death and hell,  
Triumph in joy eternally,  
Whereof no tongue can tell.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

— *Rev. David Dickson.*

O ANGEL OF THE LAND OF PEACE.

O ANGEL of the land of peace,  
When wilt thou ever come for me?  
I fain would be where sorrows cease,  
I dread no more thy kind release,  
I wait for thee.

Sleep shuns mine eyes — mine inner sight  
Is turning dimly heavenward,  
To that far-off land of love and light,  
Where angels all the silent night  
Earth's children guard.

My yearning soul would fain demand,  
O holy angels, pure and blest,  
Where, mid yon happy, shining band,  
In all the heavenly Fatherland,  
My lost ones rest !

### The Tearless Land.

Thou, who alone, when man forgot  
His heavenly innocence, and fell,  
Still pitying, lingered round the spot  
To soothe the anguish of his lot —  
Thou, thou canst tell !

For thou, with sweet and loving smile,  
Didst gently lure them to thy breast,  
And bear them from this world of guile,  
Thy pale, pure angel lips the while  
Upon them prest.

Dark grew my soul — till down the air  
Thy seraph smile upon me fell !  
And then I knew, from sin and care,  
That thou my little ones didst bear  
With God to dwell !

O angel of the land of peace !  
When wilt thou ever come for me ?  
I fain would be where sorrows cease ;  
I dread no more thy kind release ;  
I wait for thee !

— *Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.*

### THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

THE Land beyond the Sea !  
When will life's task be o'er ?  
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,  
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar ?  
When shall we come to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea ?



## Longings for Heaven.

The Land beyond the Sea !  
How close it often seems,  
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;  
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams !  
It longs to fly to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
Sometimes distinct and near  
It grows upon the eye and ear,  
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;  
We seem halfway to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
Sometimes across the strait,  
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,  
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait  
For us to pass to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
Oh, how the lapsing years,  
Mid our not unsubmitive tears,  
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers  
Of those we love to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
How dark our present home !  
By the dull beach and sullen foam  
How wearily, how drearily we roam,  
With arms outstretched to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

## The Tearless Land.

The Land beyond the Sea !  
When will our toil be done?  
Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run  
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !  
Homesick we are for thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
Why fadest thou in light?  
Why art thou better seen towards night?  
Dear Land ! look always plain, look always bright,  
That we may gaze on thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
Sweet is thy endless rest,  
But sweeter far that Father's breast  
Upon thy shores eternally possess ;  
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

— *Frederick William Faber.*

## I'M KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I 'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore :  
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;  
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come  
To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've traveled, mid darkness, storm and  
strife ;  
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life :  
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,  
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

### Longings for Heaven.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,  
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land ;  
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their shining  
throng,  
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song !

The friends that started with me have entered long ago ;  
One by one they left me struggling with the foe ;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won ;  
How lovingly they 'll hail me when my toil is done !

With them the blessed angels that know no grief nor  
sin,  
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.  
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure ; thy time and way are best ;  
But I am wasted, worn, and weary ; O Father, bid me  
rest !

— *The Sunday Magazine.*

### THE DISTANT LAND.

WHERE dost thou lie, O Land of Peace?  
Across what foaming ocean's swell?  
My heart, with sighs that never cease,  
Yearns in thy palaces to dwell ;  
But yet, O fair and distant land,  
I cannot see thy shining strand.

Sometimes when morning's iris light  
Is flaming in the eastern sky,  
I say, Beneath that rose and white  
The blessed realm must surely lie !  
But morning's brow by noon is fanned,  
And thou art still the distant land.

### The Tearless Land.

And oft when sunset's burnished gold  
Falls warm upon the water's breast,  
I say, Beyond that glorious fold  
Must gleam the islands of the blest !  
But stars steal out, a silent band,  
And thou art still the distant land.

And then I dream — a blissful dream  
That I have gained thy tranquil bowers,  
And lo ! life's sorrows only seem  
Winds that a moment bent its flowers —  
I wake, I clasp no angel hand,  
And thou art still the distant land.

I watch, I long, I faint for thee !  
Canst thou not open wide the door,  
That I may enter in and be  
Part of thy peace forevermore ?  
O send that sleep so sweet, so grand,  
And thou shalt be no distant land !

— *Anon.*

### WHERE SUNS GO DOWN.

**B**YOND the hills where suns go down,  
And brightly beckon as they go,  
I see the land of fair renown,  
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,  
And discord of its angry words,  
I hear the everlasting chime,  
The music of unjarring chords.

**Longings for Heaven.**

I bid it welcome, and my haste  
To join it cannot brook delay ;  
O song of morning, come at last,  
And ye who sing it, come away !

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,  
Sound over earth, and fill these skies ;  
Nor ever, ever, ever cease  
Thy soul-entrancing melodies ; —

Glad song of this disburdened earth,  
Which holy voices then shall sing,  
Praise for creation's second birth,  
And glory to creation's King.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

**OH, FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS !**

**O**H, for the robes of whiteness !  
Oh, for the tearless eyes !  
Oh, for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies !

Oh, for the no more weeping  
Within the land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above !

Oh, for the bliss of dying,  
My risen Lord to meet !  
Oh, for the rest of lying  
Forever at his feet !

## The Tearless Land.

Oh, for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face,  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place !

Jesus, thou King of glory,  
I soon shall dwell with thee ;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of thy great love to me !

Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now, before thy throne  
That all my love may center  
On thee, and thee alone !

— *Charitie Lees Smith.*

## COME, TRIUMPHANT DAY.

O LAND relieved from sorrow !  
O land secure from tears !  
Oh, respite on the morrow  
From all the toil of years !  
To thee we hasten ever,  
To thee our steps ascend,  
Where darkness cometh never,  
And joy shall never end.

O happy, holy portal  
For God's own blest elect :  
O region, pure, immortal,  
With better spring bedecked :  
Thy pearly doors for ever  
Their welcome shall extend,  
Where darkness cometh never,  
And joy shall never end.

## Longings for Heaven.

O home where God the Father  
Takes all his children in :  
Where Christ the Son shall gather  
The sinners saved from sin :  
No night nor fear shall sever  
A friend from any friend,  
For darkness cometh never,  
And joy shall never end.

Rise, then, O brightest morning !  
Come, then, triumphant day !  
When into new adorning  
We change and pass away :  
For so with firm endeavor  
Our spirits gladly tend  
Where darkness cometh never,  
And joy shall never end.

— *Samuel W. Duffield.*

## I HAVE HEARD HIS VOICE.

**T**HERE are refreshments sweeter far than sleep,  
Though its soft power  
Might gladly close the vigils I now keep  
From hour to hour,  
And hush these vain imaginings to rest,  
Which silence in my heart its dearest Guest.  
Oh, I have heard His voice, his voice of love,  
In the still night,  
Sweet as the songs from seraph hearts above,  
Tranced in delight !  
It haunts my memory, lives within my heart,  
And makes me long, yea, languish to depart.

### The Tearless Land.

Those who have heard it once can ne'er forget  
That voice divine ;  
With it compared, earth's accents are not sweet.  
My God, I pine  
A dweller in those palaces to be,  
Where I shall hear it through eternity.

Then I shall ne'er be harassed by the din  
Of earthly thought ;  
All will be holy and serene within ;  
My spirit, fraught  
With deepest reverence, with intense desire,  
Will listen to that voice, and never tire.

— *Charlotte Elliott.*

### O PARADISE ! O PARADISE !

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better."

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !  
Who doth not crave thy rest ?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest ?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
The world is growing old ;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold ?  
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

## Longings for Heaven.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
'T is weary waiting here ;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near ;  
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore ;  
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
In love prepares for me ;  
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,  
O keep me in Thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above ;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

—*Frederick William Faber.*

## WHERE THOU ART.

LET me be with Thee where thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest ;  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and forever blest.

## The Tearless Land.

Let me be with Thee where thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy name adore ;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove ;  
There neither death nor life will part  
Me from thy presence and thy love.

— *Charlotte Elliott.*

## THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess'd ;  
But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its pathways of gold,  
And its walls decked with jewels most rare ;  
Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;  
But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care ;  
From trials without and within ;  
But what must it be to be there !

## Longings for Heaven.

We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear ;  
Of the Church of the first-born above ;  
But what must it be to be there !

Then let us, midst pleasure and woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there !

— *Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.*

## JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.<sup>1</sup>

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy and peace, in thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

Oh, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

<sup>1</sup> Note 2.

### The Tearless Land.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

1790.

— *Eckington Collection.*

### MY AIN COUNTREE.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly. — *Heb. 11:16.*

I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,  
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's  
welcome smiles;  
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see  
The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh, an'  
gay,  
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them  
sae;  
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to  
me,  
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countree.

## Longings for Heaven.

I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day  
the King  
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring :  
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' ower, we shall see  
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered  
mair ;  
His bluid has made me white, his hand shall dry mine  
e'e,  
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast ;  
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs  
like me,  
And carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He's faithful that hath promised, he'll surely come  
again,  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;  
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,  
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the shining gate ;  
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

— *Mary Lee Demarest.*

**The Tearless Land.**

**THOU KNOWEST.**

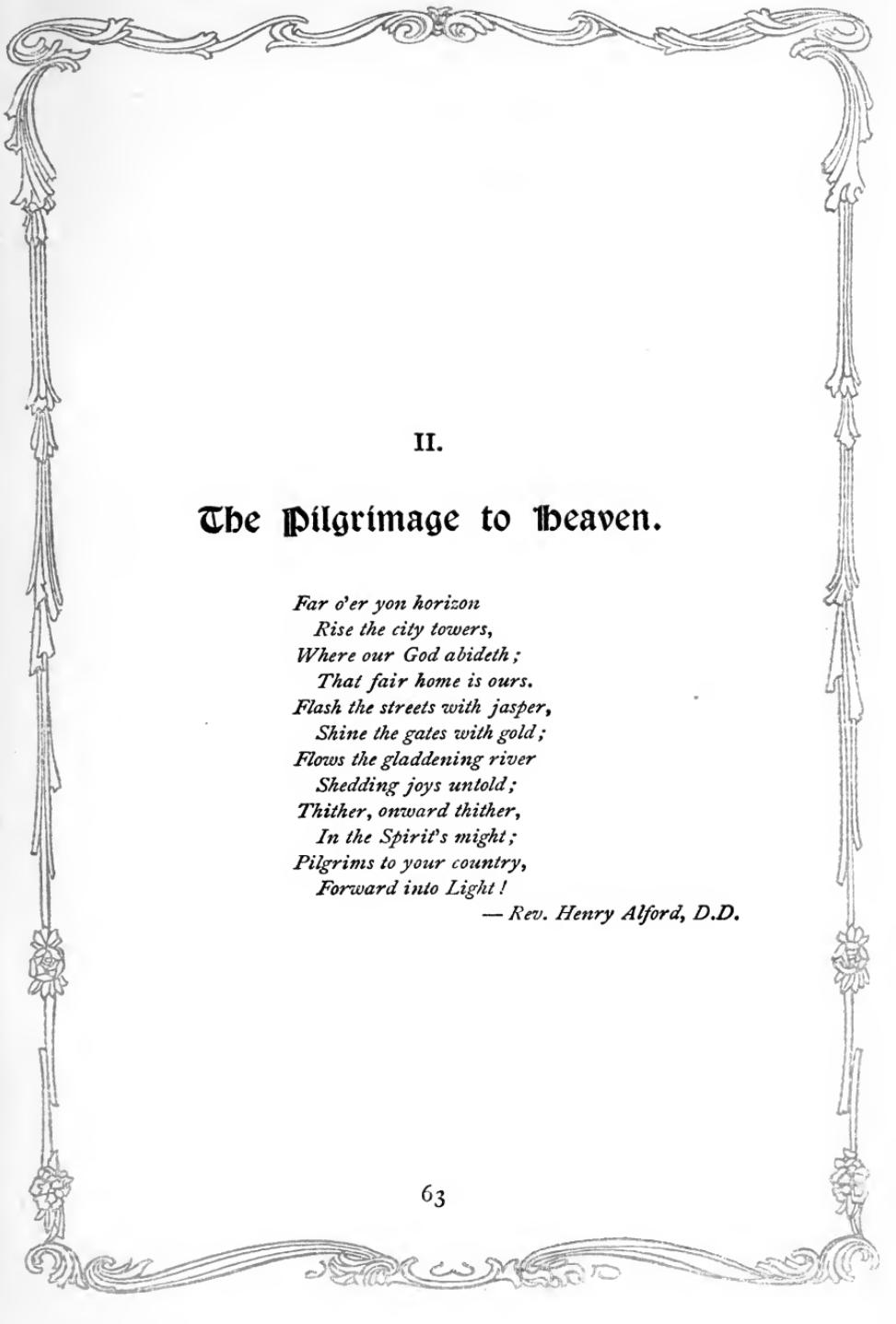
**T**HOU knowest, O my Father ! Why should I  
Weary high heaven with restless prayers and tears ?  
Thou knowest all ! My heart's unuttered cry  
Hath soared beyond the stars and reached thine ears.

Thou knowest, — ah, Thou knowest ! Then what need,  
O loving God, to tell thee o'er and o'er,  
And with persistent iteration plead  
As one who crieth at some closed door ?

“Tease not !” we mothers to our children say, —  
“Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best.”  
Shall we, thy children, run to thee alway,  
Begging for this and that in wild unrest ?

I dare not clamor at the heavenly gate,  
Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains within ;  
O Love divine ! I can but stand and wait  
Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

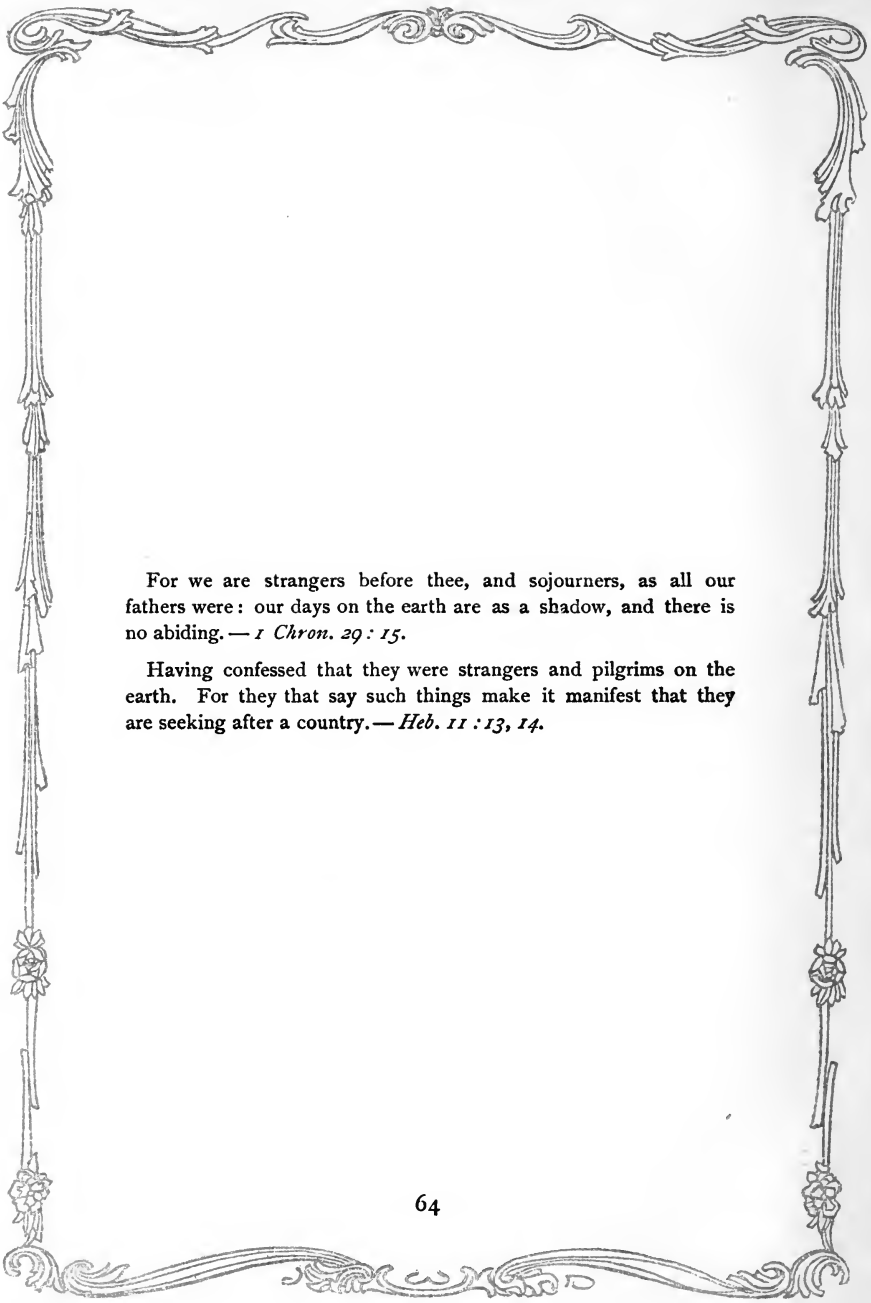


II.

**The Pilgrimage to Heaven.**

*Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth ;  
That fair home is ours.  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold ;  
Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold ;  
Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might ;  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into Light !*

— *Rev. Henry Alford, D.D.*

A decorative border with ornate scrollwork and floral motifs surrounds the text.

For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as all our fathers were: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is no abiding. — *1 Chron. 29: 15.*

Having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country. — *Heb. 11: 13, 14.*



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

### THE JOURNEY.

**D**OES the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labor you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yes, beds for all who come.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

### WHAT WE BRING.

**L**ORD ! leadeth not this desert land  
To our bright home with thee?  
Dost Thou not mean thy pilgrim band  
The Golden Gates to see?



### The Tearless Land.

Yet may we carry to our home  
Gifts in the desert given ;  
Thou would'st not have Thy pilgrims **come**  
All empty to thy heaven.

Bright angels ! on your store alone  
We shall not need to live ;  
We bring you something of our own,  
Our God's dear gifts we give.

We bring the strength by Him conferred  
Unto the heavenly host ;  
We bring the shame for him incurred  
To be our endless boast ;

We bring the wounds on earth that bled  
To have sweet healing given ;  
We bring the tears on earth we shed  
To find them smiles in heaven.

Your burning love the flame we lend  
That here so humbly burned ;  
And with your awful love we blend  
The love on earth we learned.

We bring you each endeavor fair  
That made earth's darkness shine ;  
Each triumph o'er the foe ye share,  
Each victory divine.

Each precious, pure delight that made  
The Vale of Tears less sad,  
Doth help the joys that never fade,  
Doth make the angels glad.

## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

O happy golden hours below !  
Your glory hath not gone :  
The grateful years eternal flow  
More bright because ye shone.

On earth we sing our heavenly songs,  
With holy fire we burn ;  
O golden harps ! O angel tongues !  
Our strains ye too may learn.

Dear Lord ! whose grace on earth we taste,  
Whose glory down doth come,  
Thou meanest not these gifts for waste,  
May we not bear them home ?

May we not, richly laden, make  
The wealth of heaven the more,  
And bringing gifts divine, partake  
The sweet celestial store ?

— *Thomas H. Gill.*

## “HOW CAN WE KNOW THE WAY?”

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,  
Where hang the cold clouds heavily,  
Could I but gain the clew to follow,  
How blessed would the journey be !

Aloft, I see a fair dominion, .  
Through time and change, all vernal still ;  
But where the power, and what the pinion,  
To gain the ever-blooming hill ?

### The Tearless Land.

Afar, I hear the music ringing,  
The lulling sounds of heaven's repose ;  
And the light gales are downward bringing  
The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.

I see the fruit, all golden glowing,  
Beckon, the glassy leaves between : —  
And o'er the winds that there are blowing,  
Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

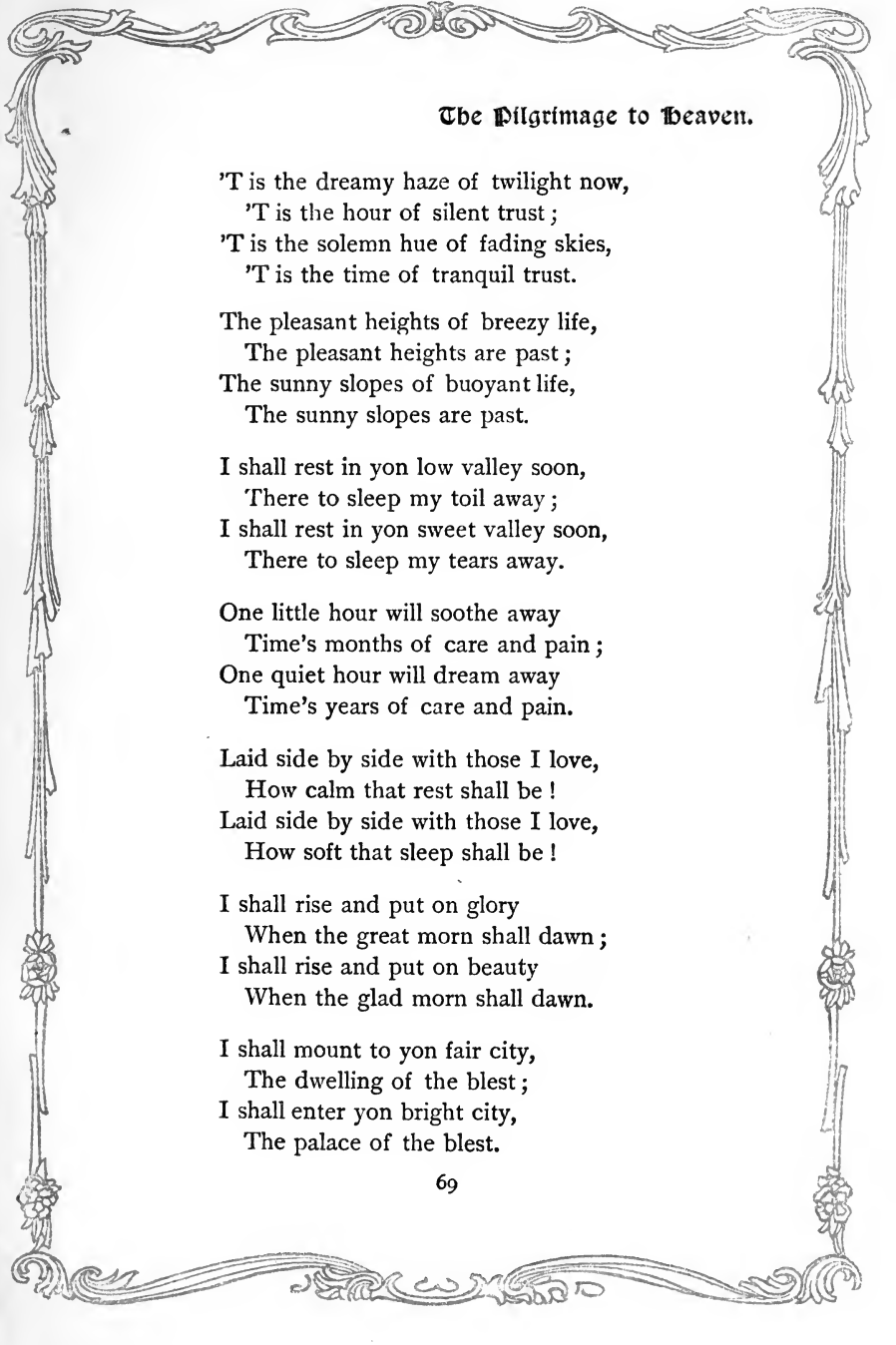
Ye suns that shine forever yonder,  
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee :  
The very zephyrs there that wander,  
How healing must their breathing be !  
— *Schiller. Tr. by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.*

### LIFE'S SHADY PATH.

I AM wandering down life's shady path,  
Slowly, slowly, wandering down ;  
I am wandering down life's rugged path,  
Slowly, slowly, wandering down.

Morn, with its store of buds and dew,  
Lies far behind me now ;  
Morn, with its wealth of song and light,  
Lies far behind me now.

'T is the mellow flush of sunset now,  
'T is the shadow and the cloud ;  
'T is the dimness of the dying eve,  
'T is the shadow and the cloud.



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

'T is the dreamy haze of twilight now,  
'T is the hour of silent trust ;  
'T is the solemn hue of fading skies,  
'T is the time of tranquil trust.

The pleasant heights of breezy life,  
The pleasant heights are past ;  
The sunny slopes of buoyant life,  
The sunny slopes are past.

I shall rest in yon low valley soon,  
There to sleep my toil away ;  
I shall rest in yon sweet valley soon,  
There to sleep my tears away.

One little hour will soothe away  
Time's months of care and pain ;  
One quiet hour will dream away  
Time's years of care and pain.

Laid side by side with those I love,  
How calm that rest shall be !  
Laid side by side with those I love,  
How soft that sleep shall be !

I shall rise and put on glory  
When the great morn shall dawn ;  
I shall rise and put on beauty  
When the glad morn shall dawn.

I shall mount to yon fair city,  
The dwelling of the blest ;  
I shall enter yon bright city,  
The palace of the blest.

### The Tearless Land.

I shall meet the many parted ones,  
In that one home of joy ;  
Lost love forever found again  
In that dear home of joy.

We have shared our earthly sorrow,  
Each with the other here ;  
We shall share our heavenly gladness,  
Each with the other there.

We have mingled tears together,  
We shall mingle smiles and song ;  
We have mingled sighs together,  
We shall mingle smiles and song.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

### PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;  
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead : —  
Lead me aright,  
Though strength should falter, and though heart should  
bleed,  
Through Peace to Light !



I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here :  
Give but the ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear. Page 71.

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;  
Give but the ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see ; —  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine  
Like quiet night :  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
Through Peace to Light.  
— *Adelaide Anne Procter.*

## THE LAST HOUR.

**I**F I were told that I must die to-morrow,  
That the next sun  
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow  
For any one, —  
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,  
What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,  
But just go on,  
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter  
That which is gone ;  
But rise and move, and love and smile and pray  
For one more day.



### The Tearless Land.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,  
Say in that ear  
Which hearkens ever : " Lord, within thy keeping,  
How should I fear ?  
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,  
Do thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe ; but peaceful, tender,  
My soul would lie  
All the night long ; and when the morning splendor  
Flushed o'er the sky,  
I think that I could smile, — could calmly say,  
" It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder  
Held out a scroll,  
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder  
Beheld unroll  
To a long century's end its mystic clew,  
What should I do ?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,  
Other than this :  
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,  
Nor fear to miss  
The road, although so very long it be,  
While led by thee ?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,  
Although unseen,  
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest  
hide thee,  
Or heavens serene,

## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,  
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God ; no hand revealeth  
Thy counsels wise ;  
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth ;  
No voice replies  
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell ;  
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
Thy will always,  
Through a long century's ripening fruition,  
Or a short day's ;  
Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait,  
If thou come late.

1872.

— Susan Coolidge.

### A LITTLE WHILE THE VIGIL KEEPING.

OH, for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile !  
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright " forever " !  
Amid the shadows of earth's " little while " !

A little while for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the stern, to battle with the strong ;  
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,  
To pace with weary steps through noisy ways ;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

### The Tearless Land.

A little while midst shadow and delusion  
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell :  
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,  
Then hail sight's verdict — " He doeth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking,  
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed ;  
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking  
Beside the fullness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,  
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,  
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,  
To haste to meet him, with the bridal hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver —  
The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad forever  
Will light the shadows of the " little while."

— *Jane Crewdson.*

### THE GOLDEN STREET.

THE toil is very long, and I am tired :  
O Father, I am weary of the way !  
Give me that rest I have so long desired ;  
Bring me that Sabbath's cool refreshing day,  
And let the fever of my world-worn feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.  
Tired — very tired ! And I at times have seen,  
When the far pearly gates were open thrown  
For those who walked no more with me, the green  
Sweet foliage of the trees that there alone  
At last wave over those whose world-worn feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

When the gates open and before they close —  
Sad hours but holy — I have watched the tide  
Whose living crystal there forever flows  
Before the throne, and sadly have I sighed  
To think how long until my world-worn feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

They shall not wander from that blessed way ;  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weariness, nor sin,  
Nor any clouds in that eternal day,  
Trouble them more who once have entered in ;  
But all is rest to them whose world-worn feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Thus the gates close and I behold no more,  
Though as I walk, they open oftener now  
For those who leave me and go on before ;  
And I am lonely also while I bow  
And think of those dear souls whose world-worn feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired — very tired — but I will patient be,  
Nor will I murmur at the weary way :  
I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,  
And pluck the ripe fruit all that God-lit day,  
When thou, O Lord, shalt let my feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

— *William O. Stoddard.*

## OUR PATHWAY.

**B**E the pathway smooth or thorny,  
Dark with storms or bright,  
All along life's changeful journey,  
Day and night ;

### The Tearless Land.

Through the desert, wending lowly,  
Or with lov'd ones nigh ;  
Bread to spare, or given only  
As we cry ;

Wayworn in its weary stages,  
Or by crystal springs,  
Where the smitten Rock of Ages  
Comfort brings :

Onward still — come joy or sorrow,  
Blossom or decay ;  
Knowing nothing of to-morrow,  
Calm to-day.

God will be our Guide for ever.  
To our latest breath,  
Through the depths of Jordan's river,  
Over death.

Over death, among the meadows  
Where His own are led,  
And in perfect day the shadows  
All have fled.

Over death — all told the story  
Of our earthly strife,  
There to prove in Canaan's glory  
Life of life.

— *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

### FAR FROM THE DISCORD LOUD.

FAR from the discord loud,  
Far from the striving crowd,  
Far from the din,



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

Far from the burning tears,  
Far from the crushing fears,  
Far from the sin.

Up beyond all toil and care,  
Far from the tainted air,  
Far from all pain,  
Out of the reach of crime,  
Far from this changing clime,  
*We* shall remain.

Where the redeemed and blest  
Ever shall sweetly rest,  
No more to roam ;  
Where the curse dwelleth not,  
Sorrow is all forgot—  
*There* is our home.

Where the joy-founts are stirred,  
Where the harp note is heard,  
Where the palms wave,  
Where the white-robed shall glide,  
Where the death dews are dried,  
Where is no grave.

There is our glorious home :  
Why do we longer roam  
Far from its peace ?  
Soon may the hill be gained,  
Soon be the rest obtained,  
Soon the toil cease.

Brother, press onward then :  
Why should we linger when  
Home is in sight ?

## The Tearless Land.

On while the day is here,  
On while the way is clear,  
On ere the night !

— *Marianne Farningham.*

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on ;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on ;  
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

At sea, June 16, 1833. — *John Henry Newman.*

## GOD'S OWN SMILE.

WHAT then? Why then another pilgrim song ;  
And then, a hush of rest, divinely granted ;  
And then, a thirsty stage ; (ah, me, so long !)  
And then, a brook just where it most is wanted.

<sup>1</sup> Note 3.



Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on. Page 78.

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

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## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent ;  
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny ;  
And then, some sweet and tender message, sent  
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind ;  
A feverish sleep ; a heart oppressed and aching ;  
And then, a little water-cruse to find  
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire ;  
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow ;  
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,  
And saying, " I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace ;  
For all my wants and woes his lovingkindness ;  
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,  
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim ;  
And then, a deep and darkly rolling river ;  
And then, a flood of light — a seraph's hymn,  
And God's own smile, forever and forever.

—*Jane Crewdson.*

## FIRST THE SORROWFUL, AND THEN THE GLAD.

'T is first the true, and then the beautiful ;  
Not first the beautiful and then the true :  
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,  
Then the gay garden rich in scent and hue.

## The Tearless Land.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful ;  
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad :  
Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full ;  
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark ;  
But first the dark, and after that the bright :  
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc ;  
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'T is first the night — stern night of storm and war,  
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies ;  
Then the fair sparkle of the Morning Star,  
That bids the saint awake, and day arise.

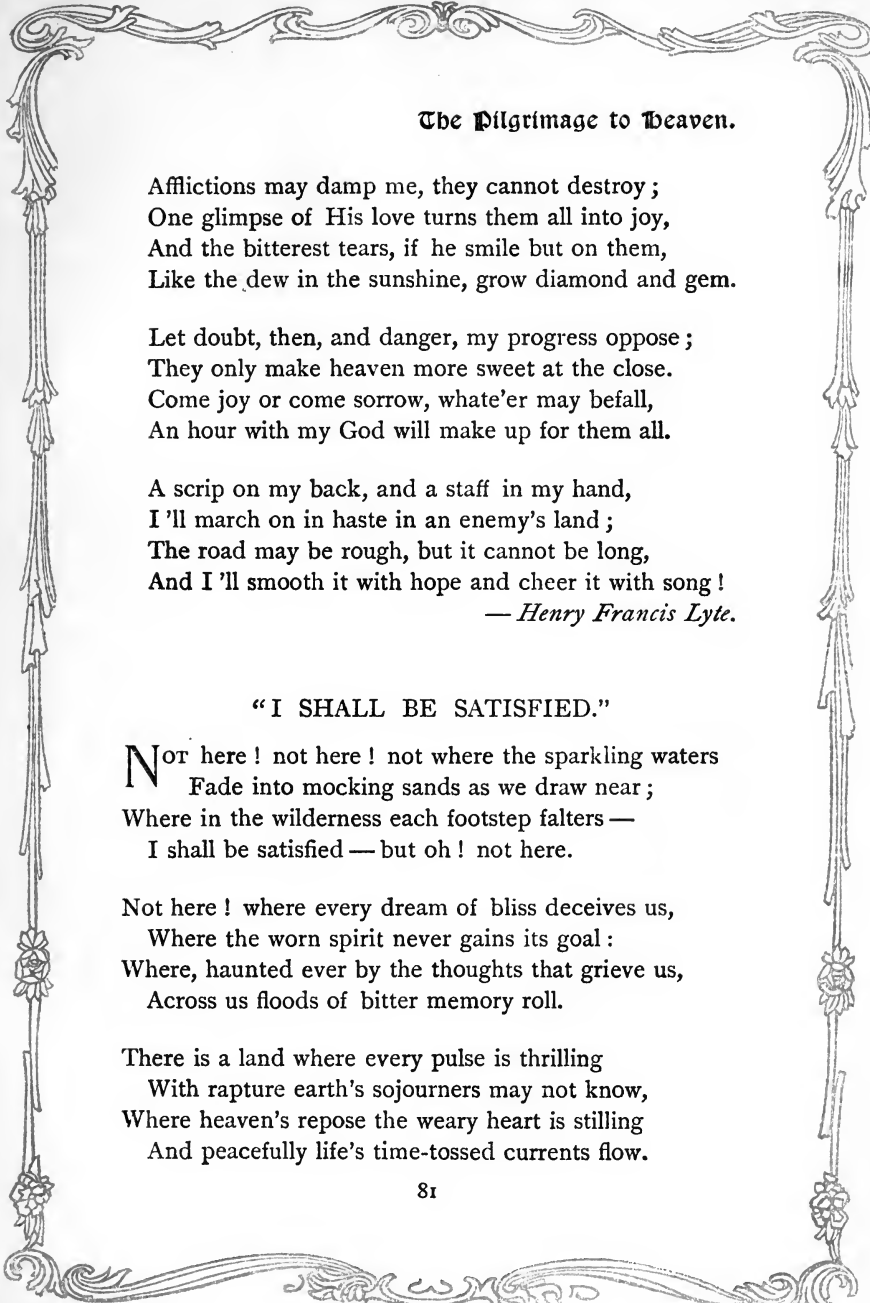
— *Horatius Bonar.*

## MY REST IS NOT HERE.

**M**y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;  
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?  
Be hushed, my dark spirit ; the worst that can come  
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this ;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, —  
I would not lie down upon roses below ;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,  
Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast.



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;  
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy,  
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,  
Like the dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose ;  
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.  
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I'll march on in haste in an enemy's land ;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
And I'll smooth it with hope and cheer it with song !  
— *Henry Francis Lyte.*

### "I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

Not here ! not here ! not where the sparkling waters  
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near ;  
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters —  
I shall be satisfied — but oh ! not here.

Not here ! where every dream of bliss deceives us,  
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal :  
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,  
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,  
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling  
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

### The Tearless Land.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,  
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,  
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us,  
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied ! satisfied ! The spirit's yearning  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds —  
The silent love that here meets no returning —  
The inspiration which no language finds —

Shall they be satisfied ? the soul's vague longing —  
The aching void which nothing earthly fills ?  
O ! what desires upon my soul are thronging  
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending —  
Saviour and Lord ! with thy frail child abide !  
Guide me toward home, where all my wanderings ending,  
I then shall see thee, and "be satisfied."

— *Anon.*

### "SUFFER THEM TO COME TO ME."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God."

ALL along the mighty ages,  
All adown the solemn time,  
They have taken up their homeward  
March to that serener clime,  
Where the watching, waiting angels  
Lead them from the shadow dim,  
To the brightness of His presence  
Who has called them unto him.



But 'tis Jesus who has called them  
"Suffer, and forbid them not." Page 83.

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

They are going — only going —  
Out of pain and into bliss —  
Out of sad and sinful weakness  
Into perfect holiness.  
Snowy brows — no care shall shade them ;  
Bright eyes — tears shall never dim ;  
Rosy lips — no time shall fade them ;  
Jesus called them unto him.  
Little hearts forever stainless —  
Little hands as pure as they —  
Little feet by angels guided  
Never a forbidden way !  
They are going, ever going !  
Leaving many a lonely spot ;  
But 't is Jesus who has called them —  
“Suffer, and forbid them not.”

— *Lyra Anglicana.*

## EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold ;  
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold ;  
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold,  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks  
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaints ; oh, rest is sweet  
When evening brings us home !

### The Tearless Land.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts ;  
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts  
Search for Thy coming : when the light departs  
At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star  
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.  
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are :  
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken,  
O thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken  
In the waste night : our tardy footsteps quicken ;  
At evening bring us home.

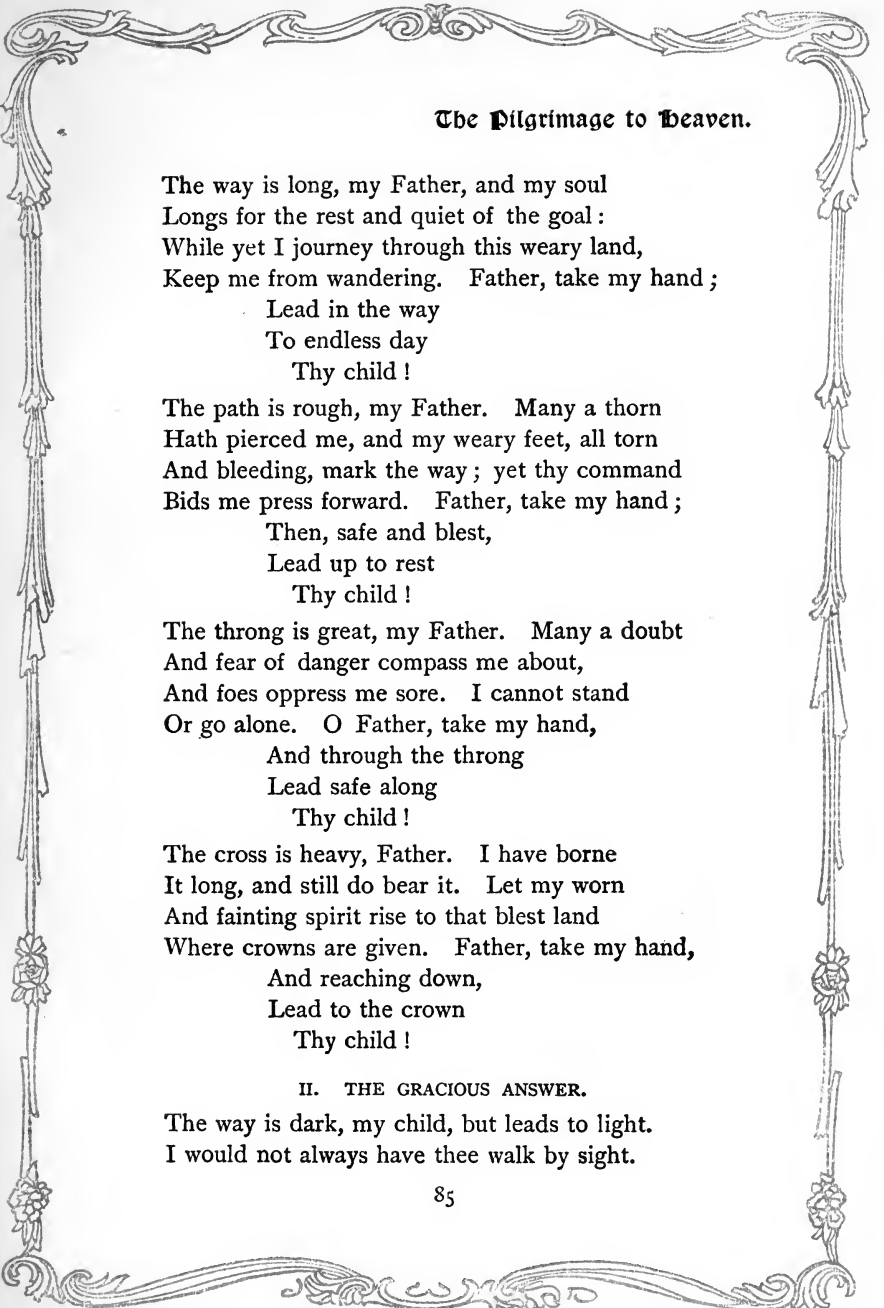
— *Anon.*

### FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

#### I. THE APPEAL.

THE way is dark, my Father ! Cloud upon cloud  
Is gathering quickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders roll above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child !

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night  
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
Sees ghostly visions ; fears, a spectral band,  
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand  
And from the night  
Lead up to light  
Thy child !



## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

The way is long, my Father, and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal :  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand ;

Lead in the way  
To endless day  
Thy child !

The path is rough, my Father. Many a thorn  
Hath pierced me, and my weary feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way ; yet thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand ;

Then, safe and blest,  
Lead up to rest  
Thy child !

The throng is great, my Father. Many a doubt  
And fear of danger compass me about,  
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand,

And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
Thy child !

The cross is heavy, Father. I have borne  
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn  
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,

And reaching down,  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child !

### II. THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light.  
I would not always have thee walk by sight.



### The Tearless Land.

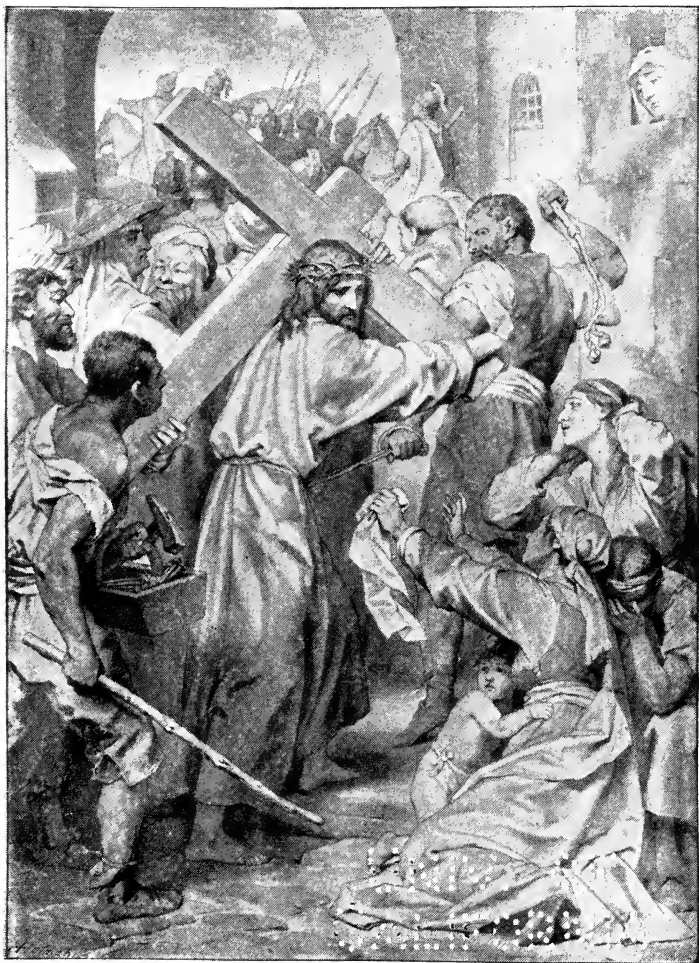
My dealings now thou canst not understand.  
I meant it so ; but I will take thy hand  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
My child !

The day goes fast, my child. But is the night  
Darker to me than day? In me is light !  
Keep close to me, and every spectral band  
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand  
And through the night  
Lead up to light  
My child !

The way is long, my child ; but it shall be  
Not one step longer than is best for thee ;  
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand  
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand  
And quick and straight  
Lead to heaven's gate  
My child !

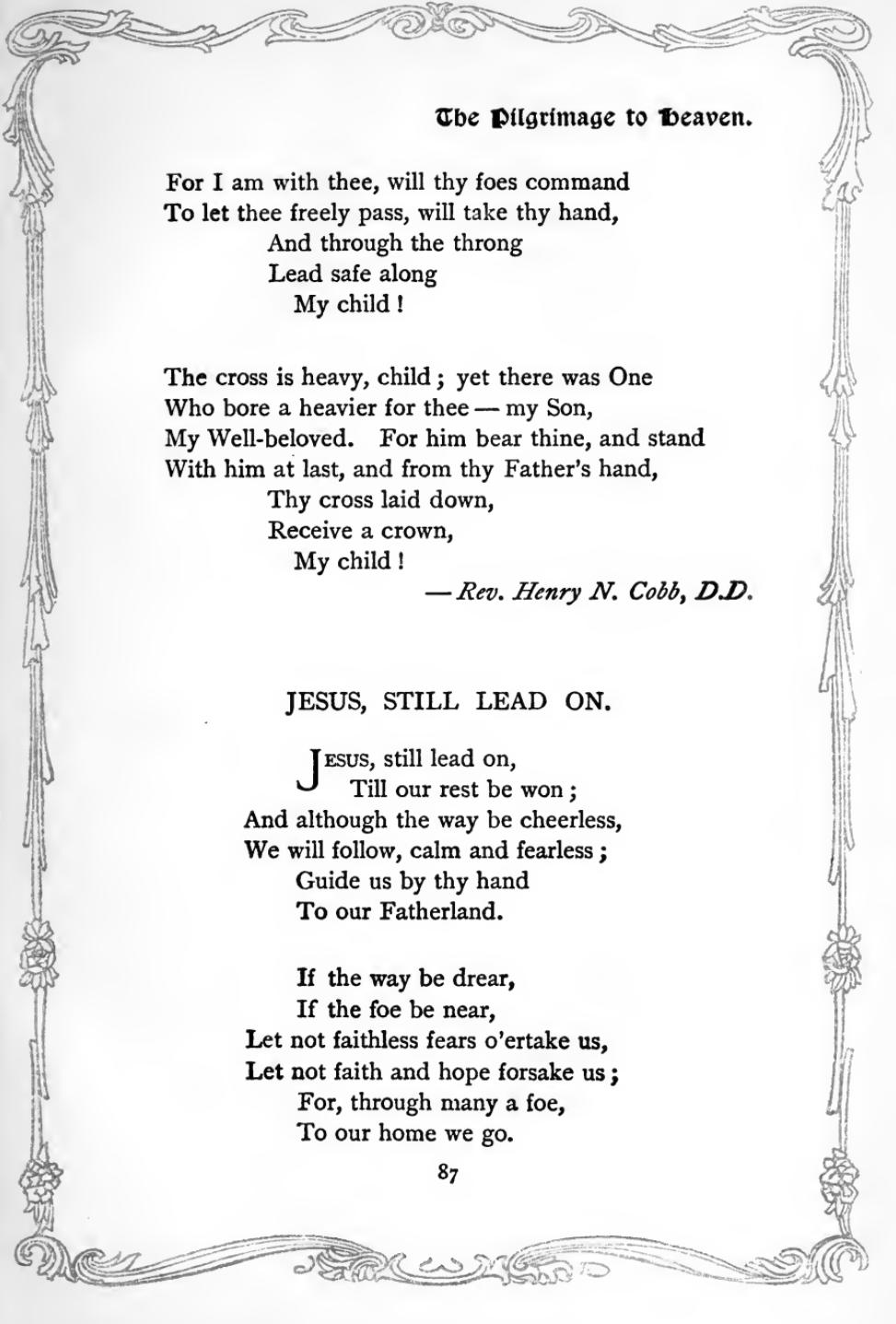
The path is rough, my child ; but oh, how sweet  
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,  
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land  
To which I lead thee as I take thy hand,  
And safe and blest  
With me shall rest  
My child !

The throng is great, my child ; but at thy side  
Thy Father walks ; then be not terrified,



One who bore a heavier cross for thee. Page 87.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

THE NEW  
AMERICAN



**The Pilgrimage to Heaven.**

For I am with thee, will thy foes command  
To let thee freely pass, will take thy hand,  
And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
My child !

The cross is heavy, child ; yet there was One  
Who bore a heavier for thee — my Son,  
My Well-beloved. For him bear thine, and stand  
With him at last, and from thy Father's hand,  
Thy cross laid down,  
Receive a crown,  
My child !

— *Rev. Henry N. Cobb, D.D.*

**JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.**

JESUS, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won ;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless ;  
Guide us by thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;  
For, through many a foe,  
To our home we go.

## The Tearless Land.

When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,  
When temptations come alluring,  
Make us patient and enduring ;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won ;  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.

1721.

— *Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf. Tr.*  
*by Miss Jane Borthwick.*

## THE WAY OF THY FEET.

CHEERFUL, O Lord, at thy command  
I bind my sandals on,  
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,  
And go to seek the better land,  
The way thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way,  
Some bitter grief I meet,  
"This path hath echoed with His moan,  
And every rude and flinty stone  
Hath bruised His blessed feet."

Fainting and sad along the road,  
Thou layest on my head

## The Pilgrimage to Heaven.

The hands they fastened to the tree,  
The hands that paid the price for me,  
The hands that brake the bread.

Thou whisperest some pleasant word, —  
I catch the much-loved tone ;  
I feel thee near, my gracious Lord ;  
I know thou keepest watch and ward,  
And all my grief is gone.

From every mountain's rugged peak  
The far-off land I view,  
And from its fields of fadeless bloom  
Come breezes laden with perfume,  
And fan my weary brow.

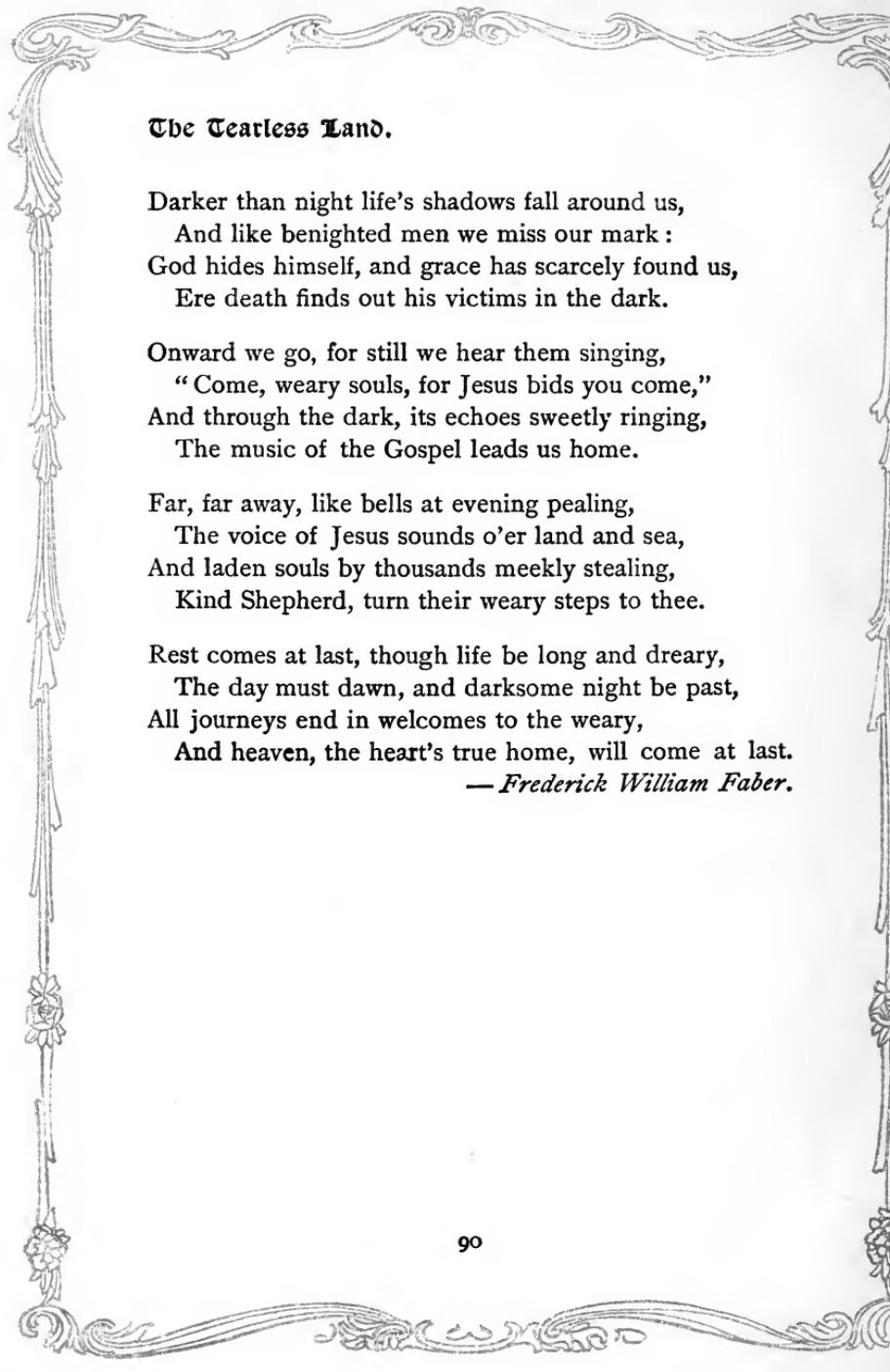
There peaceful hills and holy vales  
Sleep in eternal day,  
While rivers, deep and silent, glide  
'Twixt meads and groves on either side,  
Through which the blessed stray.

There He abides who is of heaven  
The loveliest and best ;  
His face, when shall I gaze upon !  
Or share with the beloved John  
The pillow of His breast !

— *Anon.*

## ANGELIC SONGS ARE SWELLING.

**H**ARK ! hark ! my soul, angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore,  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,  
Of that new life, when sin shall be no more.



**The Tearless Land.**

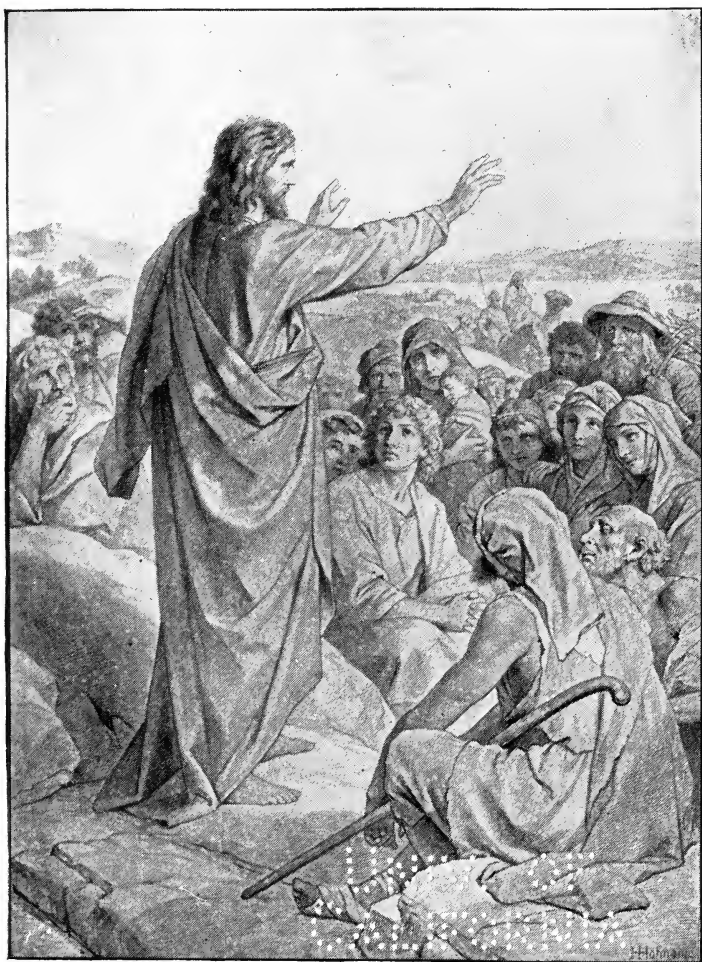
Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,  
And like benighted men we miss our mark :  
God hides himself, and grace has scarcely found us,  
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

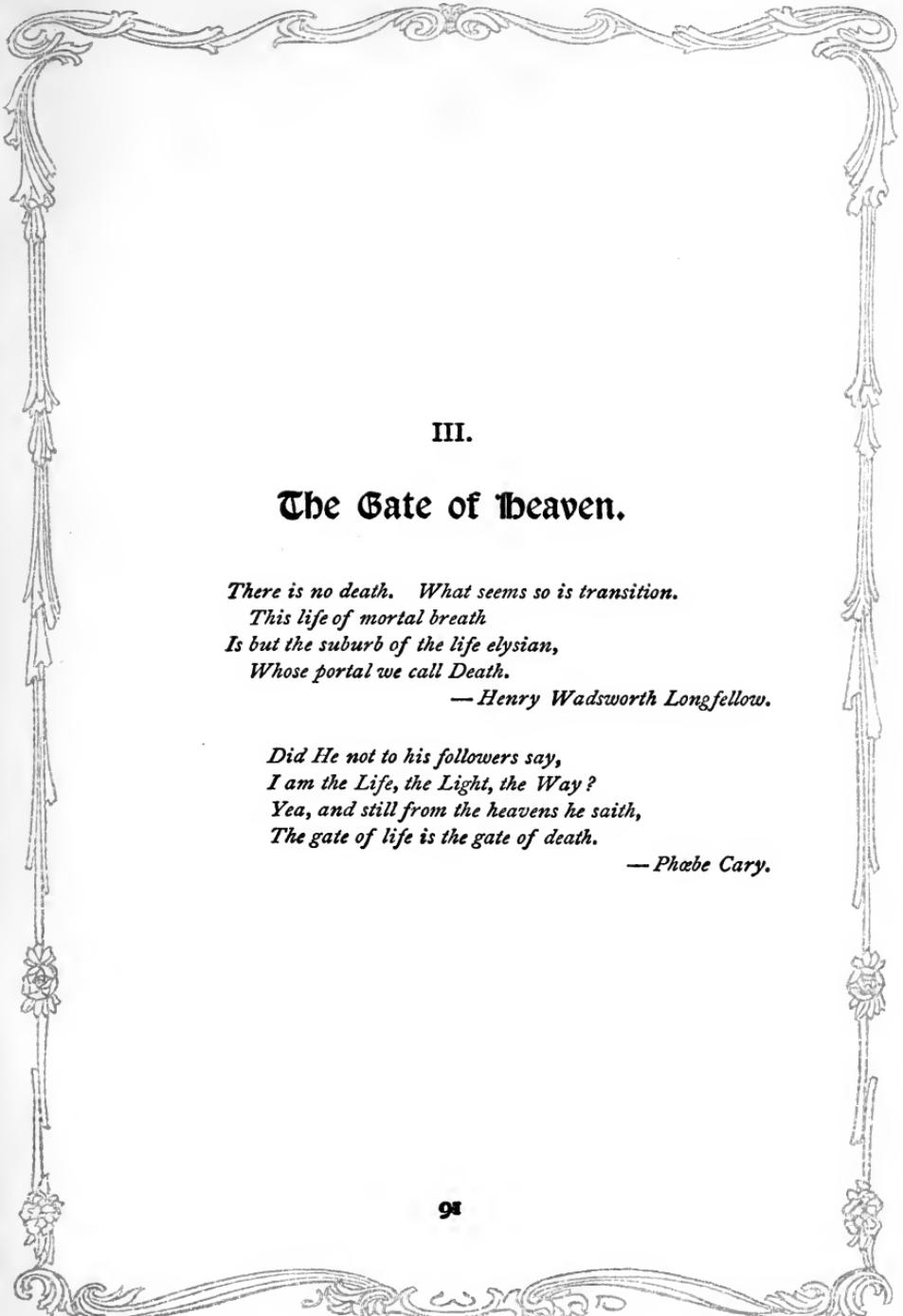
Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

— *Frederick William Faber.*



"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come." Page 90.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

Figure 1 shows a spatial distribution of 100 points. The points are arranged in a roughly rectangular shape, with a higher density of points in the center and fewer points towards the edges. The points are represented by small black dots.



III.

**The Gate of Heaven.**

*There is no death. What seems so is transition.*

*This life of mortal breath*

*Is but the suburb of the life elysian,*

*Whose portal we call Death.*

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

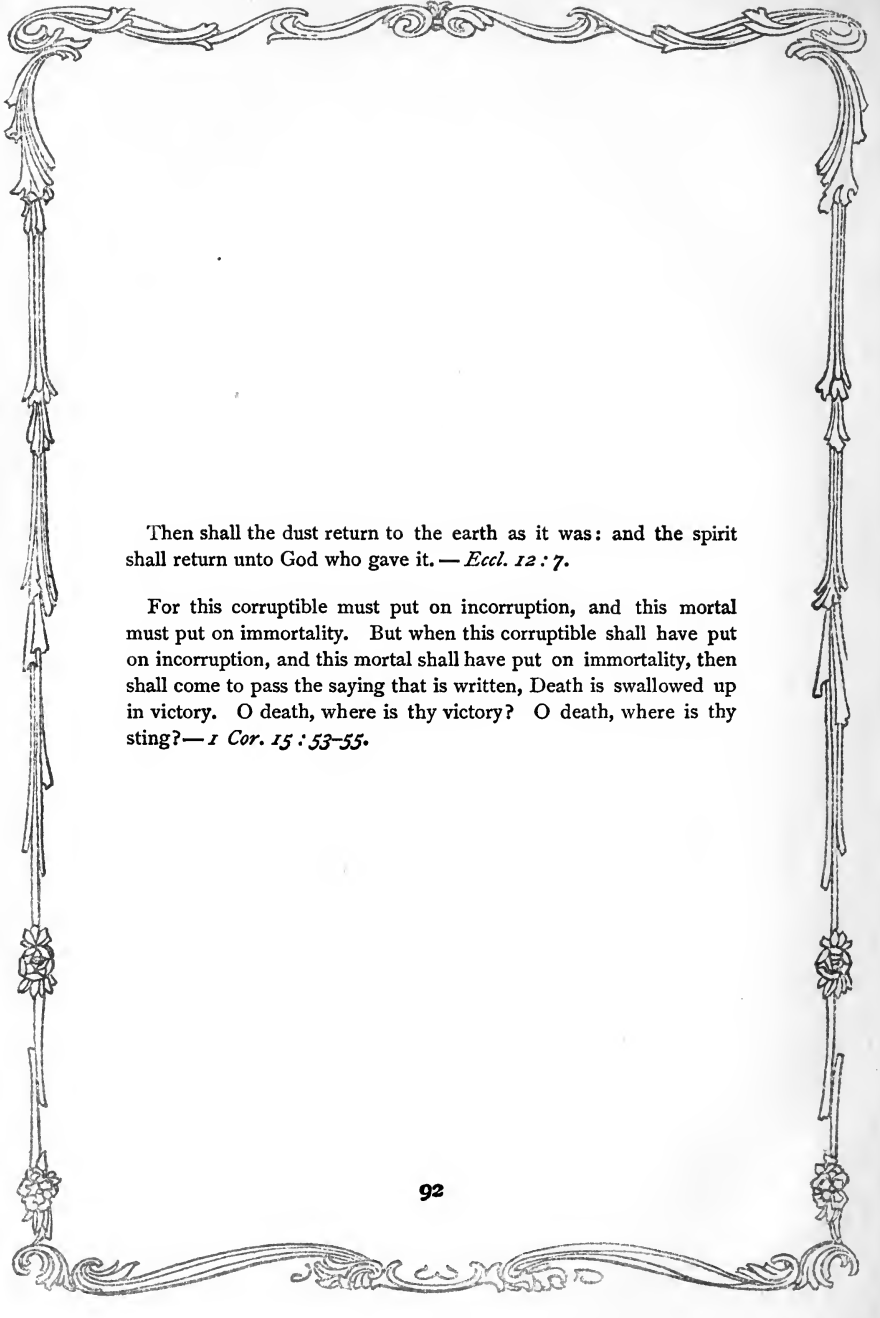
*Did He not to his followers say,*

*I am the Life, the Light, the Way?*

*Yea, and still from the heavens he saith,*

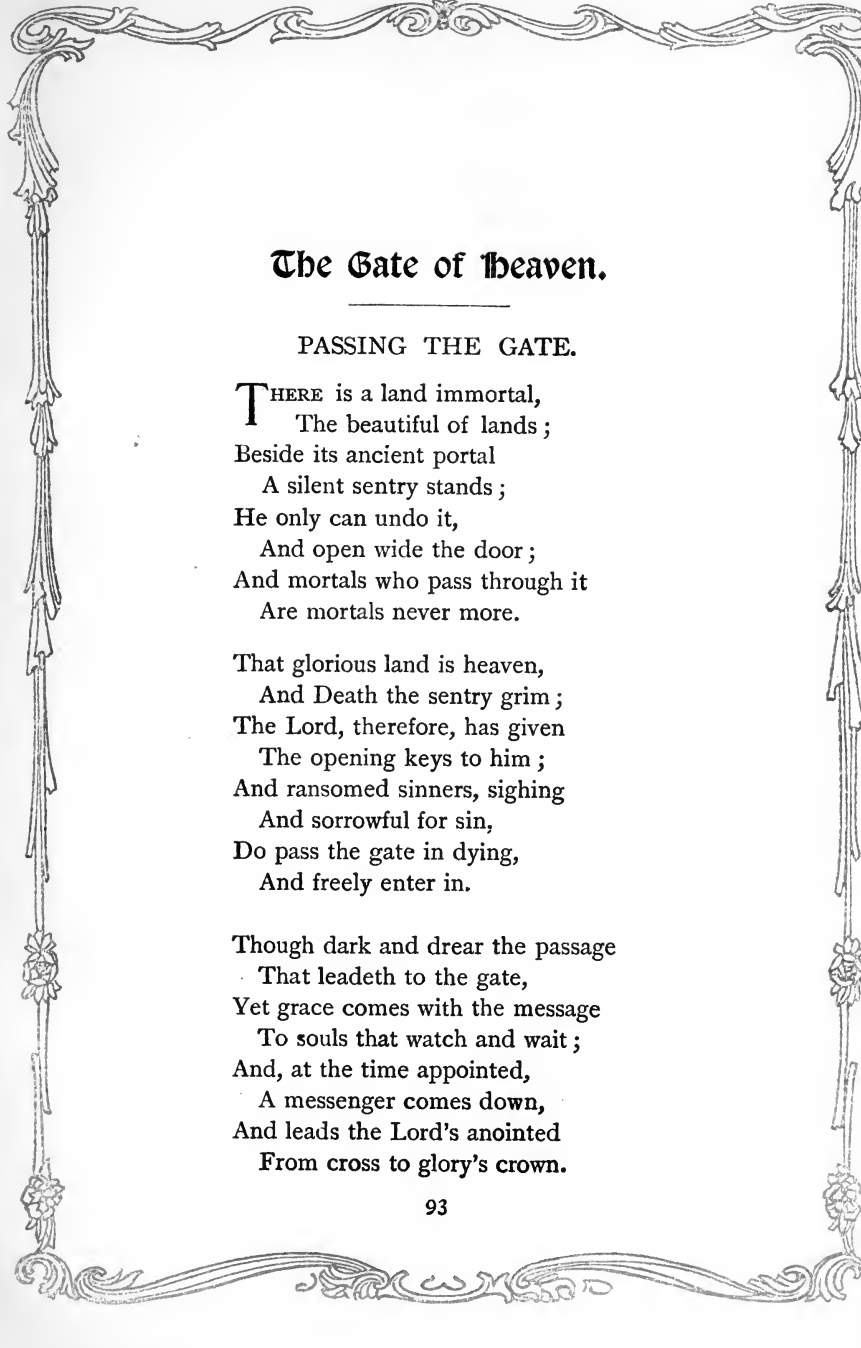
*The gate of life is the gate of death.*

— Phæbe Cary.



Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. — *Ecc. 12 : 7.*

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?— *1 Cor. 15 : 53-55.*



## The Gate of Heaven.

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### PASSING THE GATE.

THERE is a land immortal,  
The beautiful of lands ;  
Beside its ancient portal  
A silent sentry stands ;  
He only can undo it,  
And open wide the door ;  
And mortals who pass through it  
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is heaven,  
And Death the sentry grim ;  
The Lord, therefore, has given  
The opening keys to him ;  
And ransomed sinners, sighing  
And sorrowful for sin,  
Do pass the gate in dying,  
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace comes with the message  
To souls that watch and wait ;  
And, at the time appointed,  
A messenger comes down,  
And leads the Lord's anointed  
From cross to glory's crown.

### The Tearless Land.

Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They 're blessed in their tears ;  
Their journey homeward winging,  
They leave to earth their fears ;  
Death like an angel seemeth ;  
"We welcome thee," they cry ;  
Their face with glory beameth ;  
'T is life for them to die.

— *Thomas MacKellar.*

### I'M RETURNING, NOT DEPARTING.

I 'm returning, not departing ;  
My steps are homeward-bound ;  
I quit the land of strangers,  
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting —  
This is not night, but day ;  
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,  
Like a star I fade away.

All is well with me forever ;  
I do not fear to go ;  
My tide is but beginning  
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,  
For the true, and fair, and good ;  
I must not, cannot linger ;  
I would not, if I could.

## The Gate of Heaven.

This is not Death's dark portal ;  
'T is Life's golden gate to me ;  
Link after link is broken,  
And I, at last, am free !

I am going to the angels,  
I am going to my God ;  
I know the hand that beckons,  
I see the heavenly road.

Why grieve me with your weeping ?  
Your tears are all in vain :  
An hour's farewell, beloved,  
And we shall meet again.

Jesus, thou wilt receive me,  
And welcome me above ;  
This sunlight which now fills me,  
Is thine own smile of love !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

## THE TWO ANGELS.<sup>1</sup>

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The somber houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white ;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

<sup>1</sup> Note 4.

## The Tearless Land.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest !"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

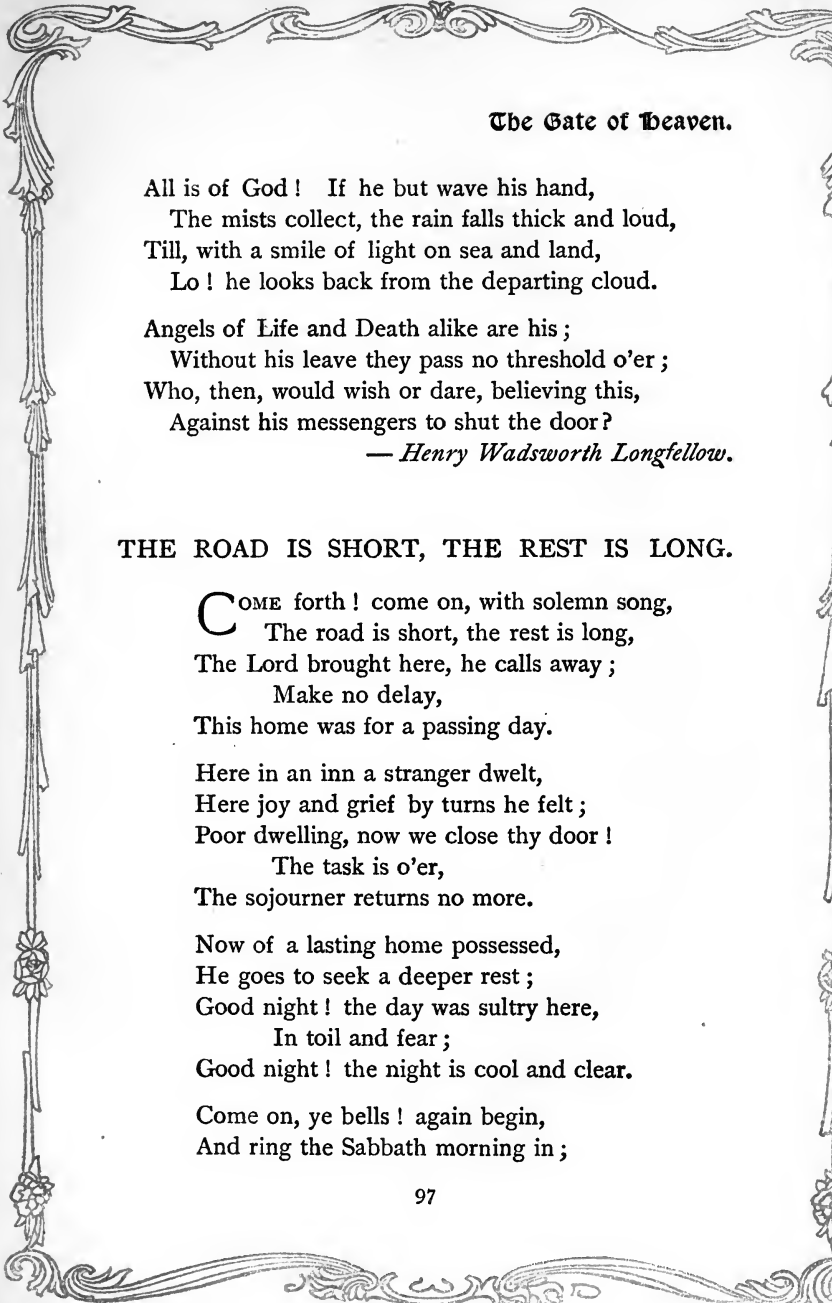
I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;  
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.



## The Gate of Heaven.

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against his messengers to shut the door ?  
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE ROAD IS SHORT, THE REST IS LONG.

COME forth ! come on, with solemn song,  
The road is short, the rest is long,  
The Lord brought here, he calls away ;  
Make no delay,  
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,  
Here joy and grief by turns he felt ;  
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door !  
The task is o'er,  
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,  
He goes to seek a deeper rest ;  
Good night ! the day was sultry here,  
In toil and fear ;  
Good night ! the night is cool and clear.

Come on, ye bells ! again begin,  
And ring the Sabbath morning in ;

## The Tearless Land.

The laborer's week-day work is done,  
The rest begun,  
Which Christ hath for his people won !

Now open to us, gates of peace !  
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease ;  
Ye quiet slumberers, make room

In your still home,  
For the new stranger who has come !

How many graves around us lie !  
How many homes are in the sky !  
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare  
A place with care :  
Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

Jesus, thou reignest, Lord, alone,  
Thou wilt return and claim thine own.  
Come quickly, Lord ! return again !  
Amen ! amen !

Thy seal is ever, now and then !

— *From the German of F. Sachse.*

## FREED FROM BONDAGE.

O SPIRIT, freed from bondage,  
Rejoice, thy work is done !  
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,  
Thou, brighter than the sun !

Arise, put on thy garments,  
Which the redeemed win !  
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,  
Thou sanctified from sin !

## The Gate of Heaven.

Awake and breathe the living air,  
Of our celestial clime !  
Awake to love that knows no change,  
Thou, who hast done with time !

Awake, lift up thy joyful eyes,  
See, all heaven's host appears ;  
And be thou glad exceedingly,  
Thou who hast done with tears !

Awake ! ascend ! thou art not now  
With those of mortal birth, —  
The living God hath touched thy lips,  
Thou who hast done with earth !

— *Mary Howitt.*

## INTO THE JOY-LAND.

OUT of the shadows of sadness,  
Into the sunshine of gladness,  
Into the light of the blest ;  
Out of the land very dreary,  
Out of the world of the weary,  
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,  
Into the blissful to-morrow,  
Into a day without gloom ;  
Out of a land filled with sighing,  
Land of the dead and the dying,  
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,  
Tempest swept oft as the ocean,  
Dark with wrecks drifting o'er,

## The Tearless Land.

Into a land calm and quiet,  
Never a storm cometh nigh it, —  
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers  
Perish and fade all the flowers;  
Out of the land of decay,  
Into the Eden where fairest  
Of flow'rets, the sweetest and rarest,  
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,  
Thronged with the anguished and ailing,  
Out of the world of the sad,  
Into the world that rejoices —  
World of bright visions and voices,  
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,  
Out of a land very mournful,  
Where in bleak exile we roam,  
Into a joy-land above us,  
Where there 's a Father to love us, —  
Into our home, sweet home.

— *Rev. Abram Joseph Ryan.*

## THE DAY IS BREAKING.

**L**ET me go, the day is breaking;  
Dear companions, let me go;  
We have spent a night of waking  
In the wilderness below;  
Upward now I bend my way;  
Part we here at break of day.

## The Gate of Heaven.

Let me go ; I may not tarry,  
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears ;  
Angels wait my soul to carry  
Where my risen Lord appears ;  
Friends and kindred, weep not so ;  
If you love me, let me go.

We have traveled long together,  
Hand in hand and heart in heart,  
Both through calm and stormy weather,  
And 't is hard, 't is hard to part ;  
Yet we must ; farewell to you ;  
Answer, one and all, adieu.

'T is not darkness gathering round me  
Which withdraws me from your sight ;  
Walls of flesh no more can bound me ;  
But, translated into light,  
Like the lark on mounting wing,  
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,  
Far beyond earth's span of sky ;  
I am dead ; nay, by this token  
Know that I have ceased to die.  
Would you solve the mystery?  
Come up hither, — come and see !

— *James Montgomery.*

## O DEAR AND FRIENDLY DEATH.

O DEAR and friendly Death,  
End of my road, however long it be,  
Waiting with hospitable hands stretched out  
And full of gifts for me !

## The Tearless Land.

Why do we call thee foe,  
Clouding with darksome mists thy face divine?  
Life, she was sweet, but poor her largess seems  
When matched with thine.

Thy amaranthine blooms  
Are not less lovely than her rose of joy ;  
And the rare, subtle perfumes which they breathe  
Never the senses cloy.

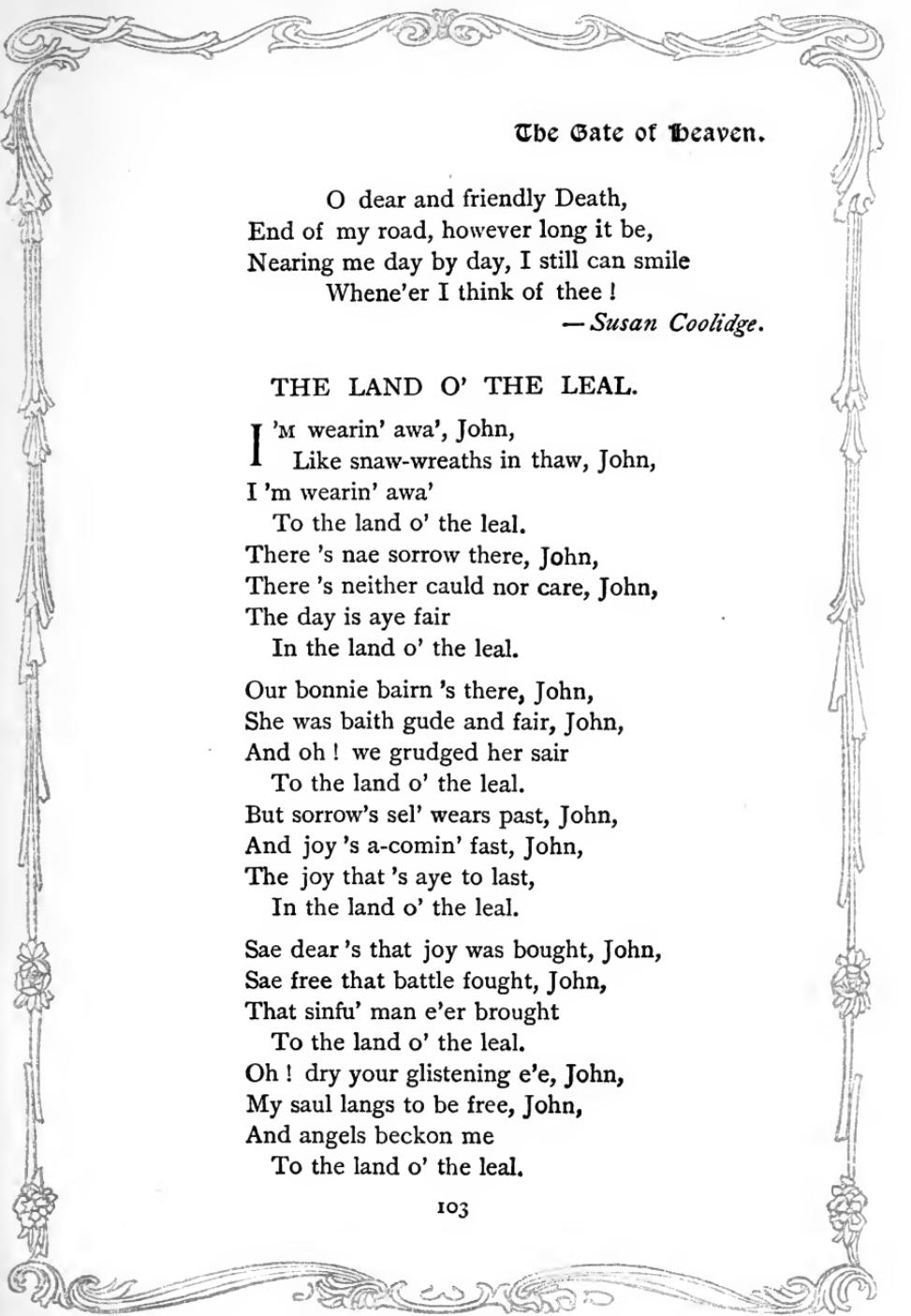
Thou holdest in thy store  
Full satisfaction of all doubt ; reply  
To question, and the golden clews to dreams  
Which idly passed us by ;

Darkness to tired eyes,  
Perplexed with vision, blinded with long day ;  
Quiet to busy hands, glad to fold up  
And lay their work away ;

A balm for anguish past ;  
Rest to the long unrest which smiles did hide ;  
The recognitions thirsted for in vain,  
And still by life denied ;

A nearness, all unknown  
While in these stifling, prisoning bodies pent,  
Unto thy soul and mine, beloved, made one  
At last in full content.

Thou bringest me mine own,  
The garnered flowers which felt thy sickle keen,  
And the full vision of that Face divine,  
Which I have loved unseen.



The Gate of Heaven.

O dear and friendly Death,  
End of my road, however long it be,  
Nearing me day by day, I still can smile  
Whene'er I think of thee !

— *Susan Coolidge.*

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I 'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
I 'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,  
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John,  
And oh ! we grudged her sair

To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
And joy 's a-comin' fast, John,  
The joy that 's aye to last,

In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear 's that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free that battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought

To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! dry your glistening e'e, John,  
My saul langs to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me

To the land o' the leal.

## The Tearless Land.

Oh ! haud you leal and true, John,  
Your day it 's wearin' through, John,  
And I 'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
This warld's cares are vain, John,  
We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain

In the land o' the leal.

1798.

— *Lady Carolina Nairne.*

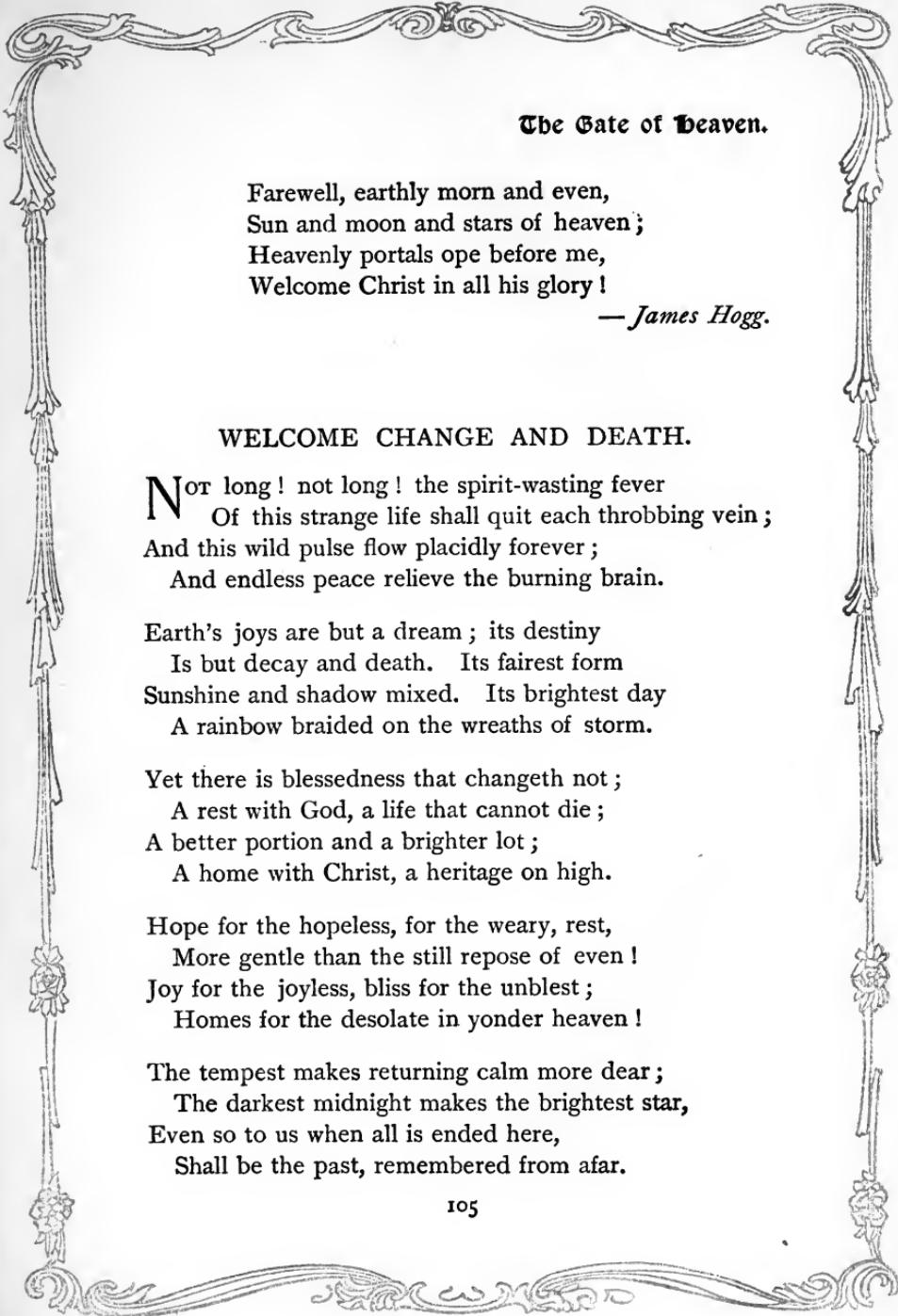
## SING WITH ME.

SING with me, sing with me,  
Weeping brethren, sing with me !

For now an open heaven I see,  
And a crown of glory laid for me.  
How my soul this earth despises !  
How my heart and spirit rises !  
Bounding from the flesh I sever ;  
World of sin, adieu forever !

Sing with me, sing with me,  
Friends in Jesus, sing with me !  
All my sufferings, all my woe,  
All my griefs I here forego.  
Farewell, terrors, sighing, grieving,  
Praying, hearing, and believing,  
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,  
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me, sing with me,  
Blessed spirits, sing with me !  
To the Lamb our songs shall be,  
Through a glad eternity.



The Gate of Heaven.

Farewell, earthly morn and even,  
Sun and moon and stars of heaven ;  
Heavenly portals ope before me,  
Welcome Christ in all his glory !

—James Hogg.

WELCOME CHANGE AND DEATH.

Not long ! not long ! the spirit-wasting fever  
Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing vein ;  
And this wild pulse flow placidly forever ;  
And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream ; its destiny  
Is but decay and death. Its fairest form  
Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest day  
A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not ;  
A rest with God, a life that cannot die ;  
A better portion and a brighter lot ;  
A home with Christ, a heritage on high.

Hope for the hopeless, for the weary, rest,  
More gentle than the still repose of even !  
Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblest ;  
Homes for the desolate in yonder heaven !

The tempest makes returning calm more dear ;  
The darkest midnight makes the brightest star,  
Even so to us when all is ended here,  
Shall be the past, remembered from afar.

## The Tearless Land.

Then welcome change and death ! Since these alone  
Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell ;  
Welcome all present change, which speeds us on  
So swift to that which is unchangeable.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

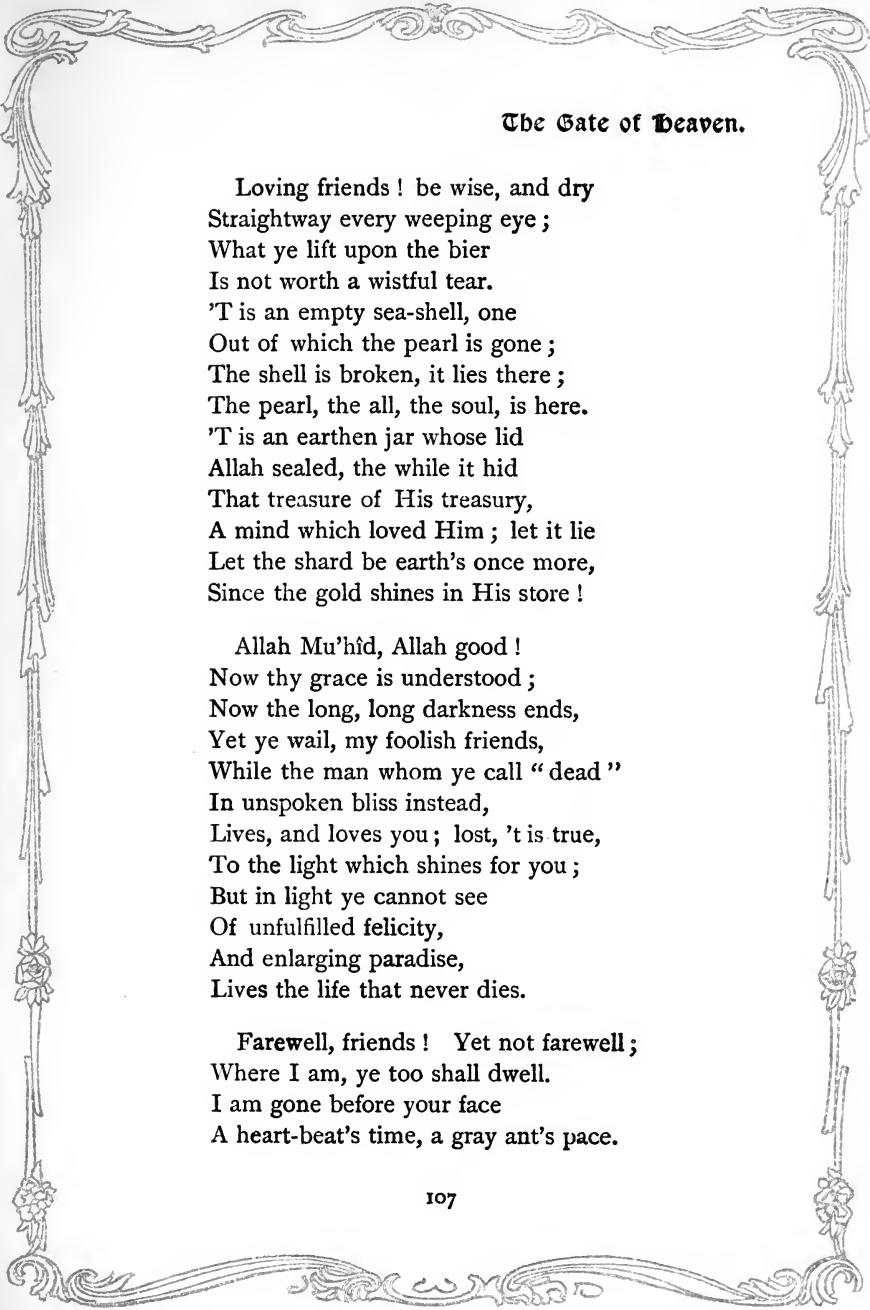
## A MESSAGE OF COMFORT.

*He made life — and He takes it — but instead  
Gives more ; praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hd !*

HE who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort faithful friends.

Faithful friends ! it lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow ;  
And ye say, " Abdullah 's dead ! "  
Weeping at my feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your cries and prayers ;  
Yet I smile, and whisper this :  
" I am not that thing you kiss ;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;  
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! what the women lave,  
For the last sleep of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a bird my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room ;  
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume  
Of the eagle, not the bars  
Which kept him from the splendid stars.



## The Gate of Heaven.

Loving friends ! be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye ;  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'T is an empty sea-shell, one  
Out of which the pearl is gone ;  
The shell is broken, it lies there ;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'T is an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of His treasury,  
A mind which loved Him ; let it lie  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in His store !

Allah Mu'hîd, Allah good !  
Now thy grace is understood ;  
Now the long, long darkness ends,  
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,  
While the man whom ye call " dead "  
In unspoken bliss instead,  
Lives, and loves you ; lost, 't is true,  
To the light which shines for you ;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,  
And enlarging paradise,  
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;  
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face  
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.

### The Tearless Land.

When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will marvel why ye wept,  
Ye will know, by true love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain ;  
Sunshine still must follow rain .  
Only not at death, for death —  
Now I see — is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above :  
Be ye firm of trust, and come  
Bravely onward to your home !  
" La Allah illa Allah ! Yea,  
Mu'hid ! Restorer ! Sovereign ! " say !

*He who died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.*

*— Edwin Arnold. From the Arabic.*

### FLING OPEN WIDE THE GOLDEN GATES.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light :  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin :  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

## The Gate of Heaven.

What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky !  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
Oh, day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
Oh, joy, for all its former woes,  
A thousand-fold repaid !  
Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more !  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late,  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.  
Bring near thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;  
Fill up the roll of thine elect,  
Then take thy power, and reign ;  
Appear, Desire of nations —  
Thine exiles long for home —  
Show in the heaven thy promised sign,  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

— *Henry Alford.*

## IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

**I**t is not death to die —  
To leave this weary road,  
And, mid the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

## The Tearless Land.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

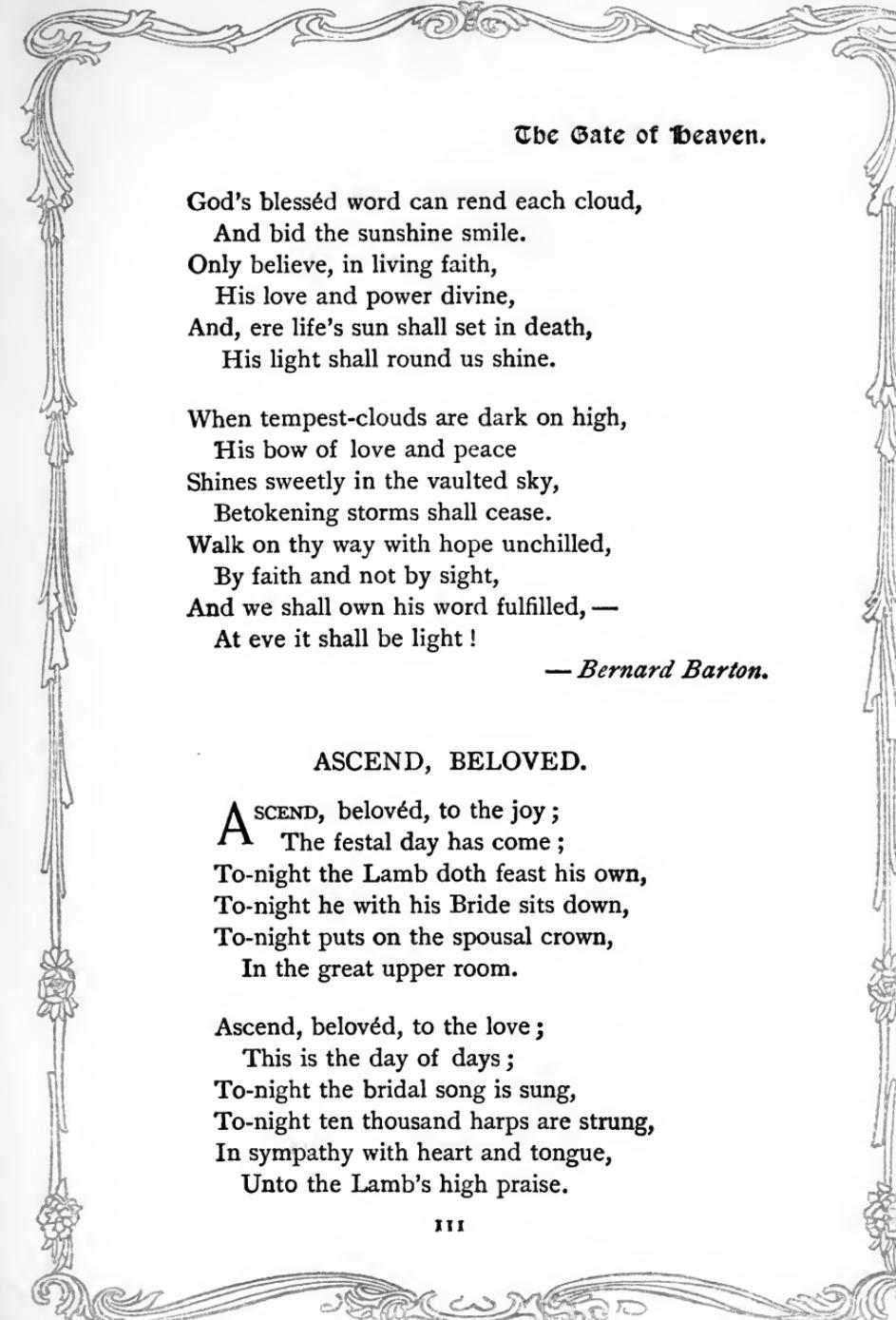
Jesus, thou Prince of life !  
Thy chosen cannot die ;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

— *George W. Bethune.*

## AT EVE.

WE journey through a vale of tears,  
By many a cloud o'ercast,  
And worldly cares and worldly fears  
Go with us to the last !  
Not to the last ! God's Word hath said,  
Could we but read aright :  
O pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,  
At eve it shall be light !

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud  
Our thorny path awhile,



The Gate of Heaven.

God's blesséd word can rend each cloud,  
And bid the sunshine smile.  
Only believe, in living faith,  
His love and power divine,  
And, ere life's sun shall set in death,  
His light shall round us shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,  
His bow of love and peace  
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,  
Betokening storms shall cease.  
Walk on thy way with hope unchilled,  
By faith and not by sight,  
And we shall own his word fulfilled, —  
At eve it shall be light !

— *Bernard Barton.*

ASCEND, BELOVED.

ASCEND, belovéd, to the joy ;  
The festal day has come ;  
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own,  
To-night he with his Bride sits down,  
To-night puts on the spousal crown,  
In the great upper room.

Ascend, belovéd, to the love ;  
This is the day of days ;  
To-night the bridal song is sung,  
To-night ten thousand harps are strung,  
In sympathy with heart and tongue,  
Unto the Lamb's high praise.



## The Tearless Land.

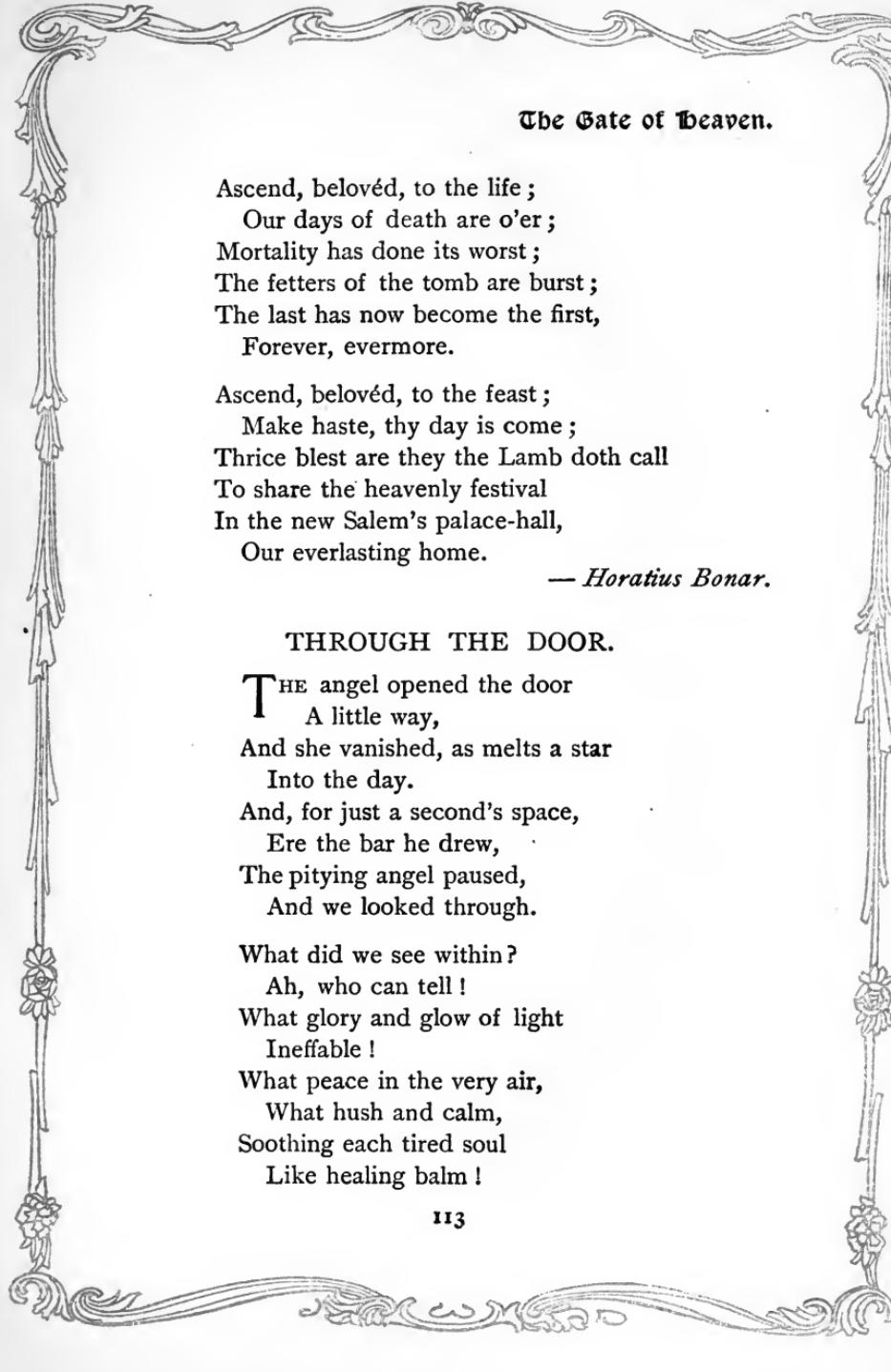
The festal lamps are lighting now  
In the great marriage hall ;  
By angel-hands the board is spread ;  
By angel-hands the sacred bread  
Is on the golden table laid ;  
The King his own doth call.

The gems are gleaming from the roof,  
Like stars in night's round dome ;  
The festal wreaths are hanging there,  
The festal fragrance fills the air,  
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,  
Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferred, now comes at last  
The Lamb's glad wedding day ;  
The guests are gathering to the feast,  
The seats in heavenly order placed,  
The royal throne above the rest ;  
How bright the new array !

Sorrow and sighing are no more ;  
The weeping hours are past ;  
To-night the waiting will be done,  
To-night the wedding robe put on,  
The glory and the joy begun ;  
The crown has come at last.

Without, within, is light, is light ;  
Around, above, is love, is love ;  
We enter, to go out no more ;  
We raise the song unsung before ;  
We doff the sackcloth that we wore ;  
For all is joy above.



The Gate of Heaven.

Ascend, belovéd, to the life ;  
Our days of death are o'er ;  
Mortality has done its worst ;  
The fetters of the tomb are burst ;  
The last has now become the first,  
Forever, evermore.

Ascend, belovéd, to the feast ;  
Make haste, thy day is come ;  
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call  
To share the heavenly festival  
In the new Salem's palace-hall,  
Our everlasting home.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

THROUGH THE DOOR.

THE angel opened the door  
A little way,  
And she vanished, as melts a star  
Into the day.  
And, for just a second's space,  
Ere the bar he drew,  
The pitying angel paused,  
And we looked through.

What did we see within?  
Ah, who can tell !  
What glory and glow of light  
Ineffable !  
What peace in the very air,  
What hush and calm,  
Soothing each tired soul  
Like healing balm !

### The Tearless Land.

Was it a dream we dreamed,  
Or did we hear  
The harping of silver harps  
Divinely clear?  
A murmur of that "new song,"  
Which, soft and low,  
The happy angels sing, —  
Sing as they go?

And, as in the legend old,  
The good monk heard,  
As he paced his cloister dim,  
A heavenly bird,  
And, rapt and lost in the joy  
Of the wondrous song,  
Listened a hundred years,  
Nor deemed them long,

So, chained in sense and limb,  
All blind with sun,  
We stood and tasted the joy  
Of our vanished one ;  
And we took no note of time,  
Till soon, or late,  
The gentle angel sighed,  
And shut the gate.

The vision is closed and sealed ;  
We are come back  
To the old, accustomed earth,  
The well-worn track, —  
Back to the daily toil,  
The daily pain, —

## The Gate of Heaven.

But we never can be the same,  
Never again.

We who have bathed in noon,  
All radiant white,  
Shall we come back content  
To sit in night? —  
Content with self and sin,  
The stain, the blot?  
To have stood so near the gate,  
And enter not?

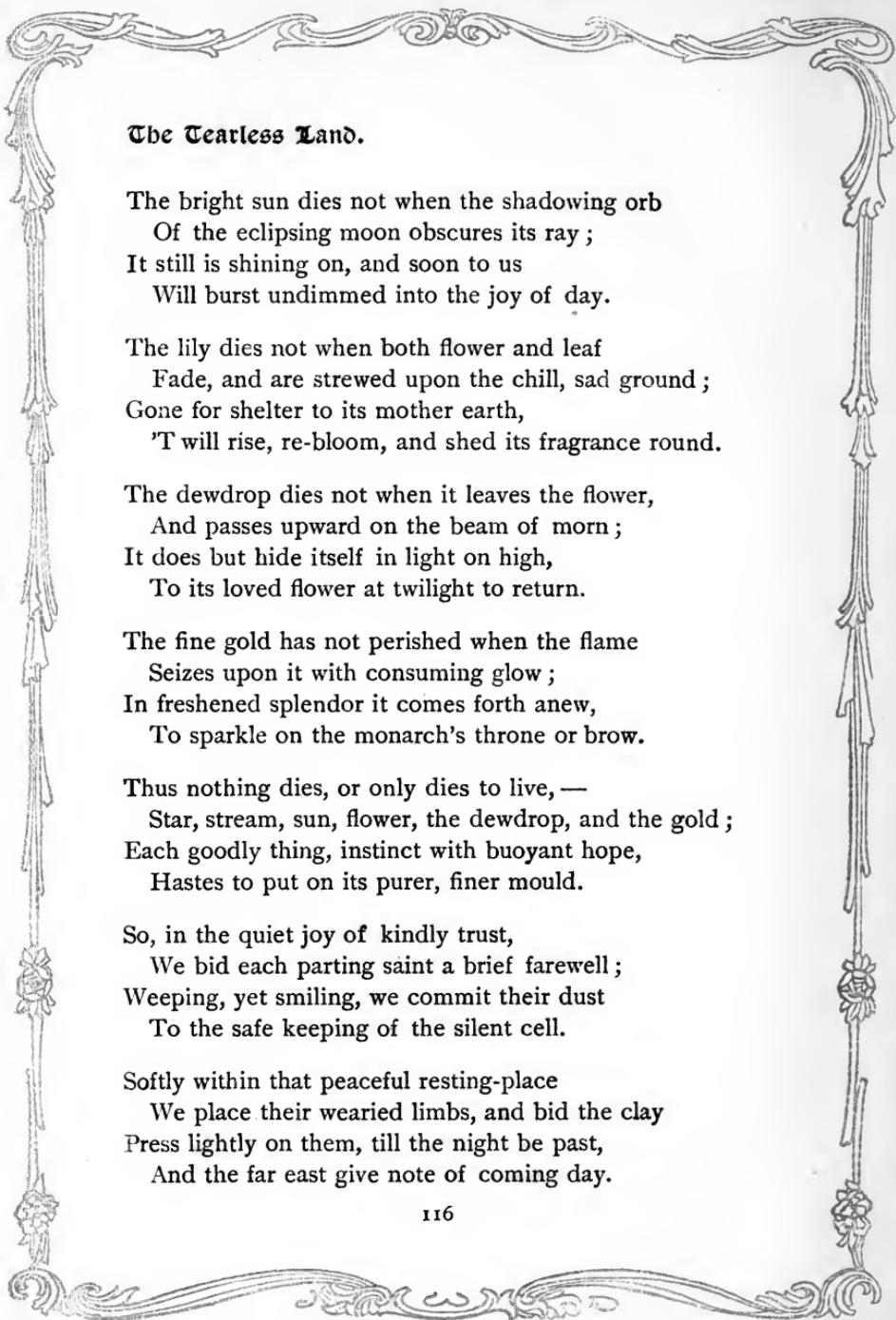
O glimpse so swift, so sweet,  
So soon withdrawn,  
Stay with us! Light our dusks  
Till day shall dawn, —  
Until the shadows flee,  
And to our view  
Again the gate unbars,  
And we pass through.

— *Susan Coolidge.*

## REAPPEARING.

THE star is not extinguished when it sets  
Upon the dull horizon; but it goes  
To shine in other skies, then reappear  
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost when o'er the rock  
It pours its flood into the abyss below;  
Its scattering force regathering from the shock,  
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.



**The Tearless Land.**

The bright sun dies not when the shadowing orb  
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray ;  
It still is shining on, and soon to us  
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not when both flower and leaf  
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad ground ;  
Gone for shelter to its mother earth,  
'T will rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dewdrop dies not when it leaves the flower,  
And passes upward on the beam of morn ;  
It does but hide itself in light on high,  
To its loved flower at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perished when the flame  
Seizes upon it with consuming glow ;  
In freshened splendor it comes forth anew,  
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live, —  
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dewdrop, and the gold ;  
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,  
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

So, in the quiet joy of kindly trust,  
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell ;  
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust  
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place  
We place their wearied limbs, and bid the clay  
Press lightly on them, till the night be past,  
And the far east give note of coming day.

## The Gate of Heaven.

The day of reappearing, how it speeds !  
He who is true and faithful speaks the word ;  
Then shall we ever be with those we love ;  
Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

The shout is heard ; the archangel's voice goes forth ;  
The trumpet sounds ; the dead awake and sing ;  
The living put on glory ; one glad band,  
They hasten up to meet their coming King !

Short death and darkness, endless life and light !  
Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,  
Where all is incorruptible and pure,  
The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.  
— *Horatius Bonar.*

### "FOREVER WITH THE LORD."

1 Thess. 4 : 17.

#### PART I.

"FOREVER with the Lord !"  
Amen, so let it be ;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from thee I roam ;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear !

## The Tearless Land.

Ah ! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies ;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,  
The winds and waters cease  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

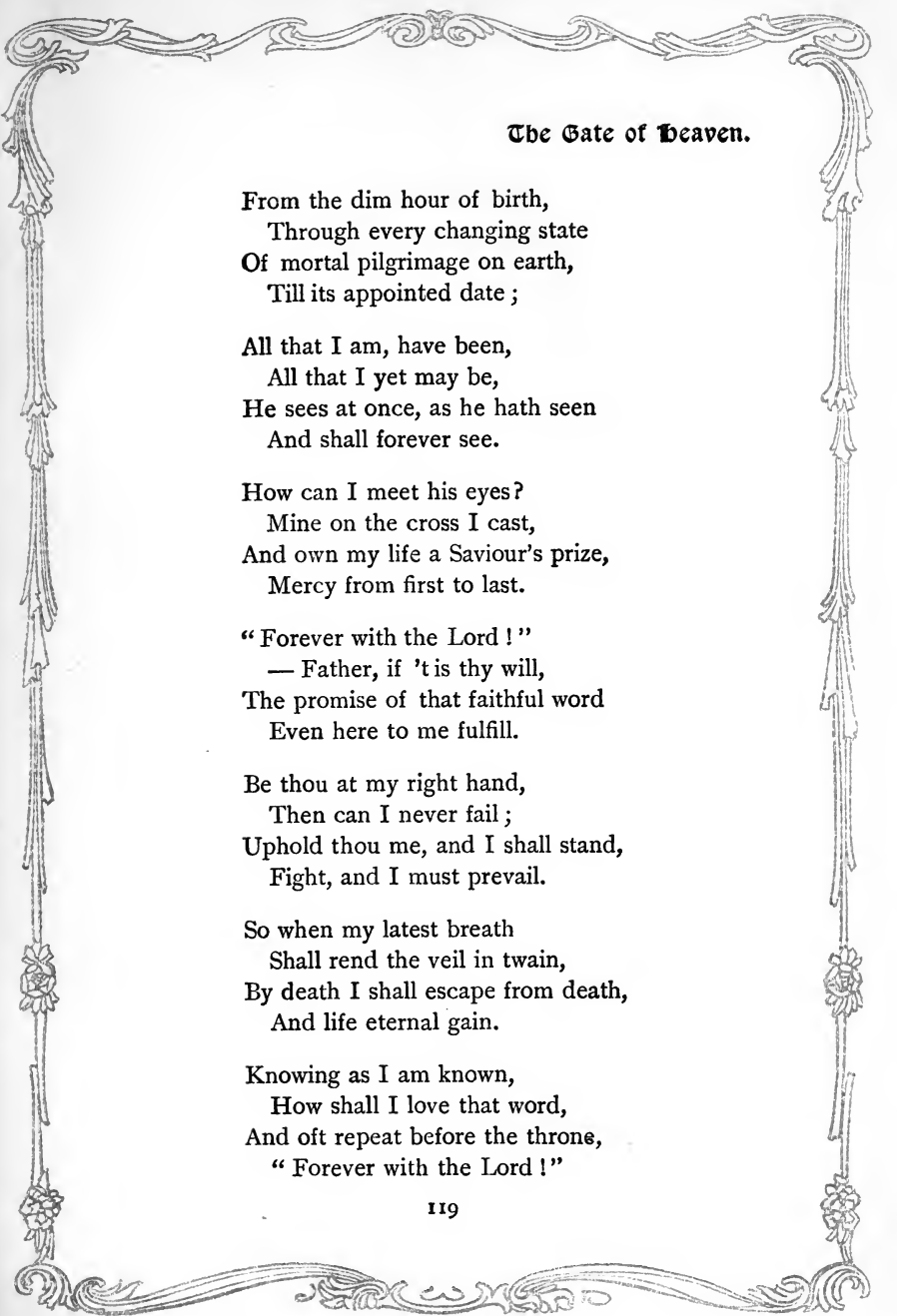
Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he  
(Remembered or forgot),  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.

### PART II.

In darkness as in light  
Hidden alike from view,  
I sleep, I wake within his sight,  
Who looks existence through.



## The Gate of Heaven.

From the dim hour of birth,  
Through every changing state  
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,  
Till its appointed date ;

All that I am, have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees at once, as he hath seen  
And shall forever see.

How can I meet his eyes?  
Mine on the cross I cast,  
And own my life a Saviour's prize,  
Mercy from first to last.

"Forever with the Lord!"  
— Father, if 't is thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
Even here to me fulfill.

Be thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail ;  
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,  
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord!"

## The Tearless Land.

Then though the soul enjoy  
Communion high and sweet,  
While worms this body must destroy,  
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom  
Will speak the self-same word,  
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,  
"Forever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep  
That death-awakening sound;  
The saints shall hear it in their sleep  
And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,  
That resurrection-word  
Shall be their shout of victory,  
"Forever with the Lord!"

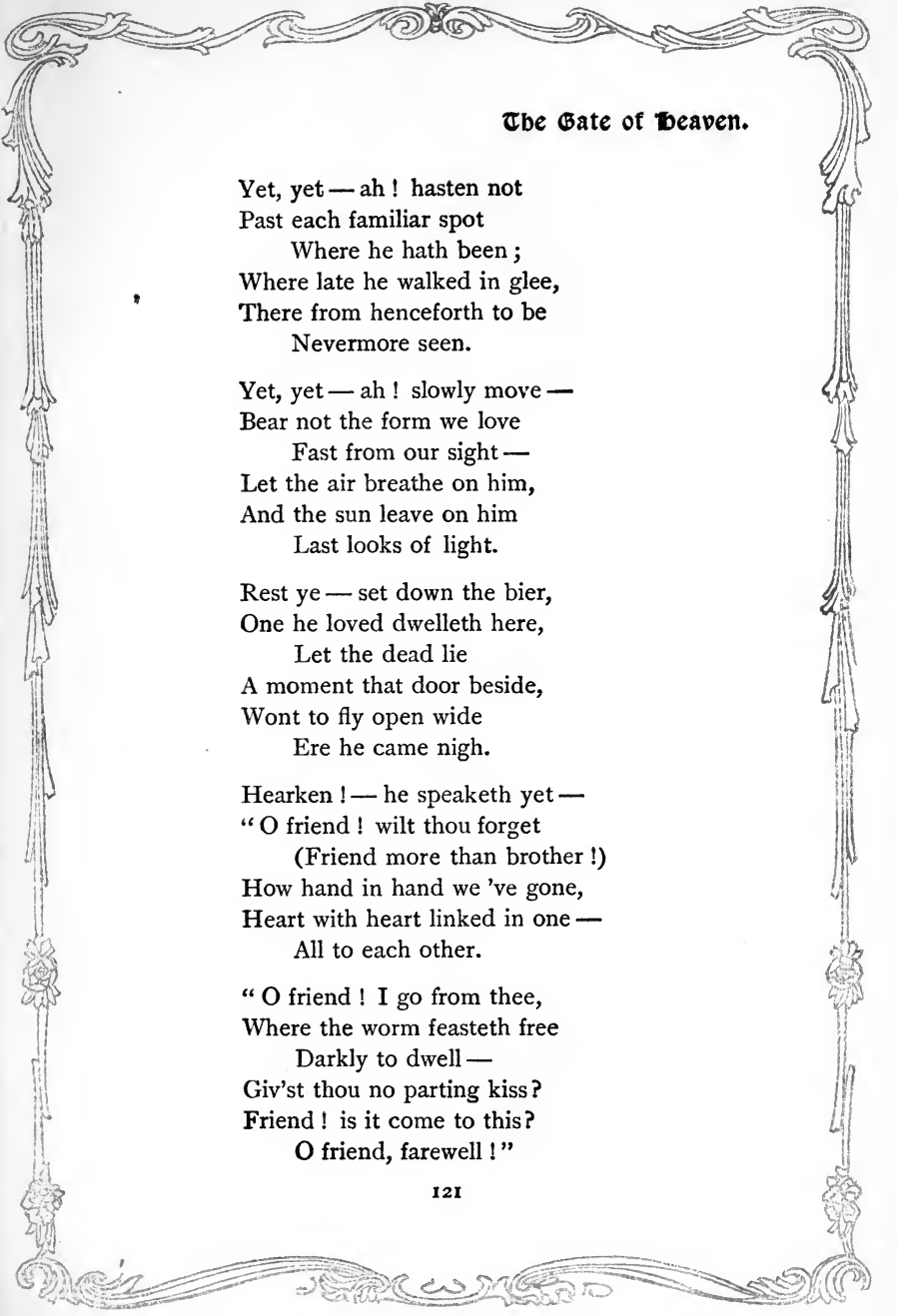
That resurrection-word,  
That shout of victory,  
Once more, — "Forever with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be!

—James Montgomery.

## THE DEAD GOING HOME.<sup>1</sup>

SLOWLY, with measured tread,  
Onward we bear the dead  
To his long home.  
Short grows the homeward road,  
On with your mortal load;  
O grave! we come.

<sup>1</sup> In Egypt a funeral procession stopped before the doors of friends and enemies on its way to the cemetery.



## The Gate of Heaven.

Yet, yet — ah ! hasten not  
Past each familiar spot  
Where he hath been ;  
Where late he walked in glee,  
There from henceforth to be  
Nevermore seen.

Yet, yet — ah ! slowly move —  
Bear not the form we love  
Fast from our sight —  
Let the air breathe on him,  
And the sun leave on him  
Last looks of light.

Rest ye — set down the bier,  
One he loved dwelleth here,  
Let the dead lie  
A moment that door beside,  
Wont to fly open wide  
Ere he came nigh.

Hearken ! — he speaketh yet —  
“ O friend ! wilt thou forget  
(Friend more than brother !)  
How hand in hand we ’ve gone,  
Heart with heart linked in one —  
All to each other.

“ O friend ! I go from thee,  
Where the worm feasteth free  
Darkly to dwell —  
Giv’st thou no parting kiss?  
Friend ! is it come to this?  
O friend, farewell ! ”

## The Tearless Land.

Uplift your load again,  
Take up the mourning strain !  
    Pour the deep wail !  
Lo ! the expected one  
To his place passeth on —  
    Grave ! bid him hail.

Yet, yet — ah ! slowly move —  
Bear not the form we love  
    Fast from our sight —  
Let the air breathe on him,  
And the sun leave on him  
    Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe ;  
Lay the departed low,  
    E'en at his gate.  
Will the dead speak again,  
Uttering proud boasts and vain,  
    Last words of hate ?

Lo ! the dead lips unclose —  
List ! list ! what sounds are those,  
    Plaintive and low ?  
"O thou, mine enemy !  
Come forth and look on me  
    Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now —  
Mark ! on his pallid brow  
    Whose seal is set !  
Pard'ning I passed away —  
Thou — wage not war with clay —  
    Pardon — forget."

## The Gate of Heaven.

Now his labor 's done !  
Now, now the goal is won !  
O grave ! we come.  
Seal up this precious dust —  
Land of the good and just,  
Take the soul home !

— *Caroline Bowles.*

## NEARER HOME.<sup>1</sup>

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I 'm nearer home to-day  
Than I 've ever been before ;  
Nearer my Father's house  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the Great White Throne,  
Nearer the Jasper Sea ;  
Nearer that bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down —  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.  
But lying dimly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Lies the dark and uncertain stream  
That leads us at length to the light.  
Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dark abysm,  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism ;

<sup>1</sup> Note 5.

## The Tearless Land.

Father, perfect my trust !  
Strengthen my feeble faith !  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the shores of the river of death —

Feel as I would, were my feet  
Even now slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now, than I think !

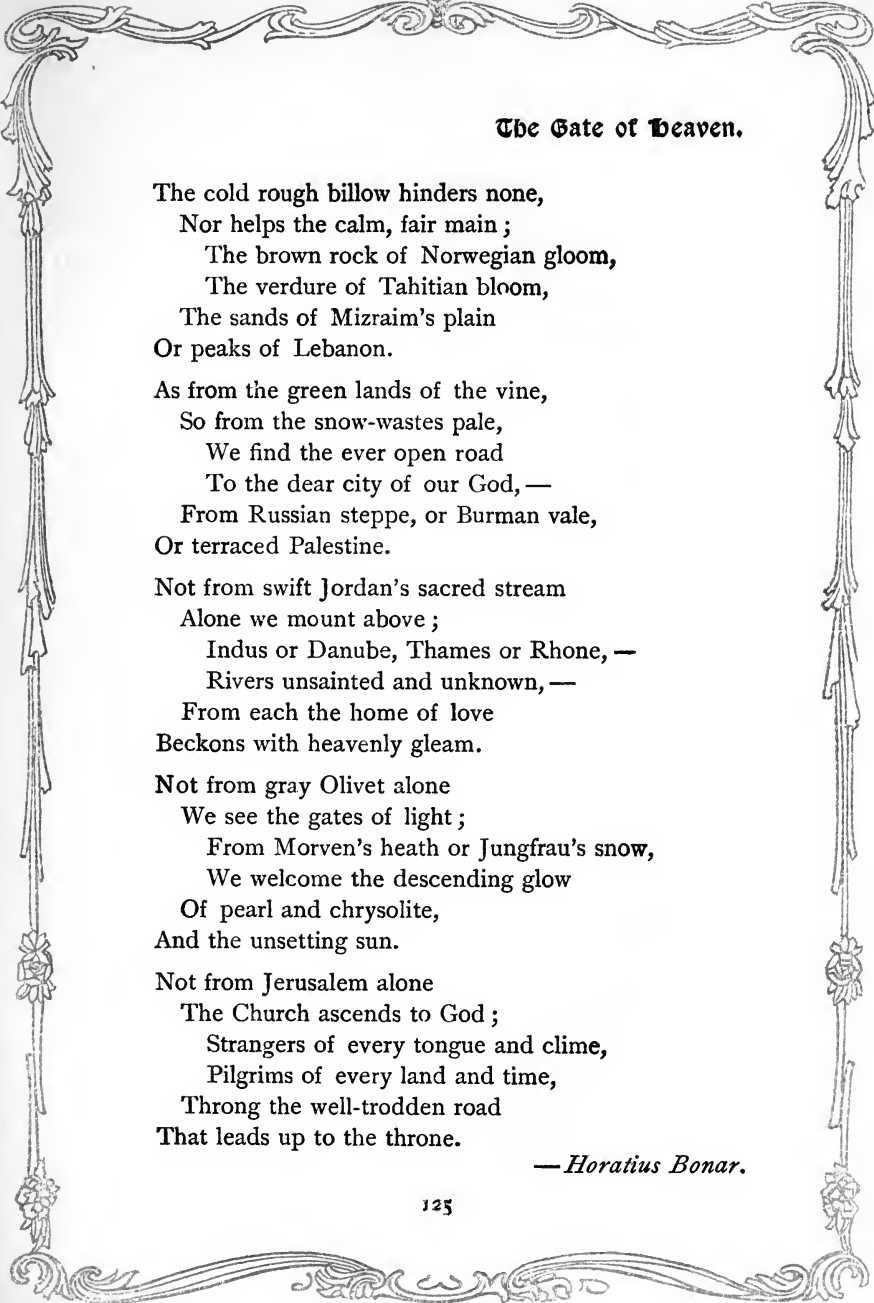
— *Phæbe Cary.*

## EVERYWHERE NEAR.

NOT from Jerusalem alone  
To heaven the path ascends ;  
As near, as sure, as straight the way  
That leads to the celestial day,  
From farthest realms extends, —  
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start ?  
One is the crown to all ;  
One is the hard but glorious race,  
Whatever be our starting-place.  
Rings round the earth the call  
That says, Arise, depart !

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles  
Of the bright Southern Sea,  
From the dead north's cloud-shadowed pole,  
We gather to one gladsome goal, —  
One common home in thee,  
City of sun and smiles !



## The Gate of Heaven.

The cold rough billow hinders none,  
Nor helps the calm, fair main ;  
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,  
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,  
The sands of Mizraim's plain  
Or peaks of Lebanon.

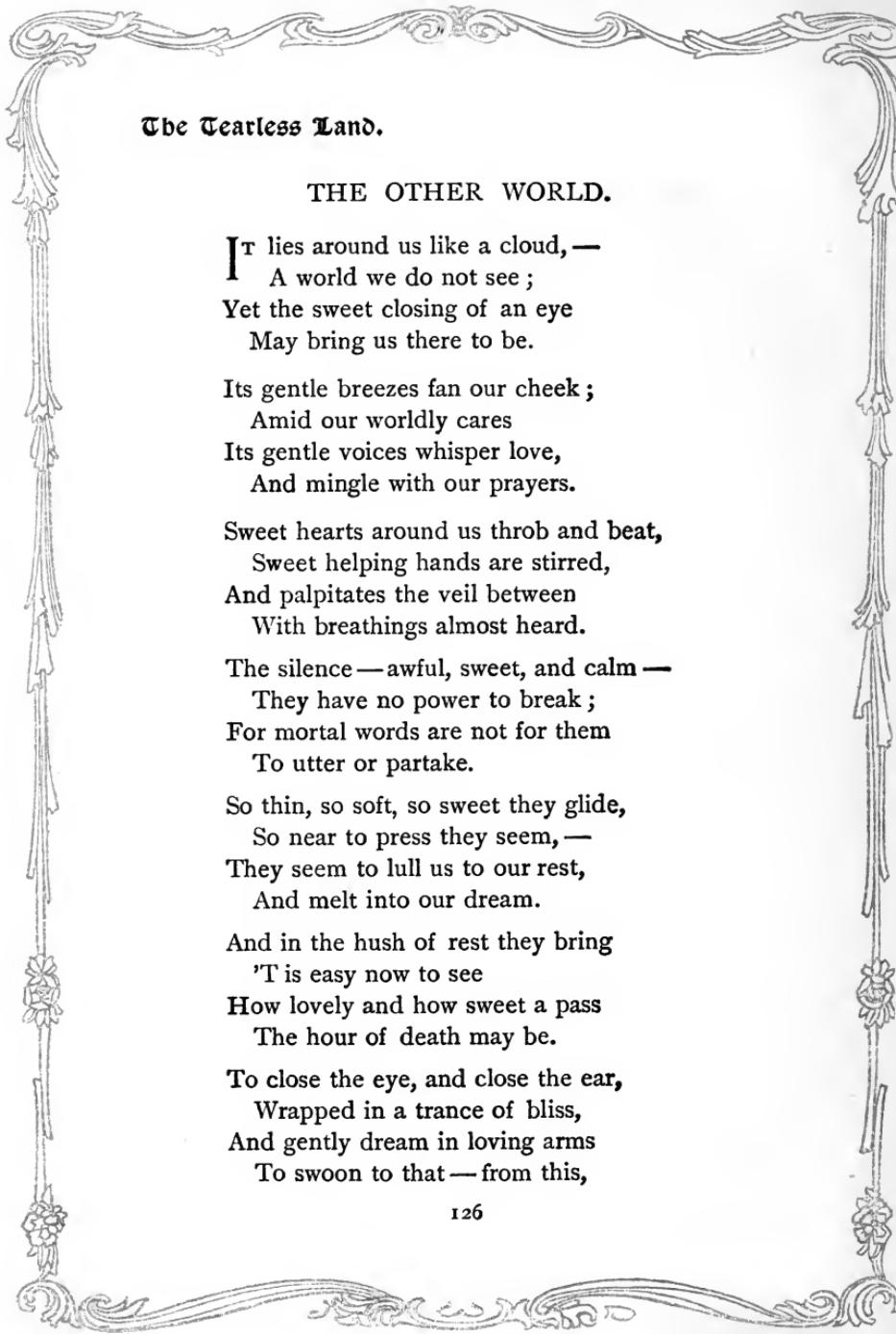
As from the green lands of the vine,  
So from the snow-wastes pale,  
We find the ever open road  
To the dear city of our God, —  
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,  
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream  
Alone we mount above ;  
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone, —  
Rivers unsainted and unknown, —  
From each the home of love  
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from gray Olivet alone  
We see the gates of light ;  
From Morven's heath or Jungfrau's snow,  
We welcome the descending glow  
Of pearl and chrysolite,  
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone  
The Church ascends to God ;  
Strangers of every tongue and clime,  
Pilgrims of every land and time,  
Throng the well-trodden road  
That leads up to the throne.

—*Horatius Bonar.*



The Tearless Land.

THE OTHER WORLD.

**I**T lies around us like a cloud, —  
A world we do not see ;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek ;  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —  
They have no power to break ;  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,  
So near to press they seem, —  
They seem to lull us to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring  
'T is easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hour of death may be.

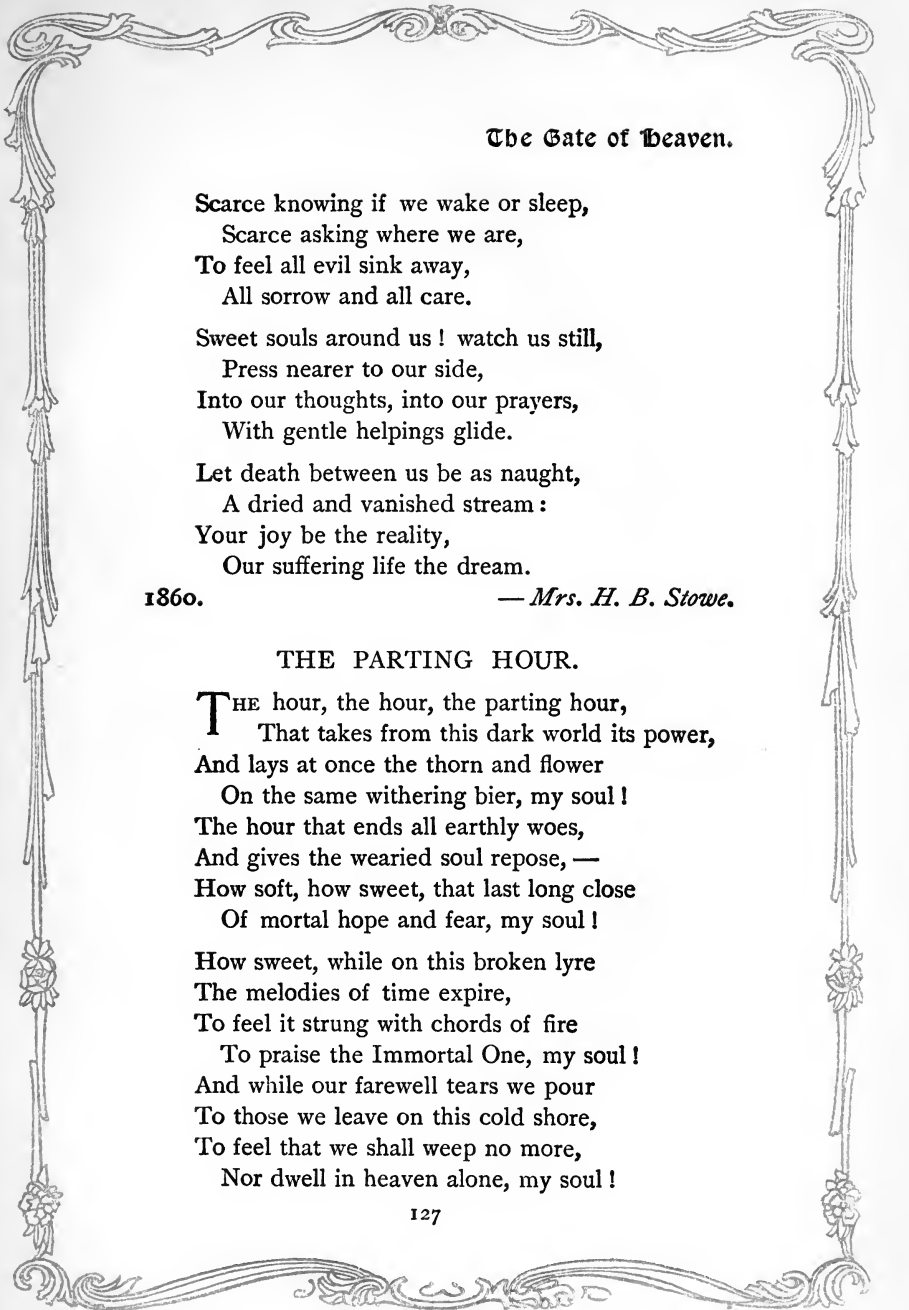
To close the eye, and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And gently dream in loving arms  
To swoon to that — from this,



The hour that ends all earthly woes, and gives the wearied soul repose. Page 127.  
(From painting by John Collier.)

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.





## The Gate of Heaven.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side,  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and vanished stream :  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life the dream.

1860.

— *Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

### THE PARTING HOUR.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,  
That takes from this dark world its power,  
And lays at once the thorn and flower  
On the same withering bier, my soul !  
The hour that ends all earthly woes,  
And gives the wearied soul repose, —  
How soft, how sweet, that last long close  
Of mortal hope and fear, my soul !

How sweet, while on this broken lyre  
The melodies of time expire,  
To feel it strung with chords of fire  
To praise the Immortal One, my soul !  
And while our farewell tears we pour  
To those we leave on this cold shore,  
To feel that we shall weep no more,  
Nor dwell in heaven alone, my soul !

### The Tearless Land.

How sweet, while, waning fast away,  
The stars of this dim world decay,  
To hail, prophetic of the day,

The golden dawn above, my soul !  
To feel we only sleep to rise  
In sunnier lands and fairer skies,  
To bind again our broken ties  
In ever-living love, my soul !

The hour, the hour, so pure and calm,  
That bathes the wounded soul in balm,  
And round the pale brow twines the palm

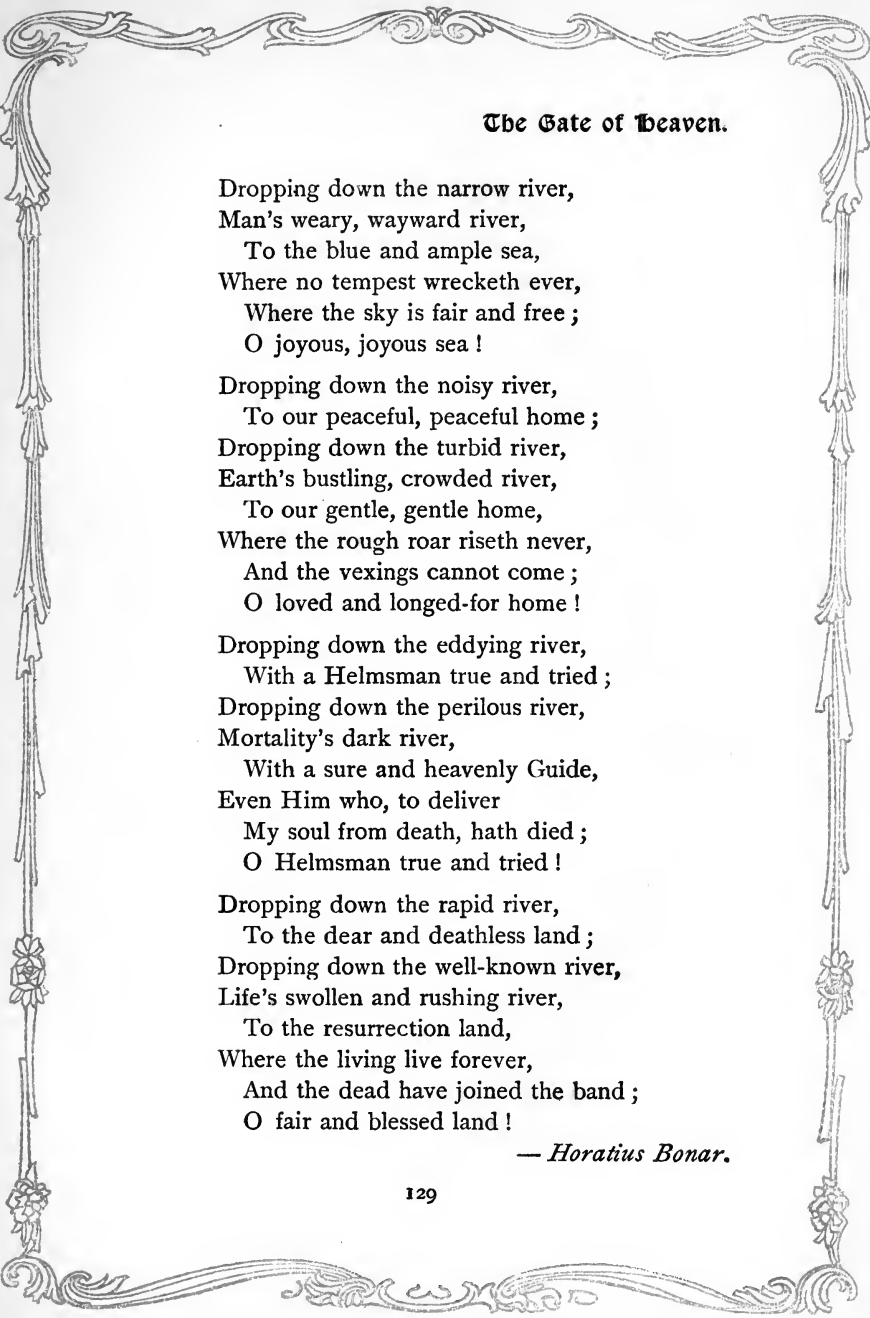
That shuns this wintry clime, my soul !  
The hour that draws o'er earth and all  
Its briers and blooms the mortal pall, —  
How soft, how sweet, that evening-fall  
Of fears, and grief, and time, my soul !

— *Anon.*

### DROPPING DOWN THE RIVER.

**D**RIPPING down the troubled river,  
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,  
Dropping down the misty river,  
Time's willow-shaded river,  
To the spring-embosomed shore,  
Where the sweet light shineth ever,  
And the sun goes down no more ;  
O wondrous, wondrous shore !

Dropping down the winding river,  
To the wide and welcome sea ;



## The Gate of Heaven.

Dropping down the narrow river,  
Man's weary, wayward river,  
    To the blue and ample sea,  
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,  
    Where the sky is fair and free ;  
    O joyous, joyous sea !

Dropping down the noisy river,  
    To our peaceful, peaceful home ;  
Dropping down the turbid river,  
Earth's bustling, crowded river,  
    To our gentle, gentle home,  
Where the rough roar riseth never,  
    And the vexings cannot come ;  
    O loved and longed-for home !

Dropping down the eddying river,  
    With a Helmsman true and tried ;  
Dropping down the perilous river,  
Mortality's dark river,  
    With a sure and heavenly Guide,  
Even Him who, to deliver  
    My soul from death, hath died ;  
    O Helmsman true and tried !

Dropping down the rapid river,  
    To the dear and deathless land ;  
Dropping down the well-known river,  
Life's swollen and rushing river,  
    To the resurrection land,  
Where the living live forever,  
    And the dead have joined the band ;  
    O fair and blessed land !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

## The Tearless Land.

### THE PILOT.

**M**y bark is wafted on the strand  
By breath divine ;  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail,  
I have on board ;  
Above the roaring of the gale,  
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite ;  
I shall not fall.  
If sharp, 't is short ; if long, 't is light—  
He tempers all.

Safe to the land ! safe to the land !  
The end is this,  
And then with Him go hand in hand  
Far into bliss.

— *Anon.*

### THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

**B**EYOND the stars that shine in golden glory,  
Beyond the calm sweet moon,  
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,  
Soul, thou shalt venture soon.  
Secure with Him who sees thy heartsick yearning,  
Safe in his arms of love,  
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning  
And thy fair home above.

## The Gate of Heaven.

Oh ! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,  
The Sabbath morn come on,  
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing —  
Sweeter the labor done.  
All finished ! all the conflict and the sorrow,  
Earth's dream of anguish o'er ;  
Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow  
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience ! then, patience ! soon the pang of dying  
Shall all forgotten be,  
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying  
Beyond the waveless sea,  
Shalt know hereafter where thy Lord doth lead thee,  
His darkest dealings trace,  
And by those fountains where his love will feed thee,  
Behold him face to face.

Then bow thine head, and God shall give thee meekness,  
Bravely to do his will ;  
So shall arise his glory in thy weakness —  
Oh, struggling soul, be still !  
Dark clouds are his pavilion shining o'er thee ;  
Thine heart must recognize  
The veiled Shekinah moving on before thee,  
Too bright to meet thine eyes.

Behold the wheel that straightly moves, and fleetly  
Performs the sovereign Word ;  
Thou know'st his suffering love ! then suffering meekly,  
Follow thy loving Lord !  
Watch on the tower, and listen by the gateway,  
Nor weep to wait alone ;

### The Tearless Land.

Take thou thy spices, and some angel straightway  
Shall roll away the stone.

Then shalt thou tell thy living Lord hath risen,  
And risen but to save ;

Tell of the might that breaks the Captive's prison,  
And life beyond the grave !

Tell how He met thee, all his radiance shrouded ;  
How in thy sorrow came

His pitying voice breathing, when faith was clouded,  
Thine own familiar name.

So at the grave's dark portal thou may'st linger,  
And hymn some happy strain ;

The passing world may mock the feeble singer —  
Heed not, but sing again.

Thus wait, thus watch, till He the last link sever,  
And changeless rest be won ;

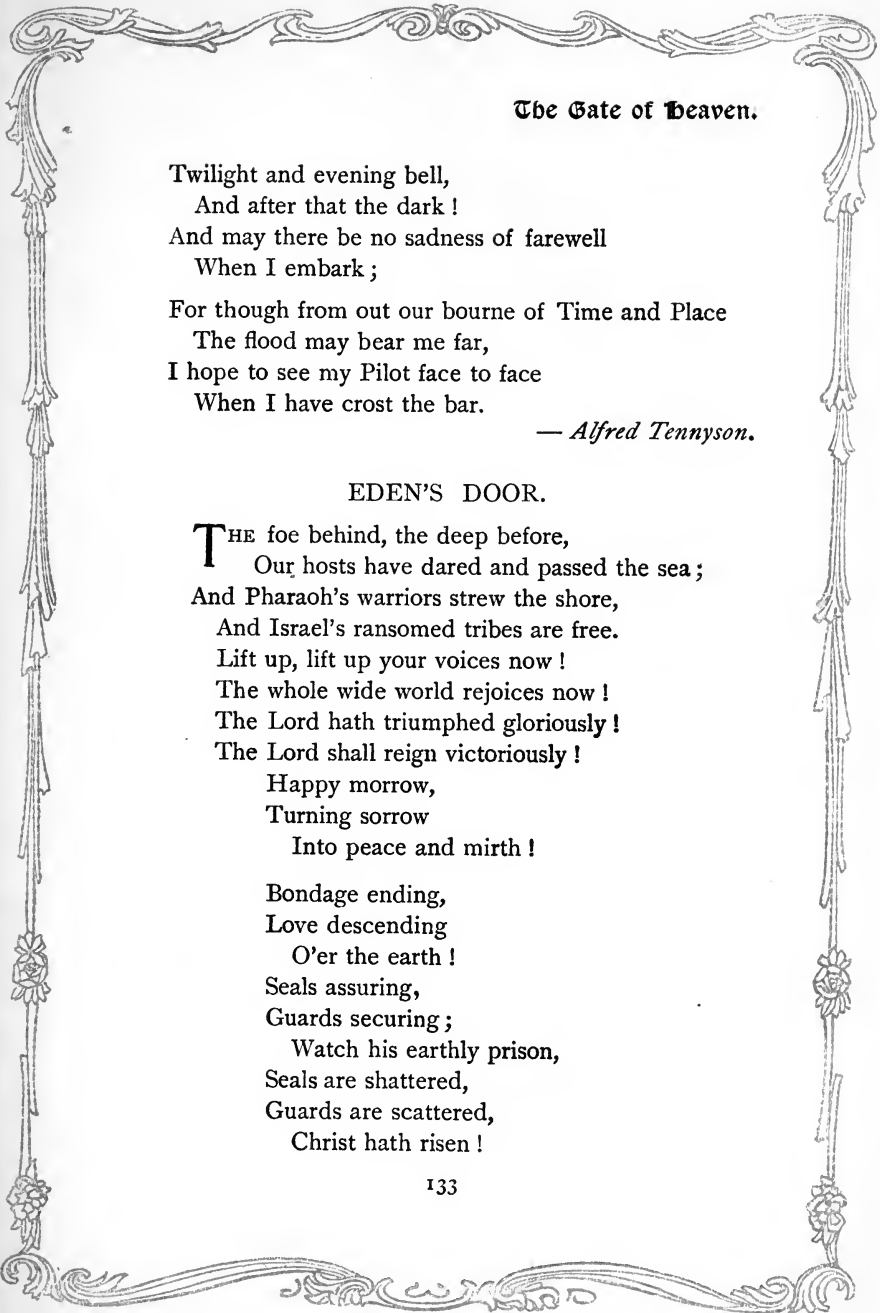
Then in His glory thou shalt bask forever,  
Fear not the clouds — PRESS ON !

— *Anon.*

### ACROSS THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me ;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.



## The Gate of Heaven.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark ;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

## EDEN'S DOOR.

**T**HE foe behind, the deep before,  
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea ;  
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,  
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.  
Lift up, lift up your voices now !  
The whole wide world rejoices now !  
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !  
The Lord shall reign victoriously !  
Happy morrow,  
Turning sorrow  
Into peace and mirth !

Bondage ending,  
Love descending  
O'er the earth !  
Seals assuring,  
Guards securing ;  
Watch his earthly prison,  
Seals are shattered,  
Guards are scattered,  
Christ hath risen !

### The Tearless Land.

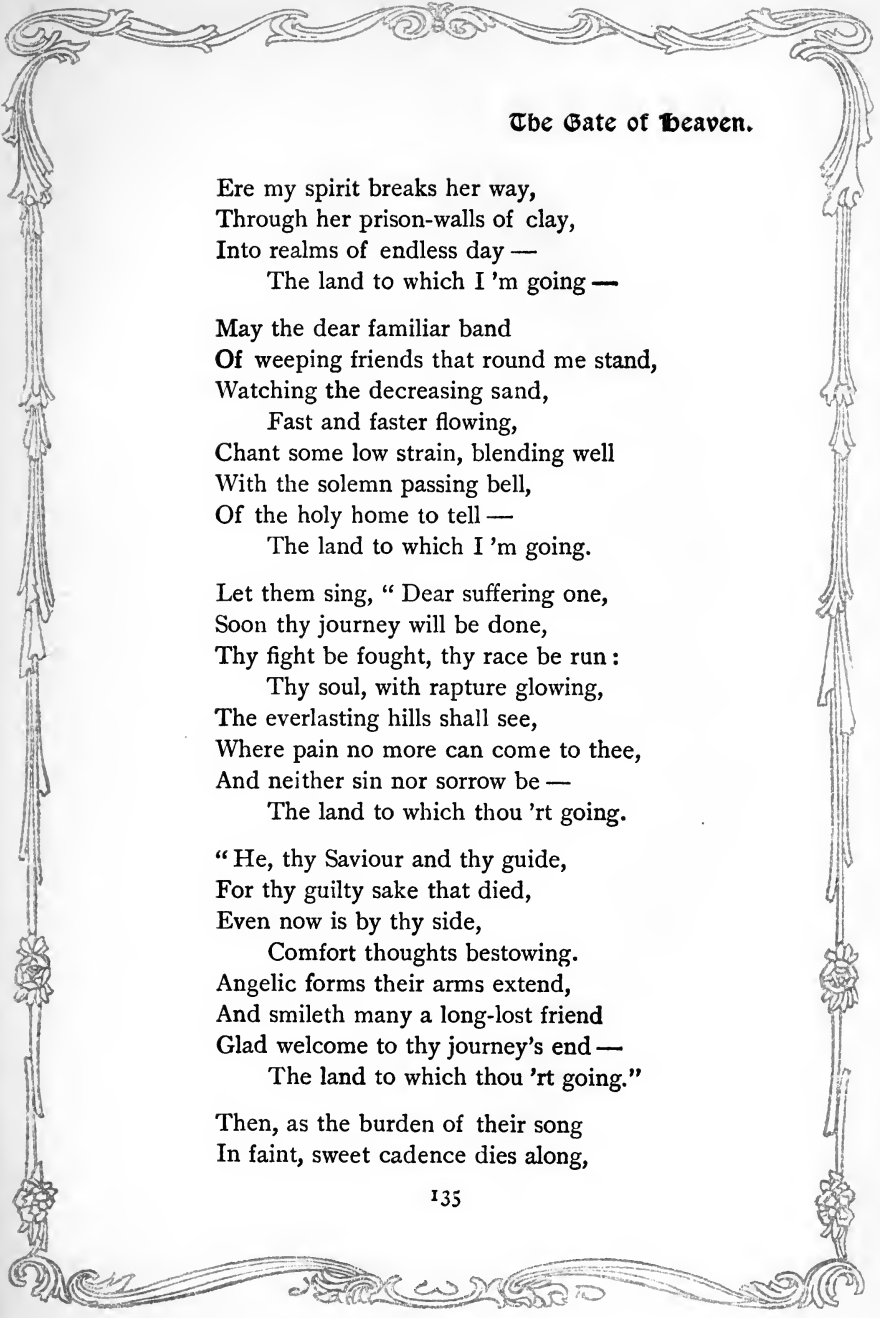
No longer must the mourners weep,  
Nor call departed Christians dead ;  
For death is hallowed into sleep  
And every grave becomes a bed.  
Now once more  
Eden's door  
Open stands to mortal eyes ;  
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise :  
Now at last,  
Old things past,  
Hope, and joy, and peace begin :  
For Christ hath won, and men shall win.  
It is not exile, rest on high :  
It is not sadness, peace from strife :  
To fall asleep is not to die :  
To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us,  
We may safely go :  
Where our Chief precedes us,  
We may face the foe.  
His right arm is o'er us,  
He will guide us through ;  
Christ hath gone before us ;  
Christians ! follow you !

—*John Mason Neale, D.D.*

### THE VALEDICTION.

WHEN the death-dews dim my eyes,  
And my bosom panting lies,  
Ebbing life's receding sighs,  
Shorter, fainter, growing ;



## The Gate of Heaven.

Ere my spirit breaks her way,  
Through her prison-walls of clay,  
Into realms of endless day —  
The land to which I 'm going —

May the dear familiar band  
Of weeping friends that round me stand,  
Watching the decreasing sand,  
Fast and faster flowing,  
Chant some low strain, blending well  
With the solemn passing bell,  
Of the holy home to tell —  
The land to which I 'm going.

Let them sing, " Dear suffering one,  
Soon thy journey will be done,  
Thy fight be fought, thy race be run :  
Thy soul, with rapture glowing,  
The everlasting hills shall see,  
Where pain no more can come to thee,  
And neither sin nor sorrow be —  
The land to which thou 'rt going.

" He, thy Saviour and thy guide,  
For thy guilty sake that died,  
Even now is by thy side,  
Comfort thoughts bestowing.  
Angelic forms their arms extend,  
And smileth many a long-lost friend  
Glad welcome to thy journey's end —  
The land to which thou 'rt going."

Then, as the burden of their song  
In faint, sweet cadence dies along,

### The Tearless Land.

One happy, radiant look among  
That group of mourners throwing ;  
Just as they faded from my view,  
I fain would breathe one fond adieu,  
Till in that land we meet anew —  
The land to which I 'm going.

— *Anon.*

### WHEN WE THINK NOT.

**H**E will come perhaps at morning,  
When simply to live is sweet,  
When the arm is strong, unwearied  
By the noonday toil and heat ;  
When the undimmed eye looks tearless  
Up the shining heights of life,  
And the eagle soul is panting,  
Yearning for some nobler strife.

He will come perhaps at noontide,  
When the pulse of life throbs high,  
When the fruits of toil are ripening,  
And the harvest time is nigh ;  
Then through all the full-orbed splendor  
Of the sun's meridian blaze,  
There may shine a strange new beauty  
Of the Lord's transfigured face.

He will come perhaps at evening ;  
Gray and somber is the sky,  
Clouds around the sunset gather,  
Full and dark the shadows lie ;

## The Gate of Heaven.

When we long for rest and slumber,  
And some tender thoughts of home  
Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning,  
Then perhaps the Lord will come.

If He only find us ready,  
In the morning's happy light,  
In the strong and fiery noontide,  
Or the coming of the night ;  
If He only find us waiting,  
Listening to his sudden call,  
Then his coming when we think not,  
Is the sweetest hope of all.

— *Anon.*

## THE CALYXES OF GOLD.

AND if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach her face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace !  
And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery find a key.  
But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart !  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

— *May Riley Smith.*

## The Tearless Land.

### ONLY WAITING.<sup>1</sup>

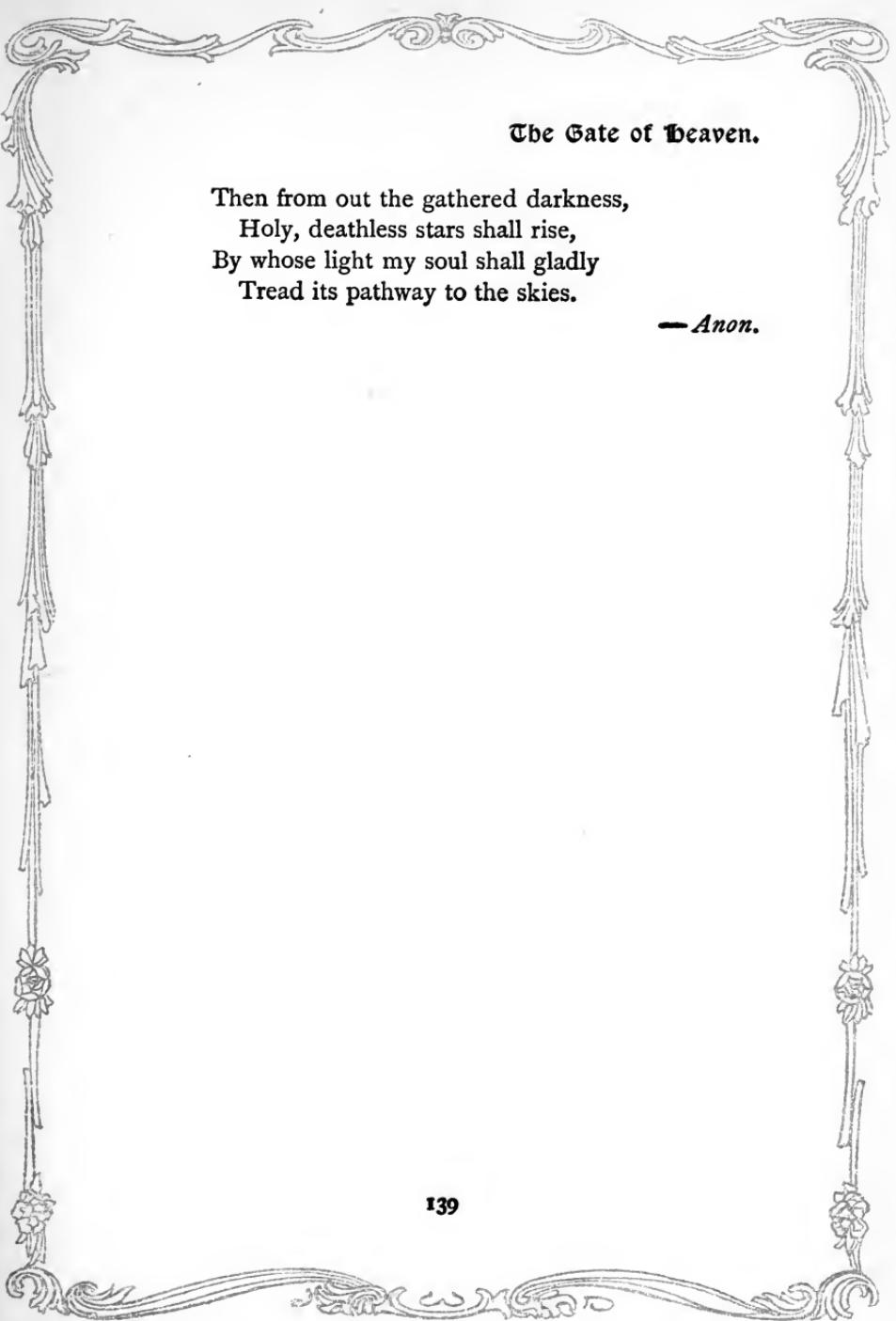
ONLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown ;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown ;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart once full of day ;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;  
For the summer-time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose foot I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor and desolate.  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices, far away ;  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown ;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown :

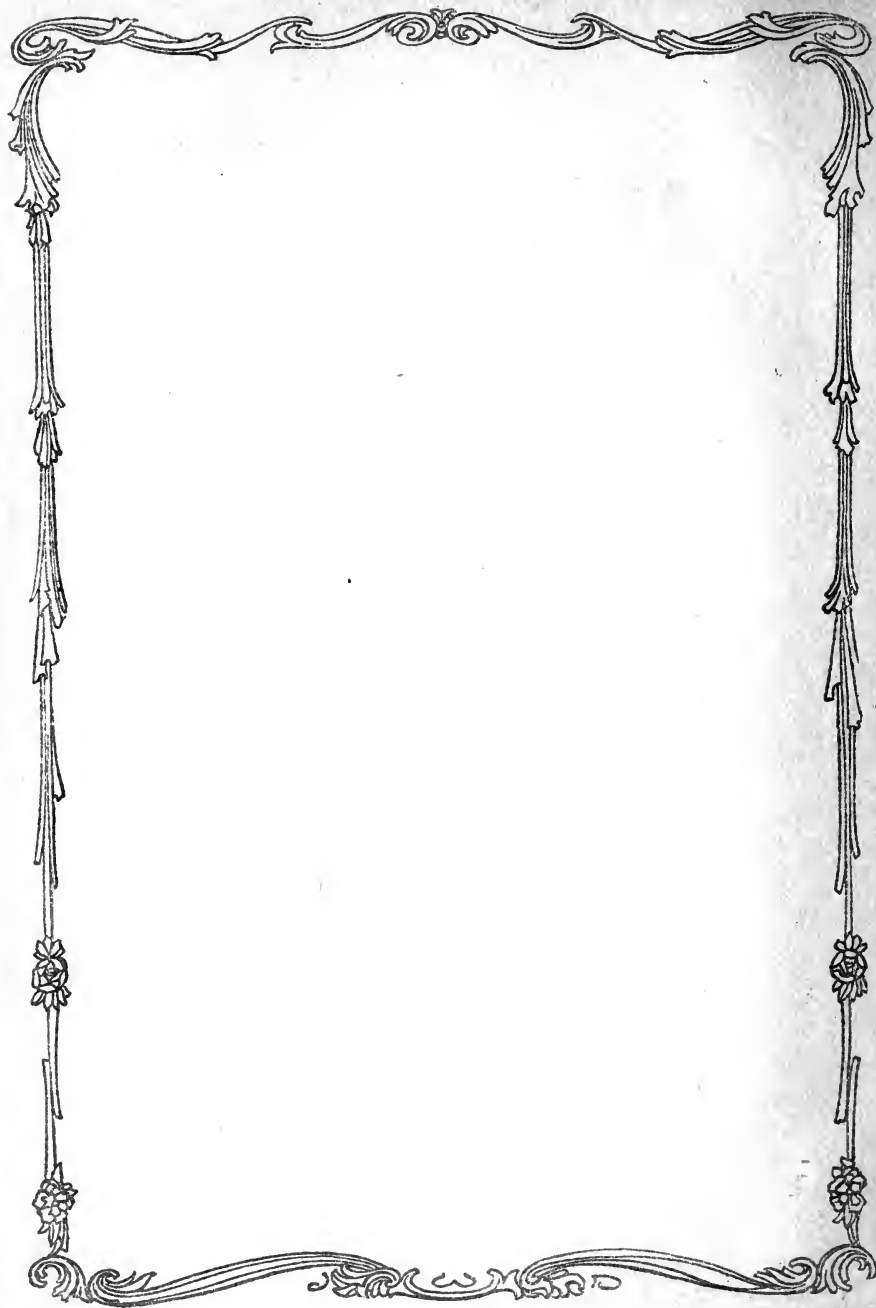
<sup>1</sup> A very aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, when asked what he was doing now, replied, " Only waiting."

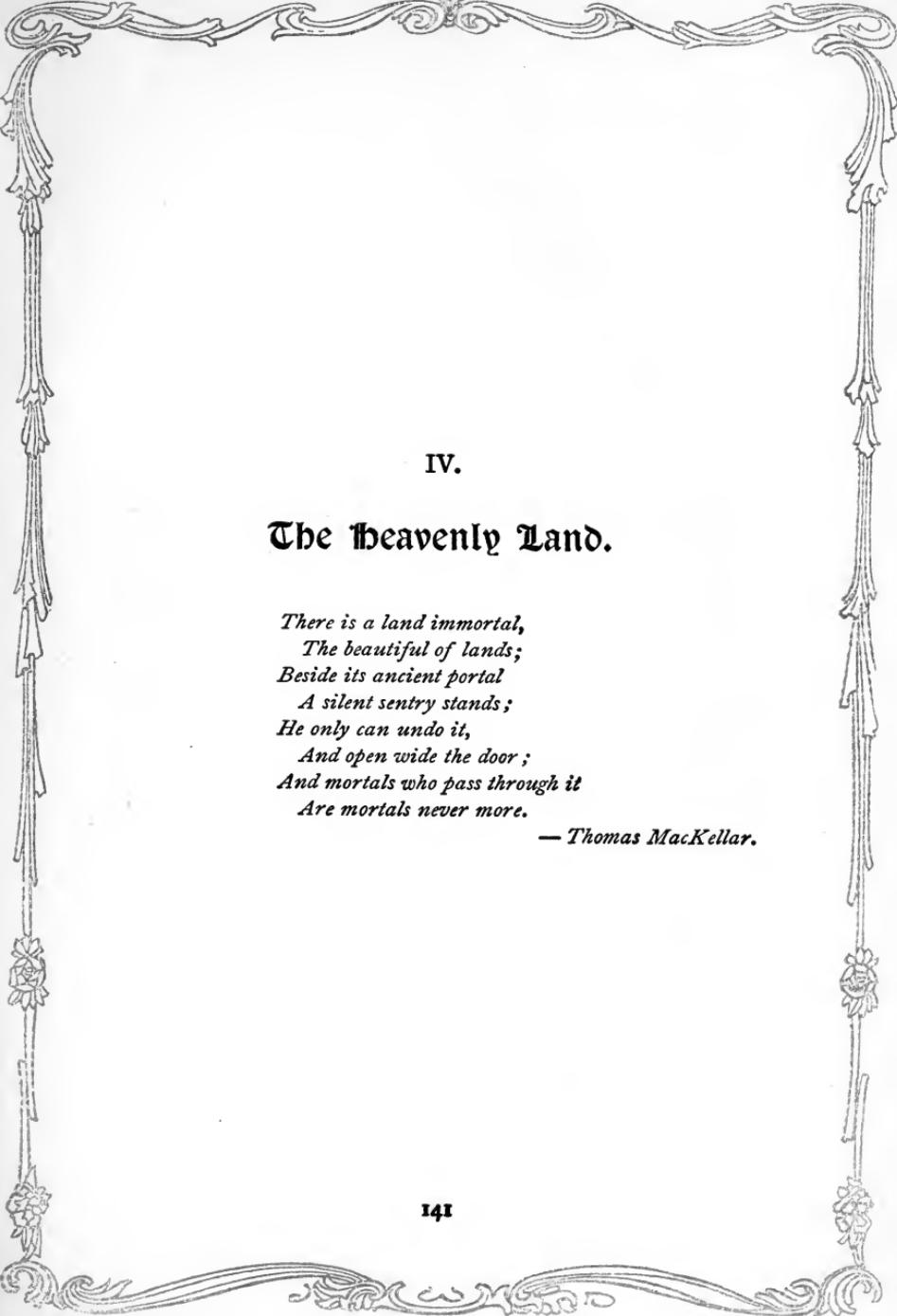


The Gate of Heaven.

Then from out the gathered darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.

— *Anon.*



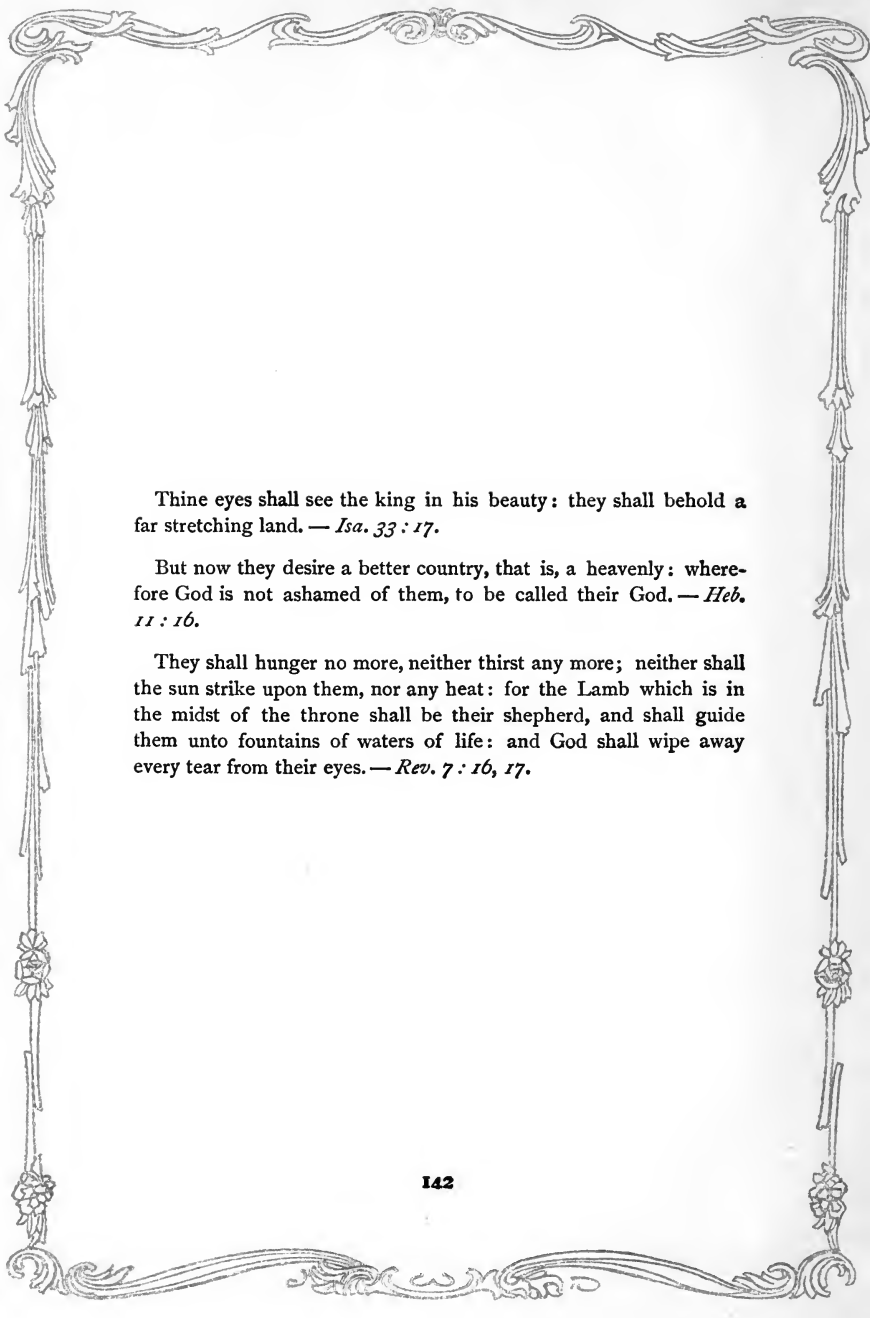


IV.

**The Heavenly Land.**

*There is a land immortal,  
The beautiful of lands;  
Beside its ancient portal  
A silent sentry stands;  
He only can undo it,  
And open wide the door;  
And mortals who pass through it  
Are mortals never more.*

— Thomas MacKellar.



Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold a far stretching land. — *Isa. 33: 17.*

But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God. — *Heb. 11: 16.*

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes. — *Rev. 7: 16, 17.*

## The Heavenly Land.

### THE LAND OF LOVE.

BYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies, —  
Beyond death's cloudy portal, —  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
And love becomes immortal, —

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal,  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers ;  
We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision ;  
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opens these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky  
The fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,  
And half reveal the story.

### The Tearless Land.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !  
Father all wise, eternal,  
Guide, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine  
Into those pastures vernal.

1860.

— *Miss N. A. W. Priest.*

### PARADISE: IN A DREAM.

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers  
That bud and bloom in Paradise ;  
More fair they are than waking eyes  
Have seen in all this world of ours.  
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,  
And faint the lily on its stem,  
And faint the perfect violet  
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise :  
Each bird sat singing in his place ;  
A tender song so full of grace  
It soared like incense to the skies.  
Each bird sat singing to his mate  
Soft cooing notes among the trees :  
The nightingale herself were cold  
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,  
And deep it was, with golden sand ;  
It flowed between a mossy land  
Which murmured music grave and low.  
It hath refreshment for all thirst,  
For fainting spirits strength and rest :  
Earth holds not such a draught as this  
From east to west.

## The Heavenly Land.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,  
Abundant with its twelfefold fruits ;  
Eternal sap sustains its roots,  
Its shadowing branches fill the air.  
Its leaves are healing for the world,  
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,  
Sweeter than honey to the taste  
And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful ;  
And looked, but scarce could look, within ;  
I saw the golden streets begin,  
And outskirts of the glassy pool.  
O harps, O crowns of plenteous stars,  
O green palm branches many-leaved —  
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,  
But not as once in dreams by night ;  
To see them with my very sight,  
And touch, and handle, and attain :  
To have all heaven beneath my feet  
For narrow way that once they trod ;  
To have my part with all the saints,  
And with my God.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

## THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

No joy is true, save that which hath no end ;  
No life is true, save that which liveth ever ;  
No health is sound, save that which God doth send ;  
No love is real, save that which changeth never.

### The Tearless Land.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade ;  
If its fair glory could hereafter wane ;  
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,  
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

But now its beauty is forever vernal ;  
Its glory is the glory of its King,  
Undying, incorruptible, eternal ;  
And ever new the song its dwellers sing.

O heaven of heavens, how true thy life must be !  
O home of God, how excellent thy light !  
O long, long summer of eternity,  
Bright noon of angels, ever clear and bright !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

### THAT CLIME.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours ;  
All, all is brightness there ;  
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,  
And a benigner air.

No calm below is like that calm above,  
No region here is like that realm of love ;  
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,  
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,  
Tinged with earth's change and care ;  
No shadow dims it, and no rain cloud lowers ;  
No broken sunshine there :

One everlasting stretch of azure pours  
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores ;  
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,  
And Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

### The Heavenly Land.

The dwellers there are not like those of earth, —  
No mortal stain they bear, —  
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth ;  
Whence and how came they there ?  
Earth was their native soil ; from sin and shame,  
Through tribulation, they to glory came ;  
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,  
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Yon robes of theirs are not like those below ;  
No angel's half so bright ;  
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,  
And whence that radiant white ?  
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,  
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became ;  
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,  
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,  
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky !  
— *Anon.*

### THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

#### THE QUESTION.

**C**OULD we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low ;  
Ah ! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil  
Aught of that country could we surely know,  
Who would not go ?

Might we but hear  
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,  
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear

## The Tearless Land.

One radiant vista of the realm before us, —  
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,  
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only, —  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure?

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

### THE ANSWER.

“Who would not go”  
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal,  
Which opens to the land we long to know?  
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,  
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe  
In resting so?

“Ah, who would fear?”  
Since, sometimes through the distant pearly portal,  
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,  
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,  
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,  
Breathing good cheer!

“Who would endure”  
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,  
When he whose tender promises are sure —  
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living —  
Keeps us those “mansions” evermore secure  
By waters pure?

## The Heavenly Land.

O wondrous land !  
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming :  
"Eye hath not seen," no heart can understand  
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.  
How longingly we wait our Lord's command —  
His opening hand !

O dear ones there !  
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,  
We come, erelong, your blessed home to share ;  
We take the guiding hand, we trust it only —  
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,  
That land so fair !

— *Anon.*

## THE LAND OF WHICH I DREAM.

SURELY yon heaven, where angels see God's face,  
Is not so distant as we deem  
From this low earth ! — 'T is but a little space,  
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ; —  
'T is but a mist which winds might blow aside.  
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide  
From the bright dwellings of the glorified ; —  
The Land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,  
These hills are higher than they seem ;  
'T is not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow  
Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem :  
'T is the blue floor of heaven that they upbear,  
And, like some old and wildly rugged stair,  
They lift us to the land where all is fair, —  
The Land of which I dream.

### The Tearless Land.

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,  
Are brighter, bluer than they seem ;  
True image here of the celestial deep,  
Fed from the fullness of the unfailing stream ;  
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,  
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,  
The sea that laves the land where all are blest, —  
The Land of which I dream.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,  
Are purer, lovelier than they seem ;  
Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,  
They pour down heaven's own beam ;  
Clear, sparkling, from their throne of glorious blue,  
In accents ever ancient, ever new,  
Of the glad home above, beyond my view, —  
The Land of which I dream.

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,  
Are briefer, swifter, than they seem ;  
A little while, and the great second birth  
Of Time shall come, — the prophet's ancient theme.  
Then he, the King, the Judge, at length shall come,  
And from this desert, where we sadly roam,  
Shall give the Kingdom, for our endless home, —  
The Land of which I dream.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

### THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land !  
Ah, who shall lead us thither ?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

## The Heavenly Land.

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls ! The future's pledge and band !  
Who in life's battle firm doth stand  
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !

For all the broken-hearted !  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great departed,  
Into the Silent Land !

—*Johann Gaudenz von Salis. Tr. by*  
*H. W. Longfellow.*

## THE VOICEFUL LAND.

"Into the Silent Land !

Ah, who shall lead us thither?" *Longfellow.*

'T IS not a Silent Land !  
Tones of harmonic spheres,  
Heard not by mortal ears,  
Thither their echoes roll  
Into the answering soul ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !



### The Tearless Land.

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Voices of angel throngs  
Rain down their chorus-songs  
Over ethereal hills,  
Till the rapt spirit thrills ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Harps, with their golden strings,  
Dipped as in music springs,  
Swept by the touch of love,  
Ring in the realms above !  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Footsteps of spirits sound  
All through the air profound,  
Gently as wind-tones make  
Ripples on stream and lake ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Ever celestial wings,  
Bathed in the amber springs  
Deep of God's ocean light,  
Fan the swift paths of flight ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Psalm-breaths of joy arise,  
Pulsing through inner skies,  
When the sin-child returns  
Whither Truth's incense burns ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

## The Heavenly Land.

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Hosts of the pure and true,  
Shouts of delight renew  
Round the beloved, fled  
Far from the speechless dead ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Welcomes divine are given,  
Whene'er, death's fetters riven,  
Holy ones evermore  
Step on the better shore ;  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

'T is not a Silent Land !  
Far from the song-wrapt throne  
Peals the unchanging tone,  
Keying all notes above,  
To the unisons of love !  
Oh ! 't is a Voiceful Land !

— C. H. A. Bulkley.

## A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

## The Tearless Land.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes, —

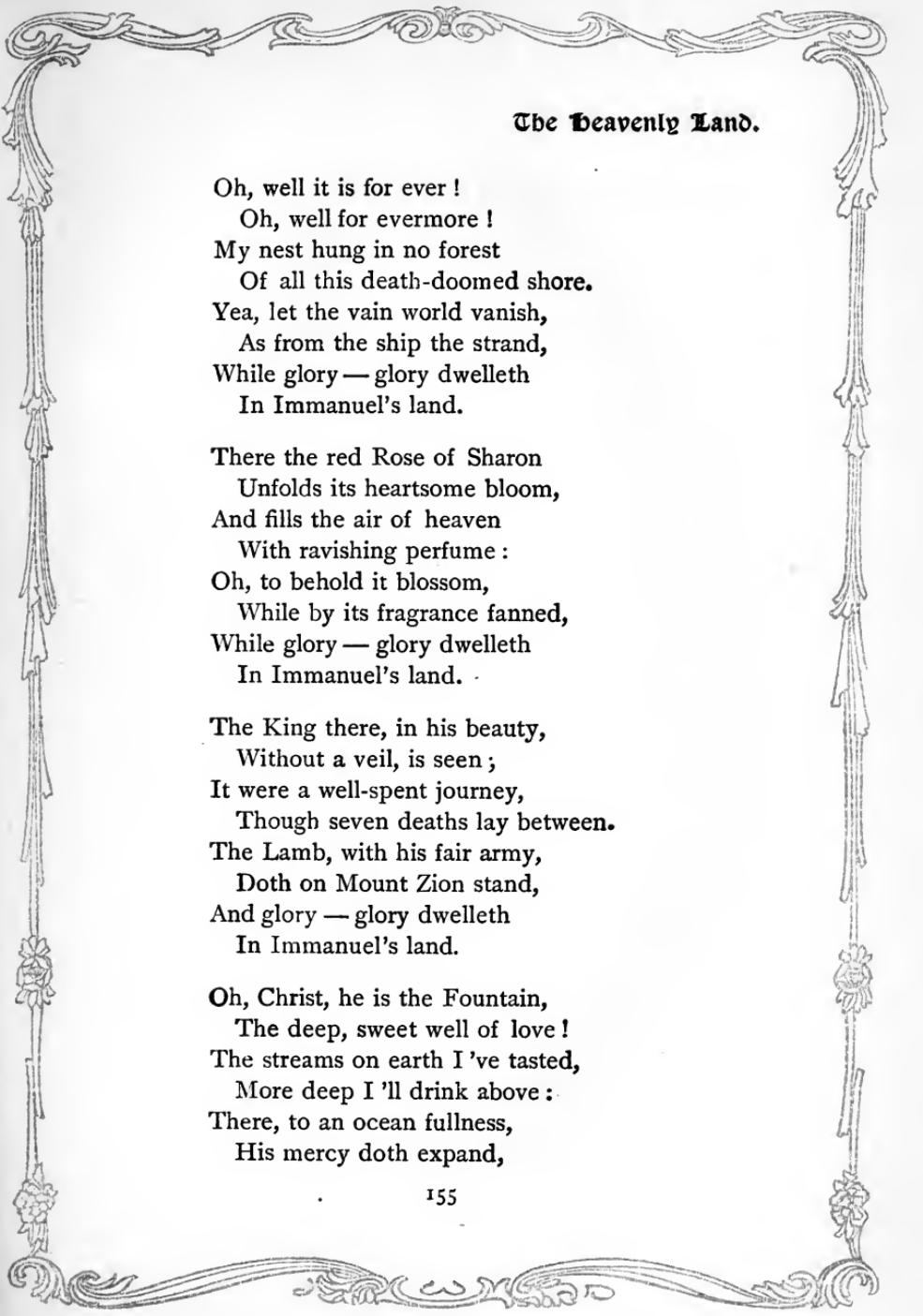
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, —  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

— *Isaac Watts.*

## IMMANUEL'S LAND.<sup>1</sup>

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes !  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

<sup>1</sup> Note 6.



**The Heavenly Land.**

Oh, well it is for ever !  
Oh, well for evermore !  
My nest hung in no forest  
Of all this death-doomed shore.  
Yea, let the vain world vanish,  
As from the ship the strand,  
While glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

There the red Rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,  
And fills the air of heaven  
With ravishing perfume :  
Oh, to behold it blossom,  
While by its fragrance fanned,  
While glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in his beauty,  
Without a veil, is seen ;  
It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between.  
The Lamb, with his fair army,  
Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ, he is the Fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love !  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above :  
There, to an ocean fullness,  
His mercy doth expand,

## The Tearless Land.

And glory — glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

E'en Anworth was not heaven —  
E'en preaching was not Christ ;  
And in my sea-beat prison  
My Lord and I held tryst :  
And aye my murkiest storm cloud  
Was by a rainbow spanned,  
Caught from the glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

But that He built a heaven  
Of his surpassing love,  
A little New Jerusalem,  
Like to the one above —  
“ Lord, take me o'er the water,”  
Had been my loud demand,  
“ Take me to love's own country,  
Unto Immanuel's land.”

But flowers need night's cool darkness,  
The moonlight and the dew ;  
So Christ, from one who loved it,  
His shining oft withdrew :  
And then, for cause of absence,  
My troubled soul I scanned —  
But glory, shadeless, shineth  
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds at Anworth  
I used to count them blest —  
Now, beside happier altars  
I go to build my nest :



## The Heavenly Land.

O'er these there broods no silence,  
No graves around them stand ;  
For glory, deathless, dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear !  
E'en from the verge of heaven  
I drop for thee a tear.  
Oh, if one soul from Anworth  
Meet me at God's right hand,  
My heaven will be two heavens  
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide :  
Now, like a weary traveler,  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp :  
Now, these lie all behind me —  
Oh, for a well-tuned harp !  
Oh, to join hallelujah  
With yon triumphant band,  
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,



### The Tearless Land.

And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lustered with his love :  
I 'll bless the Hand that guided,  
I 'll bless the Heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the sup of glory  
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,  
Soon shall the desert's brier  
Break into Eden's rose ;  
The curse shall change to blessing —  
The name on earth that 's banned,  
Be graven on the white stone  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, I am my Belovéd's  
And my Beloved is mine !  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into his "house of wine" !  
I stand upon his merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with his likeness rise,  
To live and to adore him,  
To see him with these eyes :  
'Tween me and resurrection  
But Paradise doth stand ;  
Then — then for glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

## The Heavenly Land.

The bride eyes not her garments,  
But her dear bridegroom's face ;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace —  
Not at the crown he giveth,  
But on his piercé hand :  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame ;  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,  
For Christ's thrice blesséd name :  
Where God's seal set the fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand ;  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's land.

— *Anne R. Cousin.*

## A BEAUTIFUL LAND BY THE SPOILER UNTROD.

THERE'S a Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrod,  
Unpolluted by sorrow or care ;  
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,  
Whose throne and whose temple are there.  
Its crystalline streams, with a murmuring flow,  
Meander through valleys so green,  
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow  
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath  
Make the air with their melodies rife ;



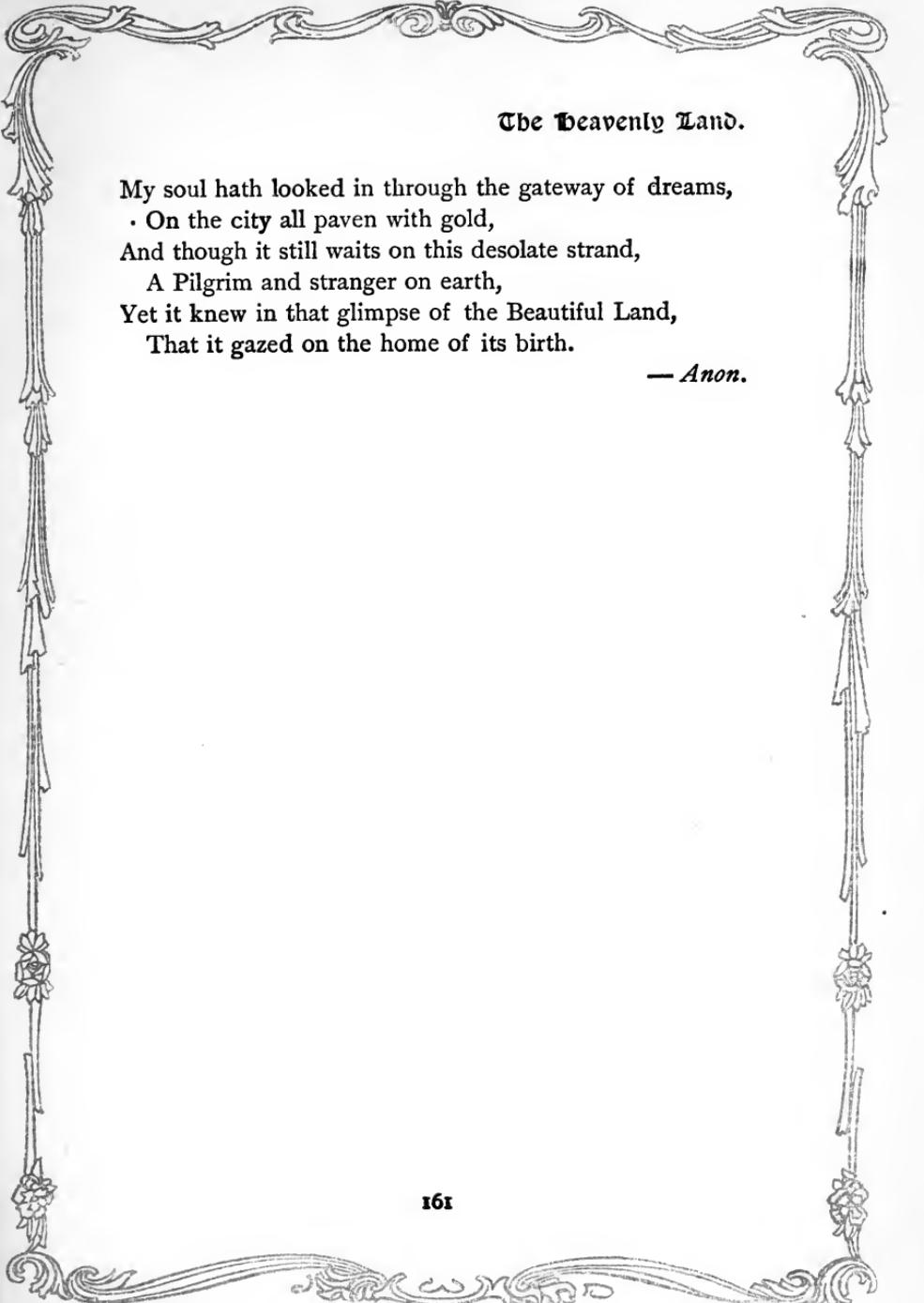
### The Tearless Land.

And one known on earth as the Angel of Death  
Shines here as the Angel of Life !  
An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes ;  
On his brow is an infinite calm,  
And his voice, as it thrills through the depths of the  
skies,  
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land  
Walk the souls who were faithful in this ;  
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by zephyrs are fanned,  
That evermore murmur of bliss ;  
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,  
And breathe the sweet odors of flowers  
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze  
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame  
Blazing out o'er the darkness of Time ;  
And martyrs, whose courage no tortures could tame,  
Nor turn from their purpose sublime ;  
And Saints and Confessors, a numberless throng,  
Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,  
And left, as they walked through the darkness of Wrong,  
Their footprints encircled with light ;

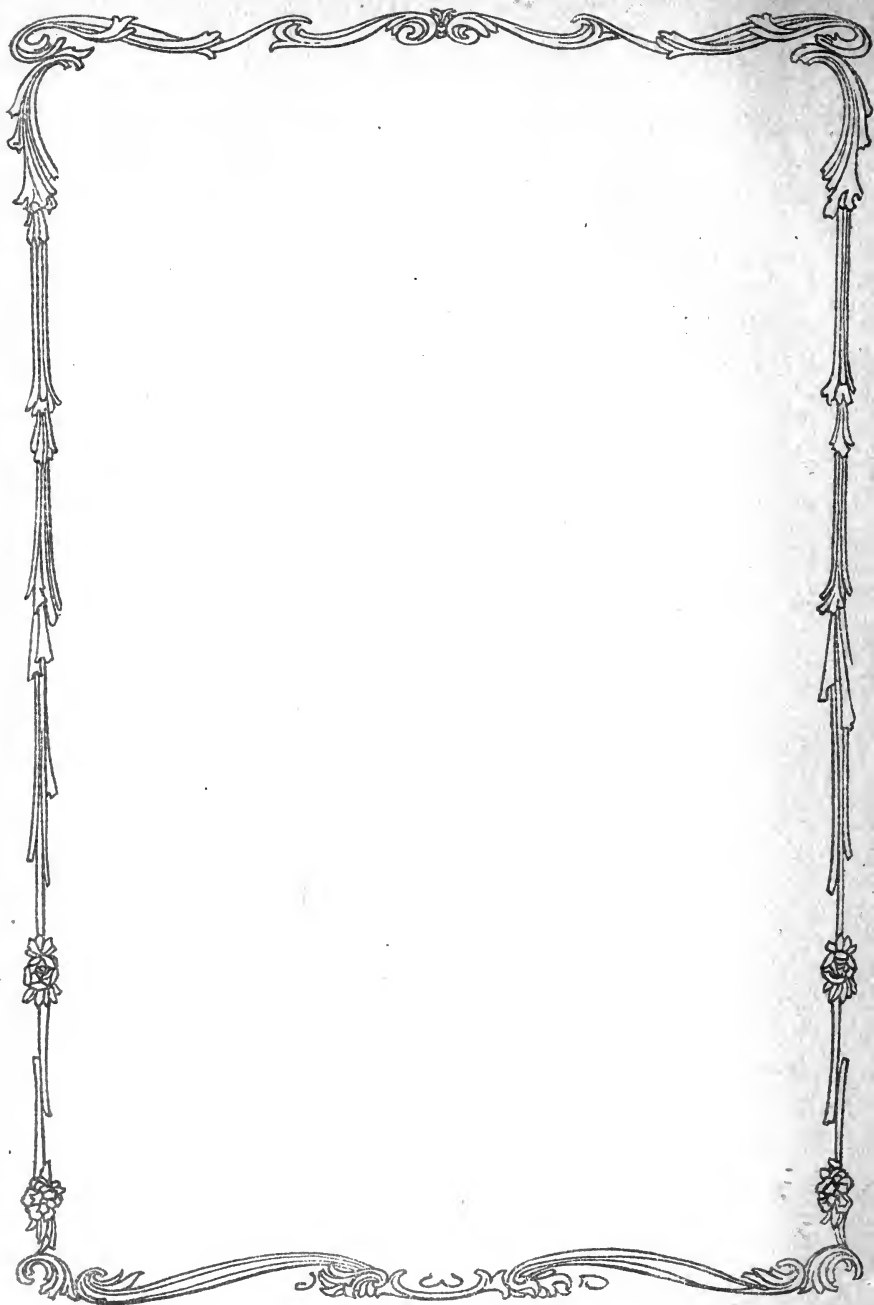
And the dear little children, who went to their rest  
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,  
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,  
Their spirit's pure temple within, —  
All are there — all are there — in the Beautiful Land,  
The land by the Spoiler untrod.  
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by zephyrs are fanned,  
That blow from the Gardens of God !



The Heavenly Land.

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams,  
· On the city all paven with gold,  
And though it still waits on this desolate strand,  
A Pilgrim and stranger on earth,  
Yet it knew in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,  
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

— *Anon.*



V.

**The Heavenly City.**

*Soon where beauty blinds not,  
No excess of brilliance palls,  
Salem, city of the holy,  
We shall be within thy walls.  
There beside the crystal river,  
There beneath life's wondrous tree,  
There with naught to sever,  
Ever with the Lamb to be.*

*Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me !*

*—Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.*

He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. — *Heb. 11 : 10.*

He hath prepared for them a city. — *Heb. 11 : 16.*

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. — *Rev. 21 : 2.*

And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and showed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. — *Rev. 21 : 10, 11.*



## The Heavenly City.

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### JERUSALEM, THE HOLY.

JERUSALEM, the holy !  
Jerusalem, the blest !  
From highest heav'n descending  
In bridal beauty drest :  
Bride of the Lamb ! thy glory,  
The light of God alone,  
Shines through thee clear as crystal,  
And like a jasper stone.

Thy walls are great and glorious ;  
Twelve pearls are thy twelve gates,  
By every gate an angel  
For holy service waits :  
And names thereon are written,  
Angelic hands inscribe  
The tribes of Israel's children,  
On every pearl a tribe.

And twelve are thy foundations,  
All precious stones most fair,  
The names of the apostles  
Are ever in them there :  
Of pure gold is the city,  
And golden is the street,  
Like to clear glass transparent  
Beneath the saved ones' feet.

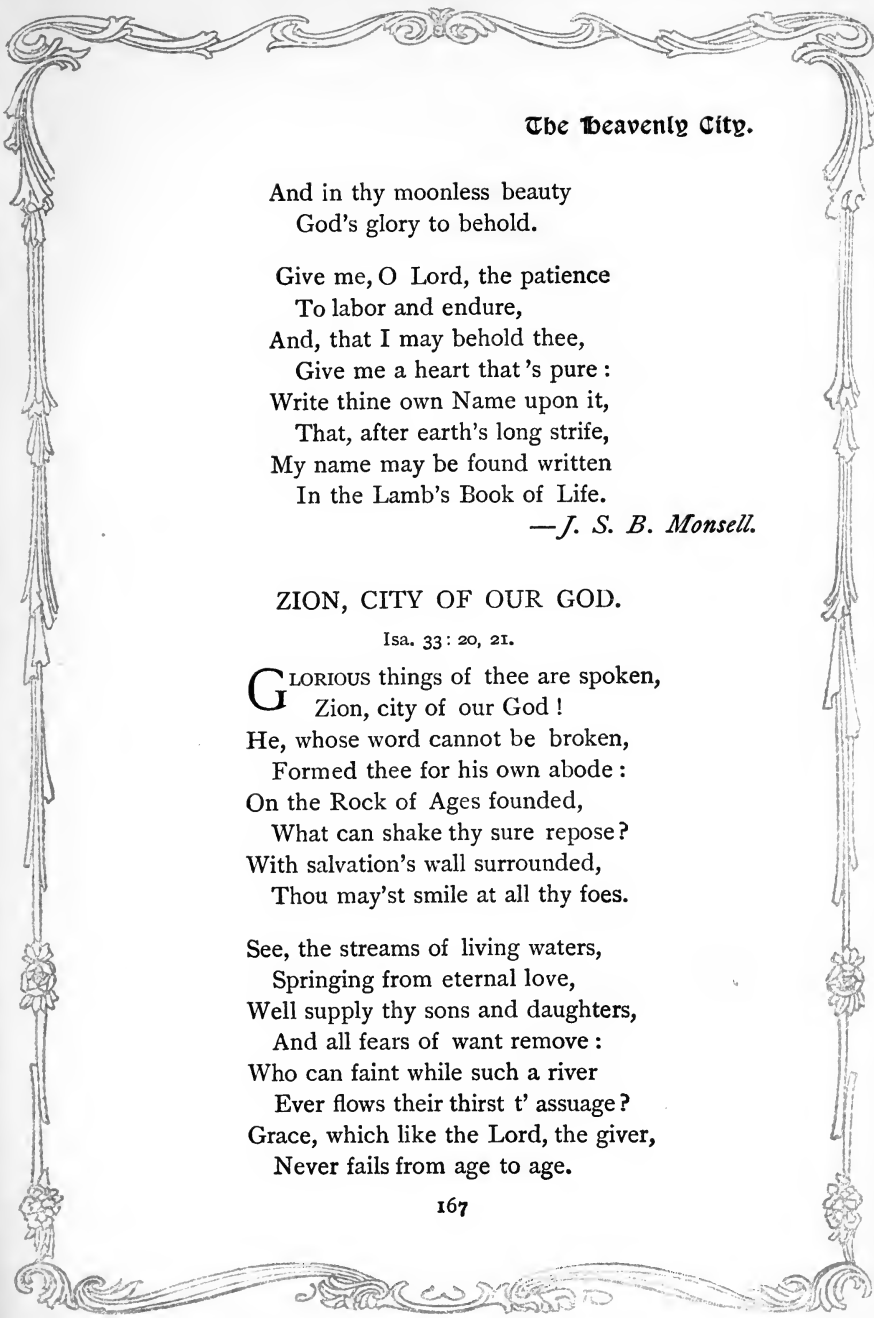
## The Tearless Land.

And therein is no temple,  
No place apart for prayer,  
For the Lord Almighty, and  
The Lamb thy temple are :  
No need of sun to lighten,  
No need of moon to shine,  
Thy sunshine is God's glory,  
The Lamb thy Light divine.

The nations of the savéd  
Do walk there in thy light,  
Thy gates by day unclosed,  
Within thy walls no night :  
The kings of earth their glory,  
The queens their state do bring,  
And lay them down in homage  
Before the glorious King.

There shall in no wise enter  
The things that do defile,  
That work abomination,  
And spoil God's truth with guile.  
But those whose names are written  
In the Lamb's Book of Life,  
They only shall be in thee,  
Thou spotless Bride and Wife.

Jerusalem, the holy !  
My spirit longs to be  
Within thy walls of jasper,  
Thy gates of pearl to see ;  
And through the sunless City  
To walk thy streets of gold,



### The Heavenly City.

And in thy moonless beauty  
God's glory to behold.

Give me, O Lord, the patience  
To labor and endure,  
And, that I may behold thee,  
Give me a heart that's pure :  
Write thine own Name upon it,  
That, after earth's long strife,  
My name may be found written  
In the Lamb's Book of Life.

—*J. S. B. Monsell.*

### ZION, CITY OF OUR GOD.

Isa. 33 : 20, 21.

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fears of want remove :  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

## The Tearless Land.

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the fire and cloud appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
'T is his love his people raises  
Over self to reign as kings,  
And as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show ;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

1779.

— *John Newton.*

## THE CITY GOD HATH MADE.

DAILY, daily sing the praises  
Of the city God hath made ;  
In the beauteous fields of Eden  
Its foundation stones are laid.



## The Heavenly City.

CHORUS : — Oh, that I had wings of angels  
Here to spread and heavenward fly,  
I would seek the gates of Zion  
Far beyond the starry sky.

All the walls of that dear city  
Are of bright and burnished gold ;  
It is matchless in its beauty,  
And its treasures are untold.

In the midst of that dear city,  
Christ is reigning on his seat,  
And the angels swing their censers  
In a ring about his feet.

From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the city  
Like a sudden beam of light.

Where it waters leafy Eden,  
Rolling over silver sands,  
Sit the angels softly chiming  
On the harps between their hands.

There the meadows, green and dewy,  
Shine with lilies wondrous fair,  
Thousand, thousand are the colors  
Of the waving flowers there.

There the forests ever blossom,  
Like our orchards here in May ;  
There the gardens never wither,  
But eternally are gay.

### The Tearless Land.

There are roses and carnations,  
There the honeysuckles twine ;  
There, along the river edges,  
Golden jonquils ever shine.

There the water lilies open,  
Lying on the sea of glass ;  
There the yellow crocus glimmers  
Like a flame amidst the grass.

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs and the elders  
And the great redeemed throng.

Oh, I would my ears were open  
Here to catch that happy strain !  
Oh, I would my eyes some vision  
Of that Eden could attain !

1867.

— *Sabine Baring-Gould.*

### THE FAIRER LIGHT.

"The city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."

BRIGHT sun ! thou dost blessedly shine ;  
Fair earth doth rejoice in thy light ;  
She draweth her beauty from thine :  
Thou makest her gladsome and bright.  
We bless thy strong splendor at noon,  
We bless thy sweet radiance at even,  
And welcome the soft-shining moon  
When earth to her bright sway is given.



## The Heavenly City.

But fairer, but fuller the light  
Through the Heavenly City that streams ;  
Jerusalem shineth all bright,  
But not with the sun's golden beams :  
Your smile, sun and moon, she can spare ;  
Ye bear in his glory no part :  
Thou only, dear Lord, beamest there ;  
Her glory, her sunshine thou art.

Her smile from thy beams she doth take ;  
Her light in thy light she doth see ;  
Her music and mirth thou dost make ;  
Her beauty she borrows from thee.  
All bathed in the Glory Divine,  
Still, still she abides in thy light ;  
Her Sun never ceaseth to shine,  
Her day never yieldeth to night.

Here bright are the beams of thy sun :  
Here sweet are the rays of thy grace :  
But there both the glories are one,  
Are one in the Light of thy face.  
The Sun in their souls that did glow,  
Now bright on thy saints doth arise ;  
The joy of their hearts here below  
Becomes the delight of their eyes.

They look on the Lord of their love,  
The Lamb that was slain they behold ;  
He maketh the glory above ;  
He lighteth the city of gold.  
They gaze on their Sun and grow bright ;  
His beauty, his splendor they wear ;

## The Tearless Land.

They see the ineffable sight :  
The unspeakable glory they share.

Lord ! here in my heart dost thou shine ?  
Art thou my soul's sunlight below ?  
O then in that City Divine,  
Full, full on mine eyes thou wilt glow.  
For me as for all the glad throng  
Thou makest Jerusalem bright ;  
And still the glad stream of our song  
Flows on midst the bliss of thy light.

— *Thomas H. Gill.*

## THE CITY OF REST.

" And the name of that city is rest."

O BIRDS from out the east, O birds from out the west,  
Have ye found that happy city in all your weary  
quest ?

Tell me, tell me, from earth's wandering may the heart  
find glad surcease,

Can ye show me as an earnest any olive branch of peace ?  
I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin and toil and  
care ;

I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless  
prayer.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,  
Can ye tell me of that city the name of which is Rest ?

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessed city crown ?  
Are there couches spread for sleeping softer than the  
eider-down ?



### The Heavenly City.

Does the silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble  
walls,

Hush its solemn silence even into stiller intervals?

Doth the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the  
fabled moly

With its leafy-laden Lethe, lade the eyes with slumber  
holy?

Do they never wake to sorrow, who, after toilsome quest,  
Have entered in that city, the name of which is Rest?

Doth the fancy wile not there for aye? Is the restless  
soul's endeavor

Hushed in a rhythm of solemn calm, forever and forever?

Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire?

Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not  
aspire?

But weary, weary of the ore within its yellow sun,

Do they lie and eat its lotus leaves and dream life's toil  
is done?

O tell me, do they there forget what here hath made  
them blest,

Nor sigh again for home and friends, in the city naméd  
Rest?

O little birds, fly east again, — O little birds, fly west ;

Ye have found no happy city in all your weary quest.

Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,

And still like you the human soul must wing its weary  
way ;

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's  
bound,

Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals  
found.

### The Tearless Land.

We are but children crying here upon a mother's breast,  
For life and peace and blessedness, and for eternal  
Rest !

Bless God, I hear a still, small voice above life's clamor-  
ous din,

Saying, Faint not, O weary one, thou yet mayst enter in ;  
That city is prepared for those who well do win the fight,  
Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed their  
garments white.

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower  
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying  
power.

It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-giving  
breast ;

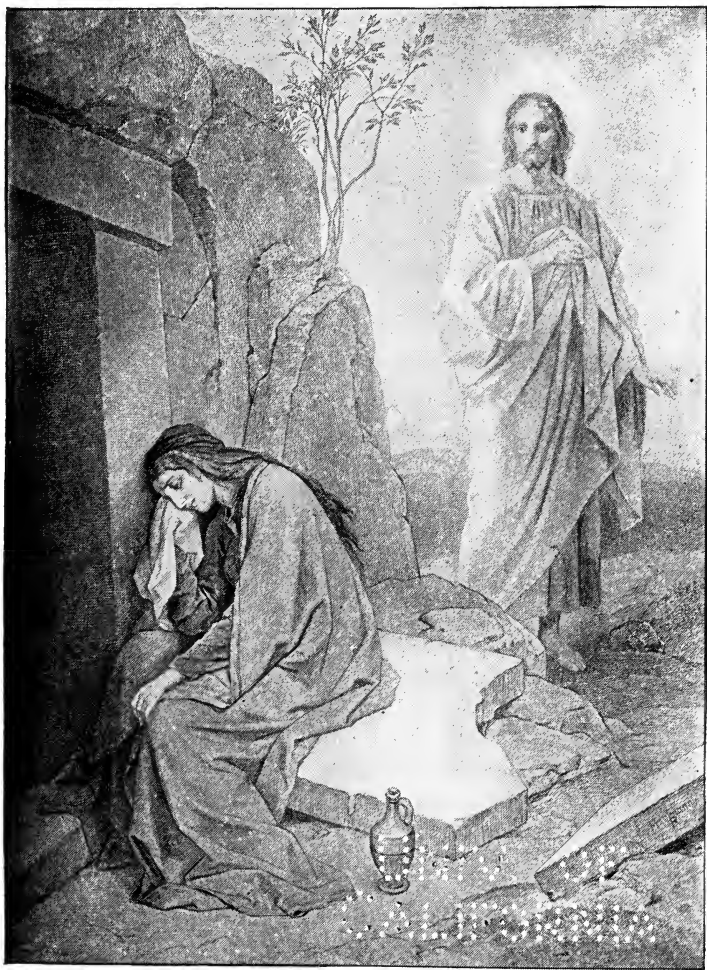
Its walls are called Salvation, the city's name is Rest !

— *Household Words.*

### IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,  
Far above these lower skies,  
Fair, and exquisitely bright,  
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.  
Built of pure and massy gold,  
Strong and durable are they,  
Decked with gems of worth untold,  
Subjected to no decay.

Glad within these blest abodes  
Dwell the raptured saints above,  
Where no anxious care corrodes,  
Happy in Immanuel's love ;



I hear a still, small voice,  
saying, "Faint not." Page 174.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO  
PRESS



### The Heavenly City.

Once, indeed, like us below,  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Torturing pain, and heavy woe,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,

These, alas, full well they knew,  
Sad companions of their way ;  
Oft on them the tempest blew  
Through the long and cheerless day.  
Oft their vileness they deplored ;  
Wills perverse, and hearts untrue,  
Grieved they could not love their Lord,  
Love him as they wished to do.

Oft the big, unbidden tears,  
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,  
Told, with eloquence sincere,  
Tales of woe they could not speak ;  
But these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall know distress no more,  
Never, never weep again.

Mid the chorus of the skies,  
Mid the angelic lyres above,  
Hark, their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.  
Happy spirits ! ye are fled  
Where no grief can entrance find,  
Lulled to rest the aching head,  
Soothed the sorrows of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturbed repose ;

### The Tearless Land.

There no cloud can intervene,  
There no angry tempest blows.  
Every tear is wiped away ;  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
Night is lost in endless day,  
Sorrow in eternal rest.

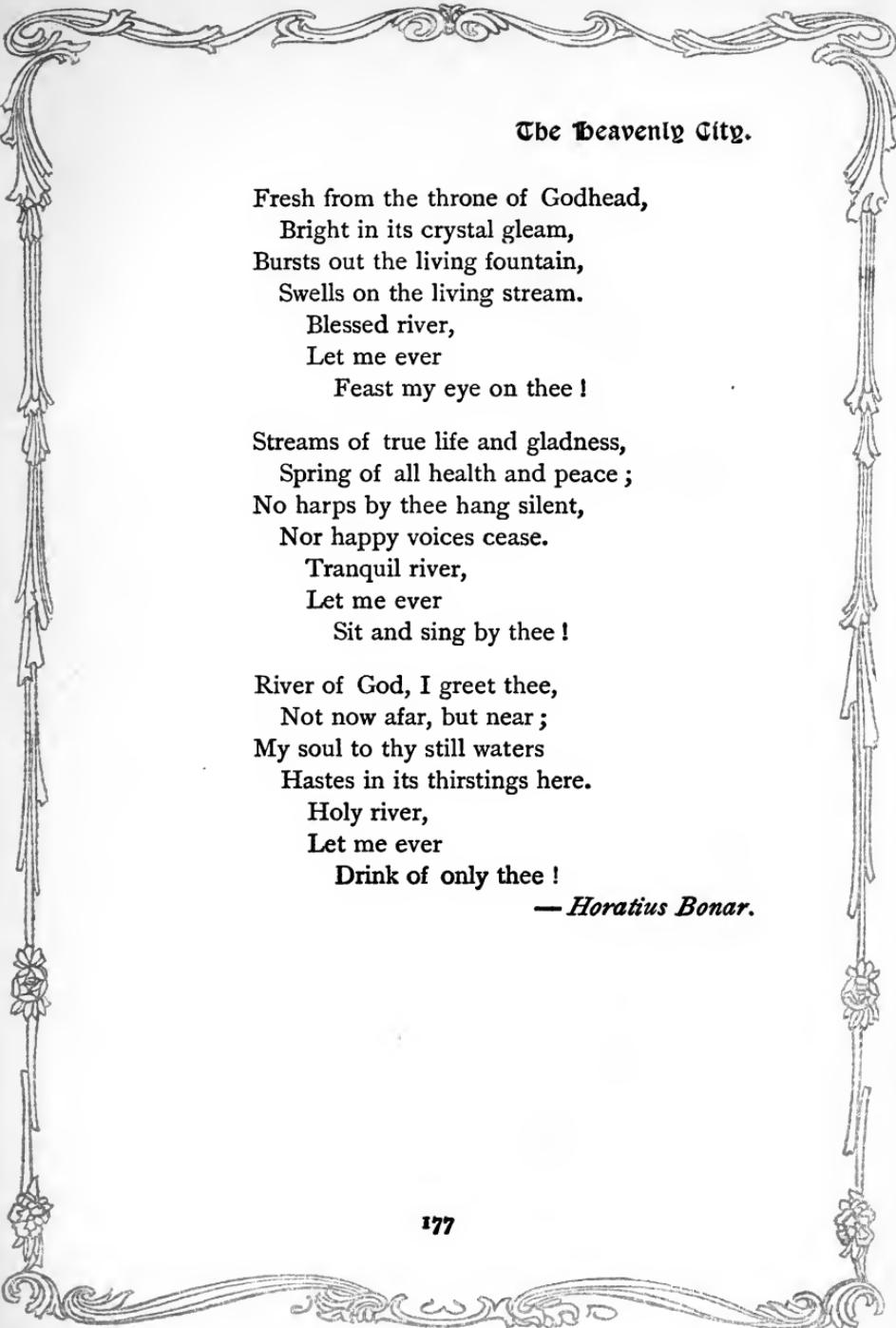
— *Thomas Raffles.*

### BATHED IN UNFALLEN SUNLIGHT.

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,  
Itself a sun-born gem,  
Fair gleams the glorious city,  
The new Jerusalem !  
City fairest,  
Splendor rarest,  
Let me gaze on thee !

Calm in her queenly glory,  
She sits, all joy and light ;  
Pure in her bridal beauty,  
Her raiment festal-white !  
Home of gladness,  
Free from sadness,  
Let me dwell in thee !

Shading her golden pavement  
The tree of life is seen,  
Its fruit-rich branches waving,  
Celestial evergreen.  
Tree of wonder,  
Let me under  
Thee forever rest !



The Heavenly City.

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,  
Bright in its crystal gleam,  
Bursts out the living fountain,  
Swells on the living stream.

Blessed river,  
Let me ever  
Feast my eye on thee !

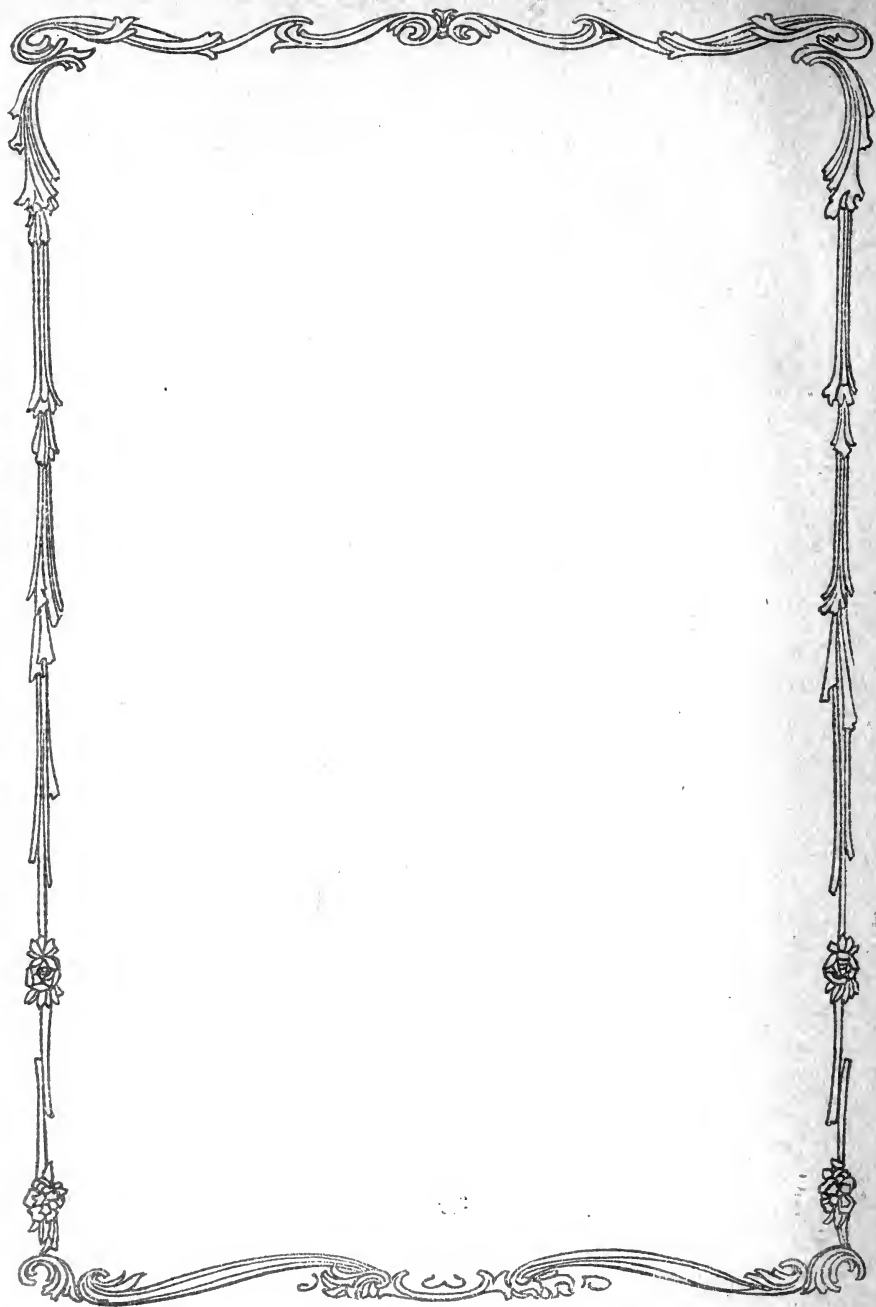
Streams of true life and gladness,  
Spring of all health and peace ;  
No harps by thee hang silent,  
Nor happy voices cease.

Tranquil river,  
Let me ever  
Sit and sing by thee !

River of God, I greet thee,  
Not now afar, but near ;  
My soul to thy still waters  
Hastes in its thirstings here.

Holy river,  
Let me ever  
Drink of only thee !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

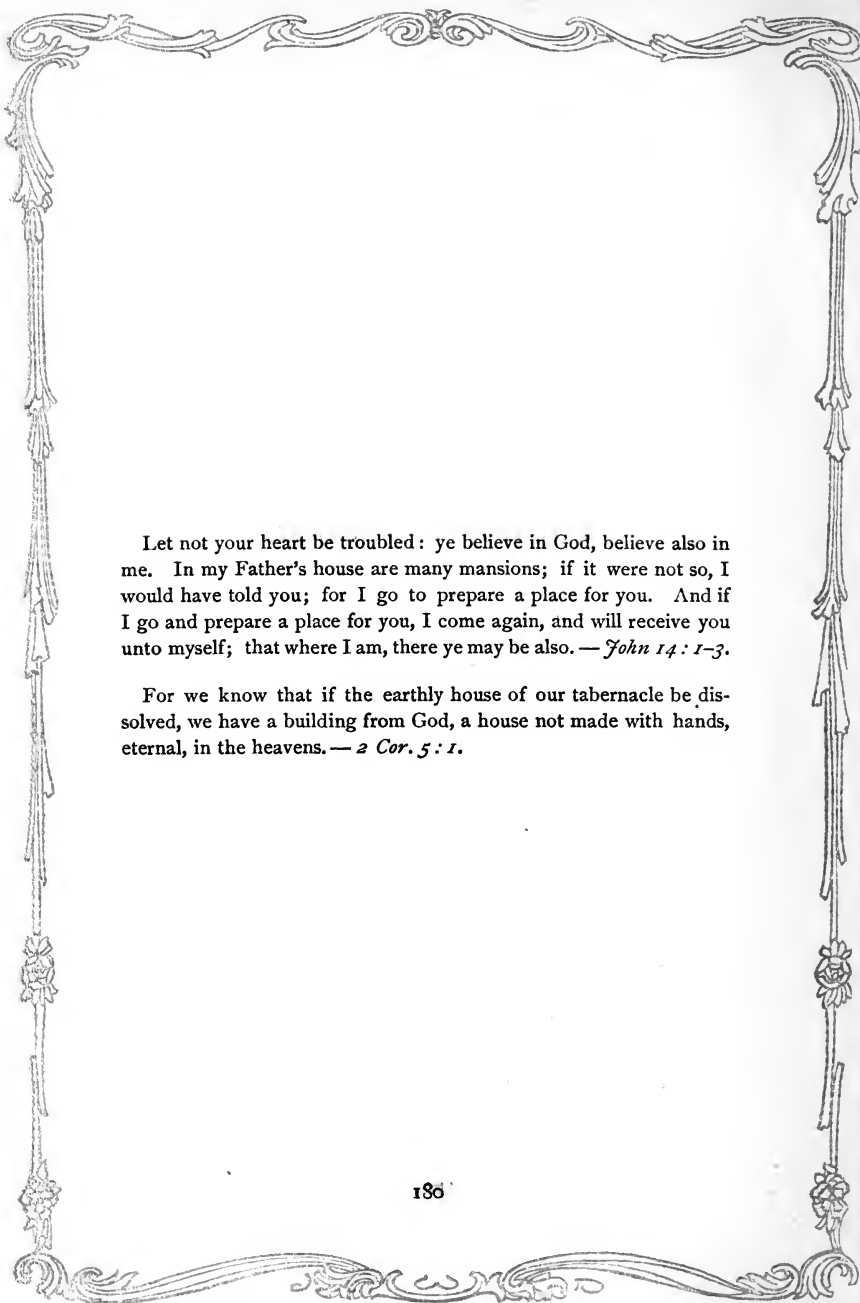


VI.

The Heavenly Home.

*O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of the elect,  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect :  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.*

— Bernard of Cluny.



Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. — *John 14: 1-3.*

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. — *2 Cor. 5: 1.*



## The Heavenly Home.

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### A BLESSÉD HOME.

THERE is a blesséd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well,  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell ;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father one  
And Spirit evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands and feet and side ;  
To give to him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things he hath done.

### The Tearless Land.

Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe ;  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

1861.

— *Sir Henry Williams Baker.*

### WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING.

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,  
Silent, silent in their turning  
Round the never-changing pole ;  
Upward, where the sky is brightest,  
Upward, where the blue is lightest,  
Lift I now my longing soul !

Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond those clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair !  
Far from pain, and sin, and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansion there !

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes ;  
Where life's stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving —  
That must be the home of homes !

## The Heavenly Home.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings !  
Son of man, they crown, they crown him !  
Son of God, they own, they own him !  
With his name the palace rings !

Blessing, honor, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at his blessed feet !  
Poor the praise that now we render ;  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before his throne we meet !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

## A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A HOME in heaven ! what a joyful thought,  
As the poor man toils in his weary lot !  
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,  
From his home below, to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven ! as the sufferer lies  
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes  
To that bright home ; what a joy is given,  
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven !

A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,  
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;  
And strength decays, and our health is riven,  
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven ! when the faint heart bleeds,  
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds ;

### The Tearless Land.

Oh, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,  
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven !

A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled  
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead ;  
We wait in hope on the promise given ;  
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven ! when the wheel is broke,  
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke ;  
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,  
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven ! oh, the glorious home !  
And the Spirit, join'd with the Bride, says " Come !"  
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,  
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven !

— *William Hunter.*

### A DWELLING PLACE ABOVE.

THERE is a dwelling place above ;  
Thither, to meet the God of love,  
The poor in spirit go :  
There is a paradise of rest ;  
For contrite hearts and souls distressed  
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,  
Where earthly passions cease to rage ;  
The meek that haven gain :  
There is a board, where they who pine,  
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,  
May feast, nor crave again.

## The Heavenly Home.

There is a voice to mercy true ;  
To them who mercy's path pursue  
That voice shall bliss impart :  
There is a sight from man concealed ;  
That sight, the face of God revealed,  
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in heaven bestowed ;  
That name, which hails them sons of God,  
The friends of peace shall know :  
There is a kingdom in the sky,  
Where they shall reign with God on high,  
Who serve him best below.

Lord ! be it mine like them to choose  
The better part, like them to use  
The means thy love hath given ;  
Be holiness my aim on earth,  
That death be welcome as a birth  
To life and bliss in heaven !

1831.

— *Bishop R. Mant.*

## THE SAFE NEST.

I BUILT my nest by a pleasant stream,  
That glided on with a smile in its gleam,  
Bringing me gold that was sumless ;  
Ah me ! but the floods came drowning one day,  
And swept my nest with its wealth away ;  
I in the world was homeless !

I built my nest in a gay green tree,  
And the summer of life went merrily  
With us ; we were birds of a feather !

### The Tearless Land.

But the leaves soon fell, and my pretty ones flew,  
And through my nest the bitter winds blew ;  
'T was bare in the wildest weather.

I built my nest under heaven's high eaves ;  
No rising of floods, no falling of leaves,  
Can mock my heart's endeavor ;  
Waters may wash, and breezes may blow,  
In the bosom of Rest I shall smile, I shall know  
My nest is safe forever.

— *Gerald Massey.*

### SAFE HOME IN PORT.

SAFE home ! safe home in port !  
— Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provisions short,  
And only not a wreck :  
But oh ! the joy upon the shore,  
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize ! the prize secure !  
The athlete nearly fell ;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well :  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night-alarm,  
And need of ready lamp :  
And yet how nearly he had failed, —  
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

## The Heavenly Home.

The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penned :  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end ;  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home !  
— O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins, and doubts, and fears, —  
What matter now, when (so men say)  
The King has wiped those tears away ?

O happy, happy Bride !  
Thy widowed hours are past,  
The Bridegroom at thy side,  
Thou all his own at last !  
The sorrows of thy former cup  
In full fruition swallowed up.

— *Joseph of the Studium. Tr. by*  
*John Mason Neale.*

## THE LAND WHERE MY NESTLINGS BE.

A SONG of a boat :  
There was once a boat on a billow,  
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,  
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,  
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,  
And bent like wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat  
Went courtesying over a billow ;  
I marked her course, till, a dancing mote,

## The Tearless Land.

She faded out on the moonlit foam,  
And I stayed behind, in the dear, loved home :  
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,  
And my dream upon a pillow.

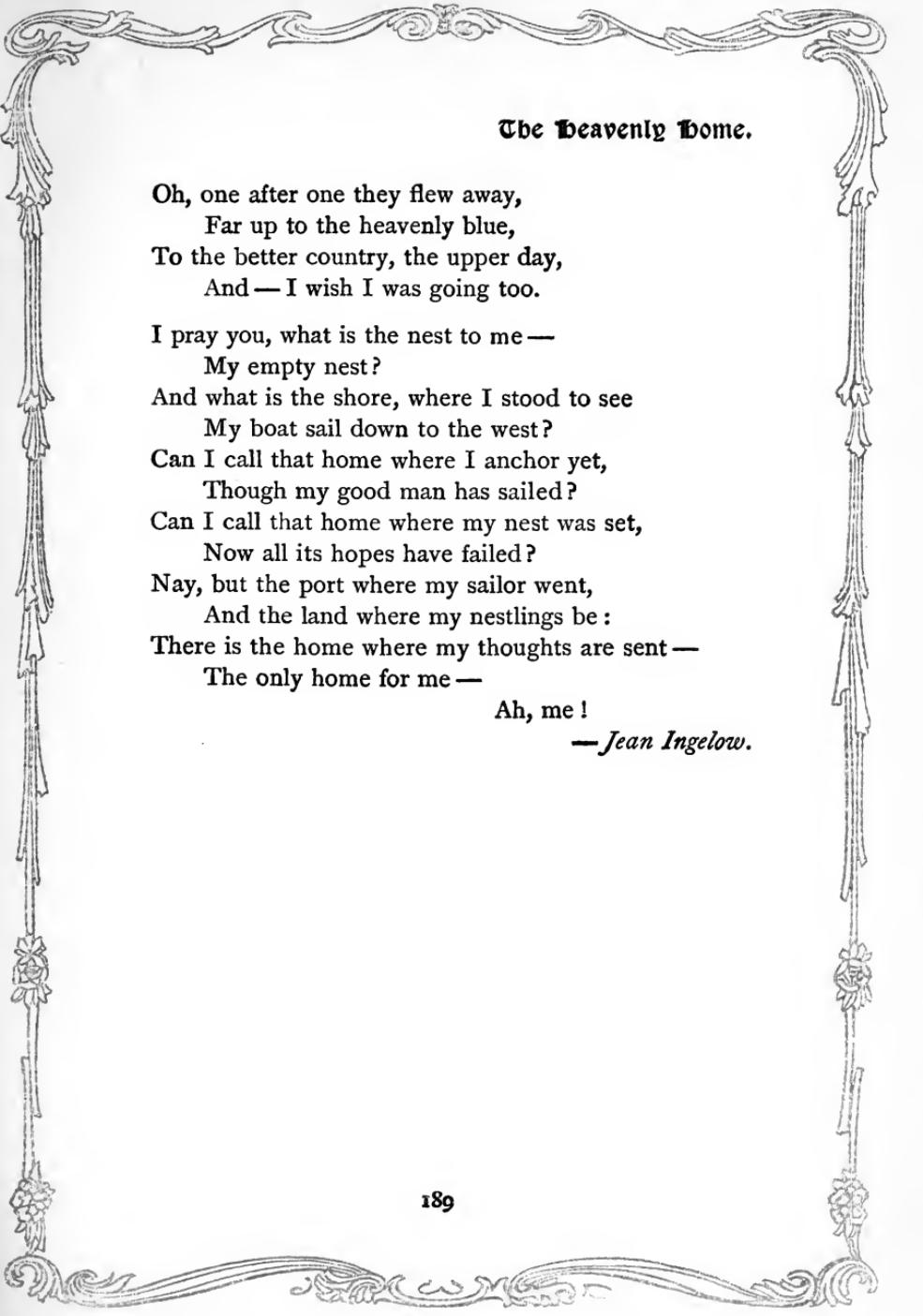
I pray you hear my song of a boat,  
For it is but short ;  
My boat, you shall find nothing fairer afloat,  
In river or port.  
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,  
On the open, desolate sea,  
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,  
For he came not back to me !

Ah, me !

A song of a nest :  
There was once a nest in a hollow,  
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,  
Soft and warm, and full to the brim ;  
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,  
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,  
For it is not long ;  
You shall never light, in a summer quest  
The bushes among —  
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,  
A fairer nestful, nor ever know  
A softer sound than their tender twitter,  
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
Ah, happy, happy I !  
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were grown  
They spread out their wings to fly —



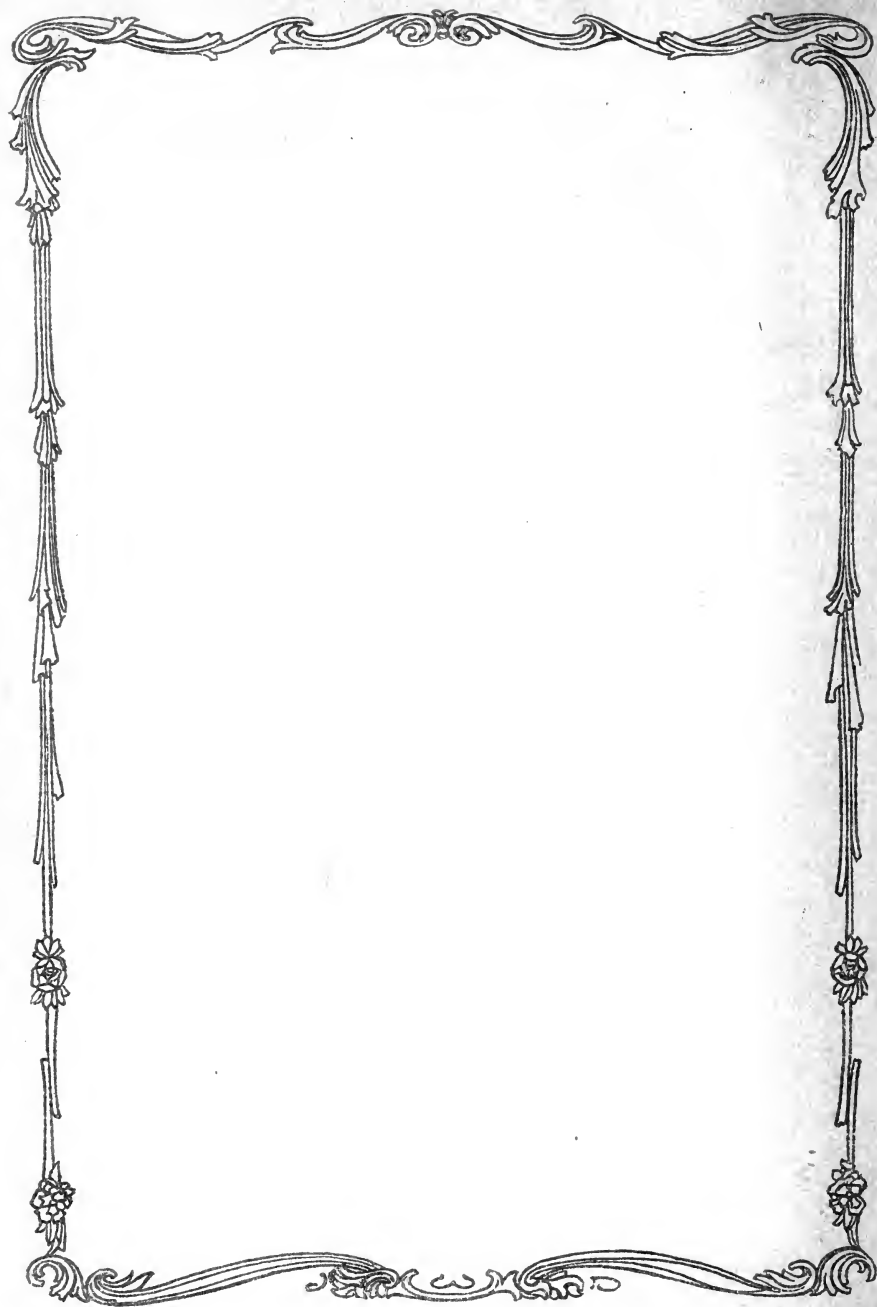
**The Heavenly Home.**

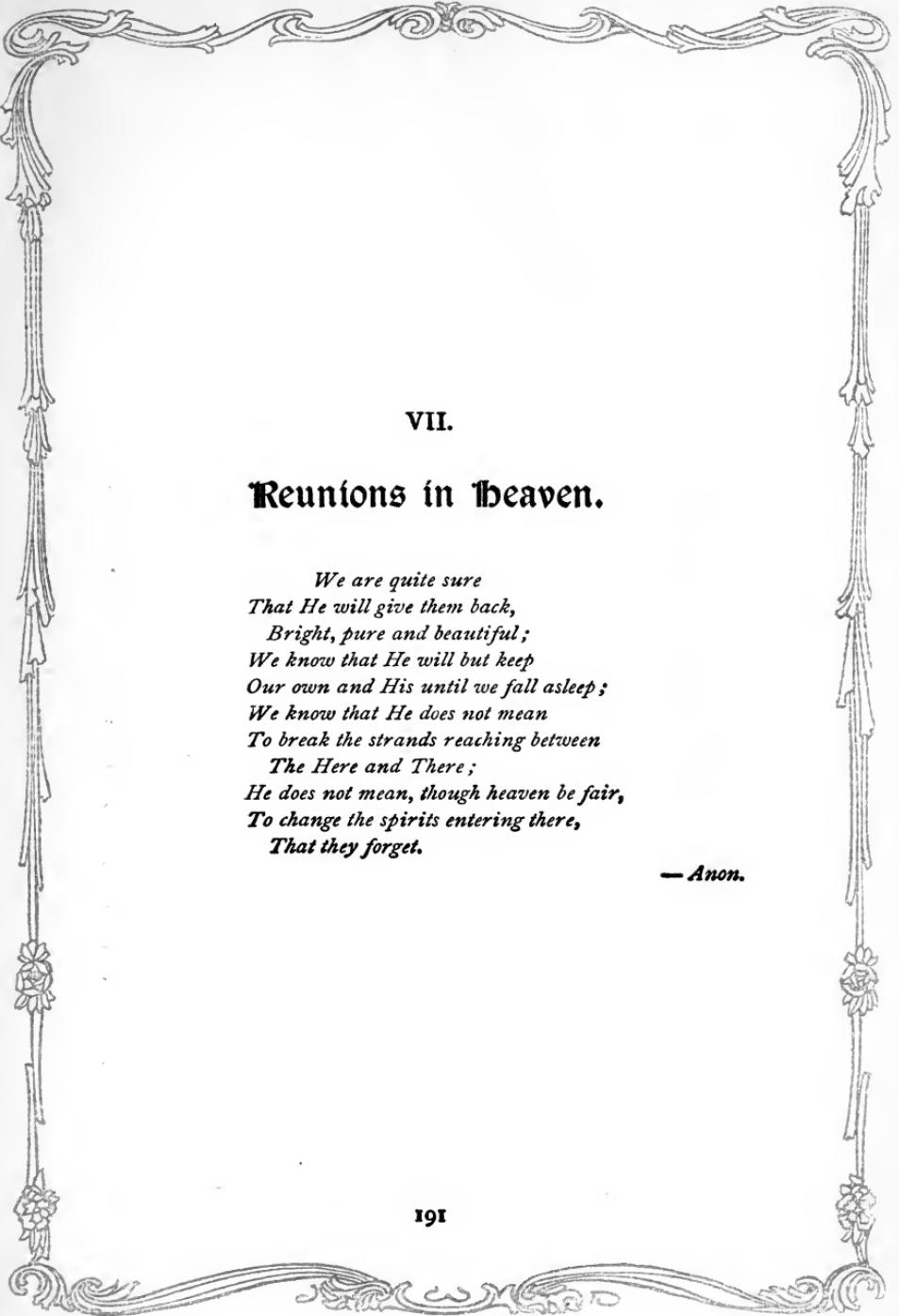
Oh, one after one they flew away,  
Far up to the heavenly blue,  
To the better country, the upper day,  
And — I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me —  
My empty nest?  
And what is the shore, where I stood to see  
My boat sail down to the west?  
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,  
Though my good man has sailed?  
Can I call that home where my nest was set,  
Now all its hopes have failed?  
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,  
And the land where my nestlings be :  
There is the home where my thoughts are sent —  
The only home for me —

Ah, me !

— *Jean Ingelow.*



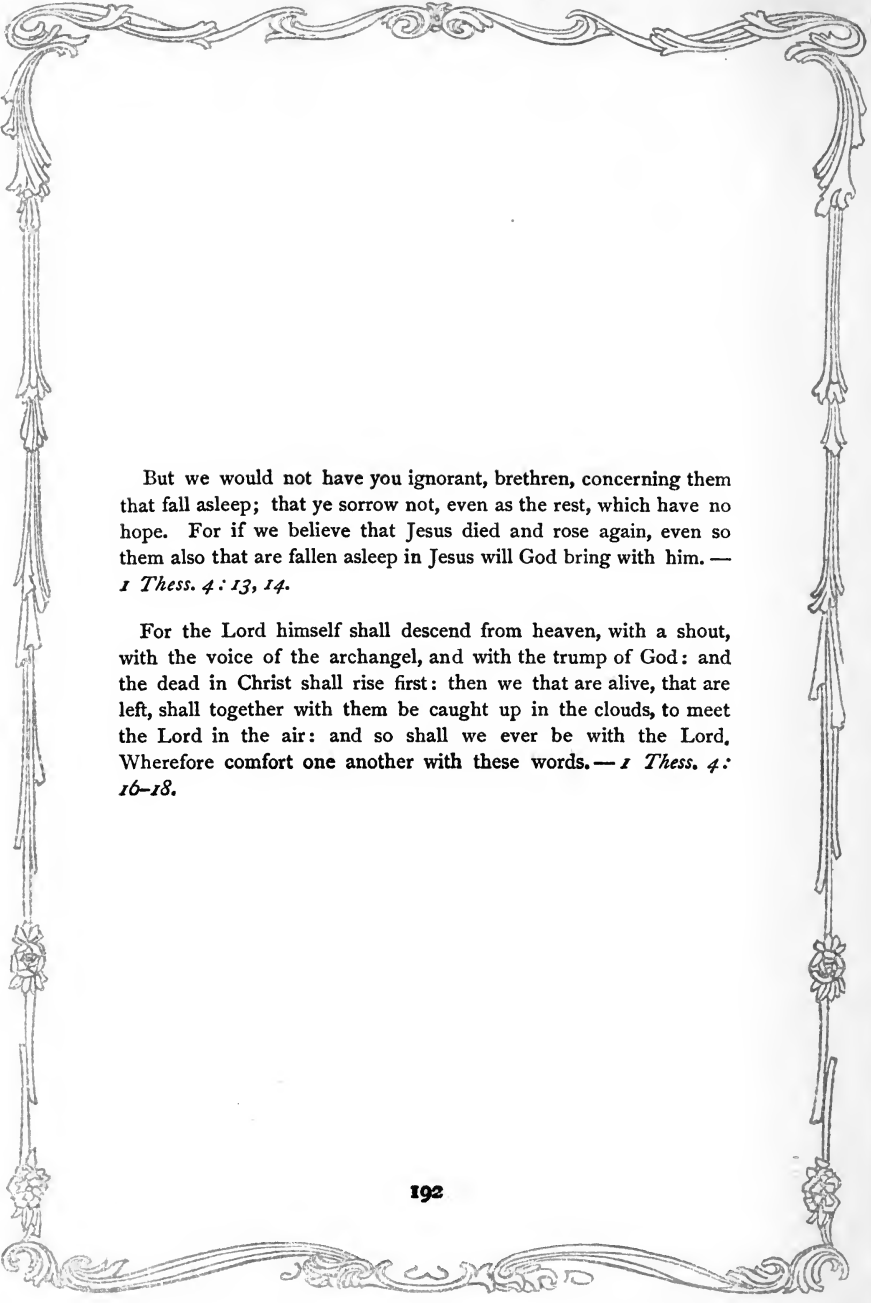


VII.

**Reunions in Heaven.**

*We are quite sure  
That He will give them back,  
Bright, pure and beautiful;  
We know that He will but keep  
Our own and His until we fall asleep;  
We know that He does not mean  
To break the strands reaching between  
The Here and There;  
He does not mean, though heaven be fair,  
To change the spirits entering there,  
That they forget.*

— Anon.



But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him. — *1 Thess. 4: 13, 14.*

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words. — *1 Thess. 4: 16-18.*

## Reunions in Heaven.

### THE MEETING-PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,  
Freshen never more to fade ;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,  
Brighten never more to shade ;  
Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;  
Where the star-beams cease to chill ;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill ;  
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the noon the joy prolong ;  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance  
Mid the burst of holy song —  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder ;  
Where life's vain parade is o'er ;  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more ;  
Where the bond is never severed —  
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide — all are done ;  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child ;  
Where dear families are gathered  
That were scattered on the wild —

## The Tearless Land.

Brother, we shall meet and rest  
Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed ;  
Where the blighted rose re-blooms ;  
Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes ;  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,  
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,  
In an ever spring-bright clime ;  
Where we find the joy of loving,  
As we never loved before ;  
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,  
Loving once and evermore —  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Shed its healing splendor here ;  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on their robe of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden  
Be where only wastes have been ;  
Where a King, in kingly glory  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous scepter,  
Claim and wear the heavenly crown —  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
Mid the holy and the blest.

— *Anon.*

## Reunions in Heaven.

### OVER THE RIVER THEY BECKON TO ME.

OVER the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view ;  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see ;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet ;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;  
We know she is safe on the further side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;  
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.

### The Tearless Land.

We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day,  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;  
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

— *Nancy A. W. Priest.*

### HOUSEHOLD VOICES.

I LONG for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

## Reunions in Heaven.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean and on shore.

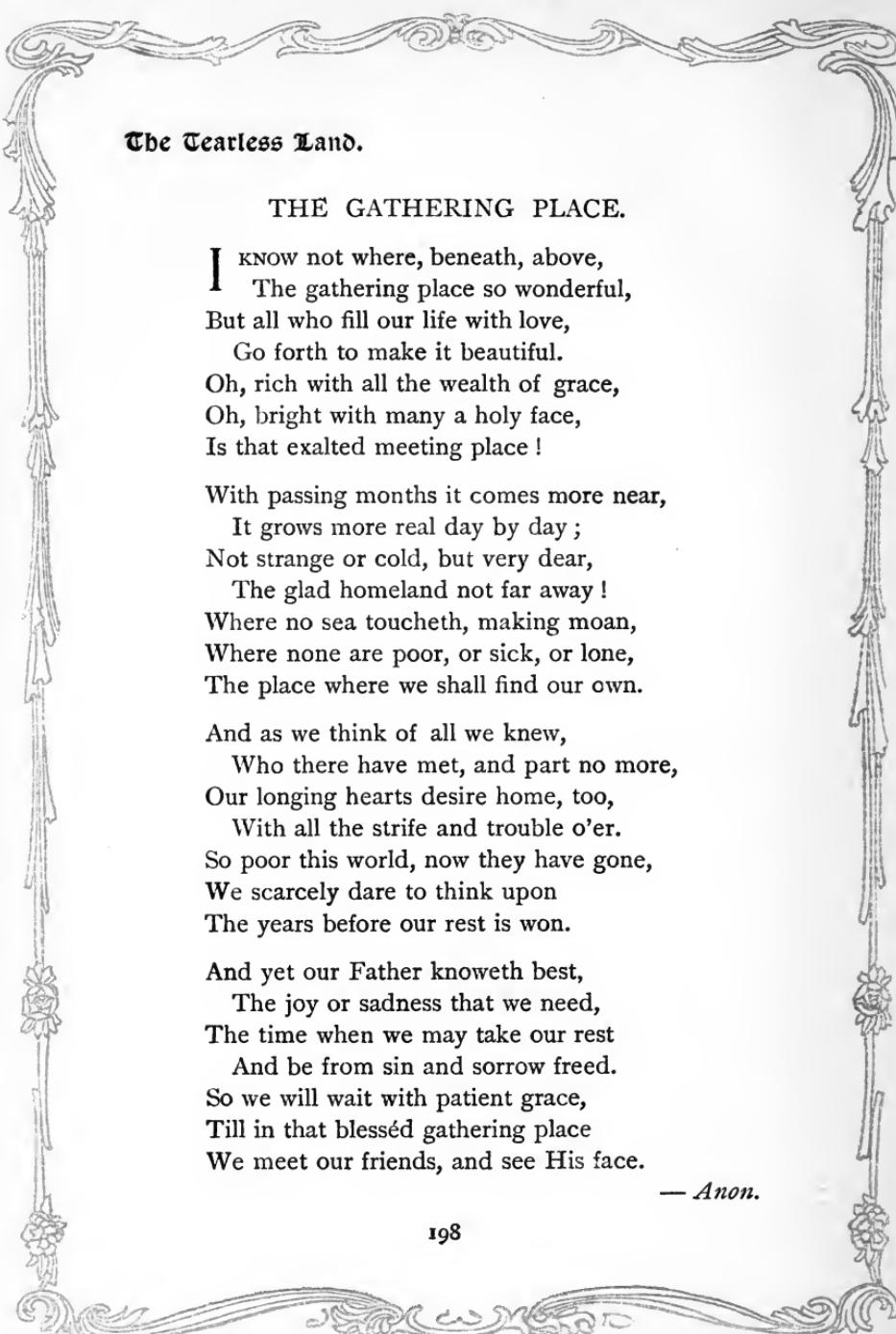
I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## FUTURITY.

AND, O beloved voices, upon which  
Ours passionately call, because ere long  
Ye brake off in the middle of that song  
We sang together softly, to enrich  
The poor world with the sense of love, and wick  
The heart out of things evil, — I am strong,  
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among  
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche  
In heaven to hold our idols : and albeit  
He brake them to our faces, and denied  
That our close kisses should impair their white, —  
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,  
The dust swept from their beauty, — glorified  
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



**The Tearless Land.**

**THE GATHERING PLACE.**

**I** KNOW not where, beneath, above,  
The gathering place so wonderful,  
But all who fill our life with love,  
Go forth to make it beautiful.  
Oh, rich with all the wealth of grace,  
Oh, bright with many a holy face,  
Is that exalted meeting place !

With passing months it comes more near,  
It grows more real day by day ;  
Not strange or cold, but very dear,  
The glad homeland not far away !  
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,  
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,  
The place where we shall find our own.

And as we think of all we knew,  
Who there have met, and part no more,  
Our longing hearts desire home, too,  
With all the strife and trouble o'er.  
So poor this world, now they have gone,  
We scarcely dare to think upon  
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best,  
The joy or sadness that we need,  
The time when we may take our rest  
And be from sin and sorrow freed.  
So we will wait with patient grace,  
Till in that blessed gathering place  
We meet our friends, and see His face.

— *Anon.*



## Reunions in Heaven.

### GOD GIVES WHAT HE GIVES.

"**G**OD lent him and takes him," you sigh !  
Nay, there let me break with your pain ;  
God 's generous in giving, say I :  
And the thing which he gives, I deny  
That he ever can take back again.

He 's ours and forever. Believe,  
O father ! O mother ! look back  
To the first love's assurance. To give  
Means with God not to tempt or deceive  
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content !  
He resumes nothing given — be sure !  
God lend ? Where the usurers lent  
In his temple, indignant he went  
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not ; but gives to the end,  
As he loves to the end. If it seem  
That he draws back a gift, comprehend  
'T is to add to it rather, — amend,  
And finish it up to your dream ; —

Or keep, — as a mother may toys  
Too costly, though given by herself,  
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,  
And the children more fit for such joys,  
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends ! you, who indeed  
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece

### The Tearless Land.

Of the heaven which men strive for, must need  
Be more earnest than others are — speed  
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.

Then courage ! 'T is easy for you  
To be drawn by a single gold hair  
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair  
To the safe place above us. Adieu.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### MY DEAD.

I CANNOT think of them as dead  
Who walk with me no more ;  
Along the path of life I tread  
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair  
Beyond my vision dim ;  
All souls are his, and here or there  
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry  
Within my heart hath place,  
As when on earth they walked with me  
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine ;  
What they to me have been  
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign  
Engraven deep within.

## Reunions in Heaven.

Mine are they by an ownership  
Nor time nor death can free ;  
For God hath given to Love to keep  
Its own eternally.

— *Frederick L. Hosmer.*

### LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once,  
Earth's lamentable sounds ; the welladay,  
The jarring yea and nay,  
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller ; —  
But all did leaven the air  
With a less bitter leaven of pure despair,  
Than these words — " I loved ONCE."  
And who saith, " I loved ONCE " ?  
Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love, foresee,  
Love through eternity,  
And by To Love do apprehend To Be.  
Not God, called LOVE, his noble crown-name, — casting  
A light too broad for blasting !  
The great God, changing not from everlasting,  
Saith never, " I loved ONCE."  
Oh, never is " Loved ONCE,"  
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized friend  
Thy cross and curse may rend ;  
But having loved thou lovest to the end !  
It is man's saying — man's. Too weak to move  
One sphered star above,  
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love  
With his No More, and Once.

## The Tearless Land.

How say ye, "We loved ONCE,"  
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,  
Mourners, without that snow?  
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?  
And could ye say of some whose love is known,  
Whose prayers have met your own,  
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone  
So long, — "We loved them ONCE"?

Could ye, "We loved her ONCE,"  
Say calm of *me*, sweet friends, when out of sight?  
When hearts of better right  
Stand in between me and your happy light?  
And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,  
Ye find my colors fade,  
And all that is not love in me, decayed?  
Such words — "Ye loved me ONCE!"

Could ye, "We loved her ONCE,"  
Say cold of me when further put away  
In earth's sepulchral clay?  
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?  
Not so! not then — *least* then! When life is shriven,  
And Death's full joy is given, —  
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,  
Say not, "We loved them ONCE."

Say never, ye loved ONCE!  
God is too near above, the grave, beneath,  
And all our moments breathe  
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,  
For such a word. The eternities avenge  
Affections light of range —

## Reunions in Heaven.

There comes no change to justify that change,  
Whatever comes — loved ONCE !

And yet that same word ONCE  
Is humanly acceptive ! Kings have said,  
Shaking a discrowned head,  
“ We ruled once,” — dotards, “ We once taught and led,”  
Cripples once danced i’ the vines — and bards approved,  
Were once by scorings moved :  
But love strikes one hour — LOVE. Those *never* loved,  
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## THE WAITING GREETING.

CLEAR in memory’s silent reaches  
Lie the pastures I have seen,  
Greener than the sunlit spaces  
Where the May has flung her green :  
Needs no sun and needs no starlight  
To illumine these fields of mine,  
For the glory of dead faces  
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures  
As my life-path groweth long ;  
By their quiet waters straying  
Oft I lay me, and am strong.  
And I call each by its giver,  
And the dear names bring to them  
Glory as from shining faces  
In some New Jerusalem.

### The Tearless Land.

Yet, oh, well I can remember,  
Once I called my pastures Pain,  
And their waters were a torrent  
Sweeping through my life amain !  
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,  
Brightness of all Happy Thought,  
Where I linger for a blessing  
From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power  
Maketh thus his pastures green,  
Maketh thus his quiet waters,  
Out of waste his heavens serene,  
I can trust the mighty Shepherd  
Loseth none he ever led ;  
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me  
On the faces of my dead !

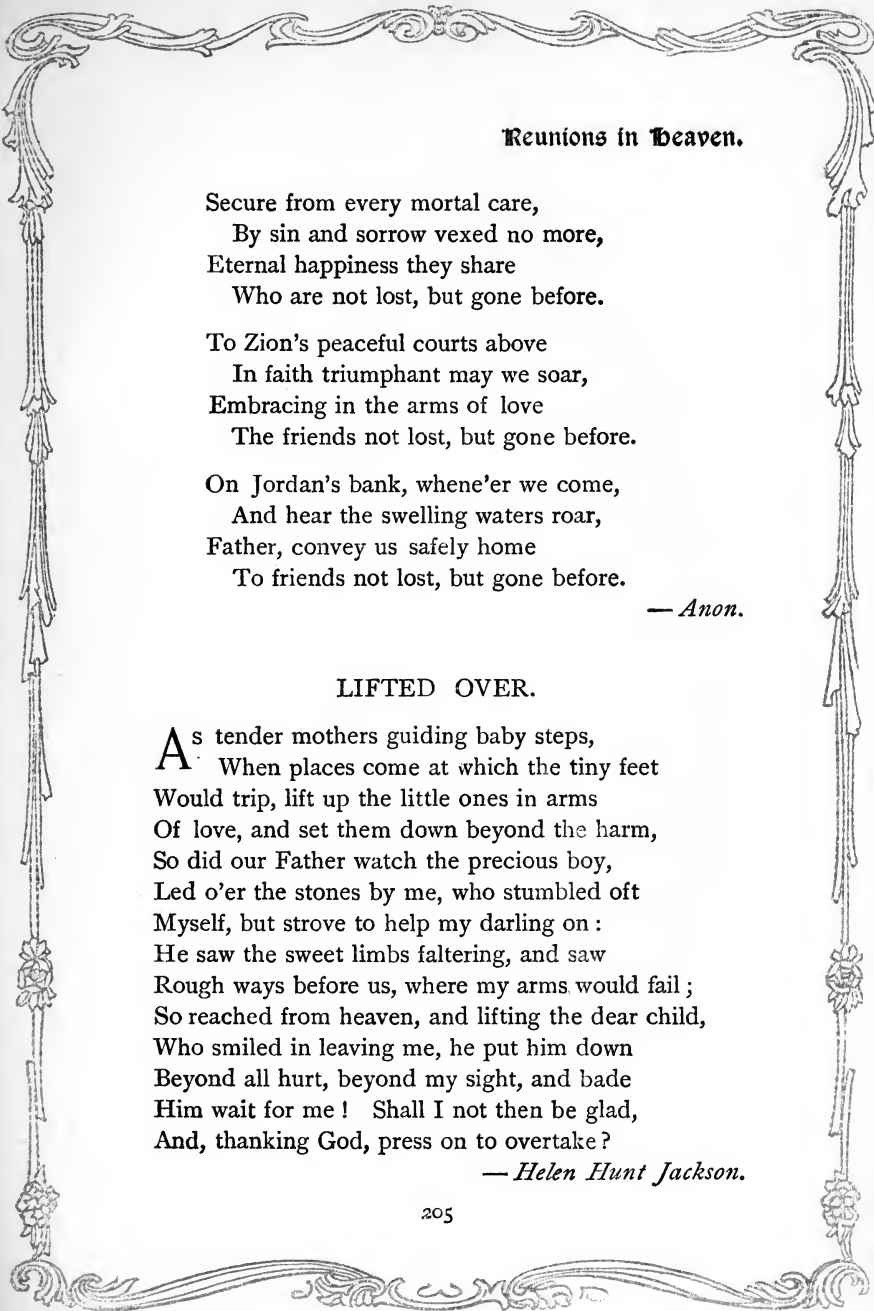
— William C. Gannett.

### NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

SAY, why should friendship grieve for those  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
Released from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost, but gone before.

How many painful days on earth  
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er !  
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth ;  
They are not lost, but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strain which angels pour ;  
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?  
They are not lost, but gone before.



### Reunions in Heaven.

Secure from every mortal care,  
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,  
Eternal happiness they share  
Who are not lost, but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above  
In faith triumphant may we soar,  
Embracing in the arms of love  
The friends not lost, but gone before.

On Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,  
And hear the swelling waters roar,  
Father, convey us safely home  
To friends not lost, but gone before.

— *Anon.*

### LIFTED OVER.

As tender mothers guiding baby steps,  
When places come at which the tiny feet  
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms  
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,  
So did our Father watch the precious boy,  
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft  
Myself, but strove to help my darling on :  
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw  
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail ;  
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,  
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down  
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade  
Him wait for me ! Shall I not then be glad,  
And, thanking God, press on to overtake ?

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

The Tearless Land.

A TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

THE happy winds are all astir,  
And softly falls the snow,  
As when my arms were holding *her*  
In the winters long ago.  
So long ago ! — and yet so late  
I seem to feel her feet  
Within my palms the while I wait  
Her singing low and sweet.

Whither she strays I may not know ;  
What flowers her fingers find  
To fasten in her raiment's flow  
Or shake out on the wind,  
I cannot tell ; but *this* I feel,  
Tho' fashioned so divine  
That all the angels round her kneel,  
She loves me and is mine.

She hath not found, in all the land  
Her presence lightens so,  
Forgetfulness of the poor hand  
She clung to long ago ;  
And often when the day is done,  
Ere sleep my senses hold,  
I feel her kisses one by one,  
Just as I did of old.

Something divides us ! It may be  
A sky of duller gray, —  
A little heavier cross for me  
To bear o'er bleaker way, —

## Reunions in Heaven.

A dearer duty for love's sake,  
Or yet a rosier dawn ;  
Whate'er it may be, when I wake  
Some morning, 't will be gone.

So, happily my pulses stir  
What time I watch the snow,  
As when my arms were holding *her*  
In the winters long ago.  
So long ago ! — and yet so late  
I seem to feel her feet  
Within my palms the while I wait,  
Her singing low and sweet.

— *Anon.*

## MUCH THE BEST.

**M**OTHER, I see you with your nursery light,  
Leading your babies, all in white,  
To their sweet rest ;  
**Christ**, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,  
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine  
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine  
On your warm breast ;  
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine ;  
He can love best !

You tremble each hour because your arms  
Are weak ; your heart is wrung with alarms,  
And sore opprest ;  
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,  
And that is best.

### The Tearless Land.

You know over yours may hang even now  
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow  
    Naught can arrest ;  
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,  
    And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one  
And dearest may live long years alone,  
    Unloved, unblest ;  
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,  
    And that is best.

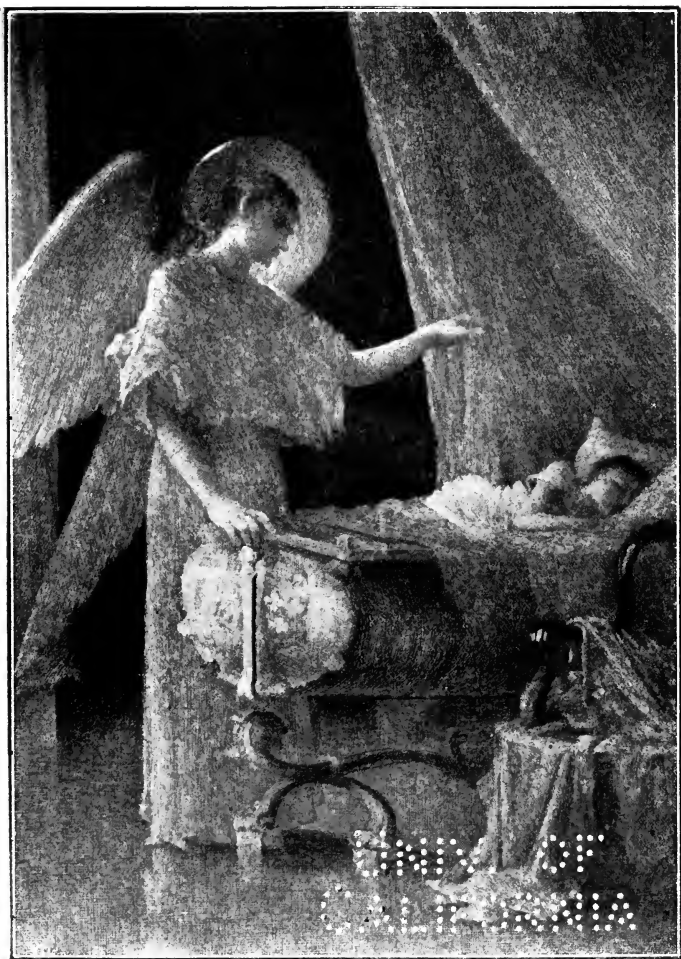
You must dread for yours the crime that sears,  
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,  
    And unconfessed ;  
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,  
    Oh, how much the best !

But grief is selfish ; I cannot see  
Always why I should so stricken be,  
    More than the rest ;  
But I know that, as well as for them, for me  
    God did the best !

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

### THE LONESOME ROAD.

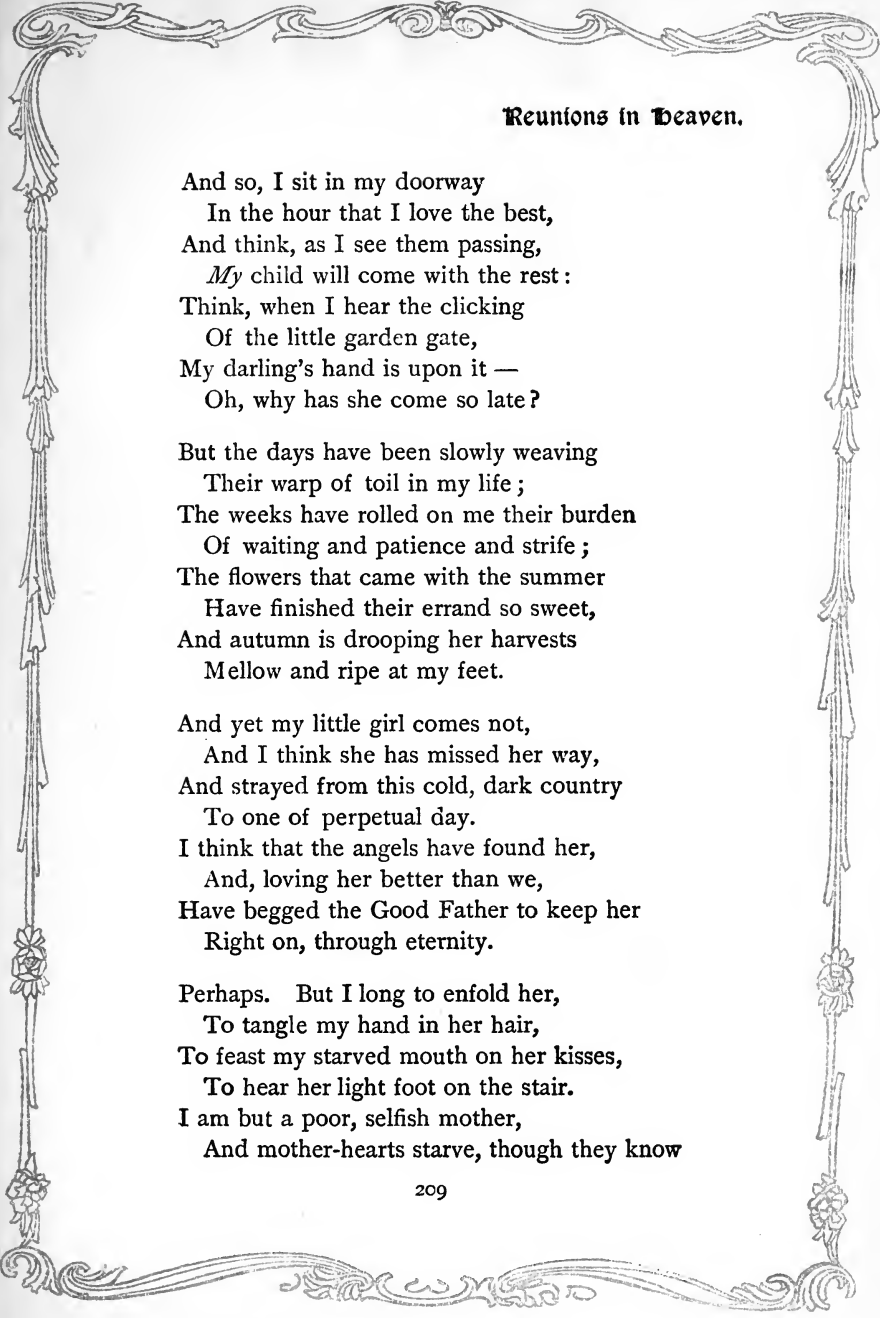
WHEN the crickets chirp in the evening,  
    And the stars flash out in the sky,  
I sit in my lonely doorway  
    And watch the children go by.  
I look at their fresh young faces,  
    And hark to each merry word,  
For to me, a child's own language  
    Is the sweetest e'er was heard.



I think that the Angels have found her  
And, loving her better than we,  
Have begged the Good Father to keep her  
Right on, through Eternity. Page 209  
(From Painting by F. Laurent)

THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

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## Reunions in Heaven.

And so, I sit in my doorway  
In the hour that I love the best,  
And think, as I see them passing,  
*My child will come with the rest :*  
Think, when I hear the clicking  
Of the little garden gate,  
My darling's hand is upon it —  
Oh, why has she come so late ?

But the days have been slowly weaving  
Their warp of toil in my life ;  
The weeks have rolled on me their burden  
Of waiting and patience and strife ;  
The flowers that came with the summer  
Have finished their errand so sweet,  
And autumn is drooping her harvests  
Mellow and ripe at my feet.

And yet my little girl comes not,  
And I think she has missed her way,  
And strayed from this cold, dark country  
To one of perpetual day.  
I think that the angels have found her,  
And, loving her better than we,  
Have begged the Good Father to keep her  
Right on, through eternity.

Perhaps. But I long to enfold her,  
To tangle my hand in her hair,  
To feast my starved mouth on her kisses,  
To hear her light foot on the stair.  
I am but a poor, selfish mother,  
And mother-hearts starve, though they know

### The Tearless Land.

Their children are drinking the nectar  
From lilies in heaven that blow.

Some day I am sure I shall find her, —

But the road is so lonesome between,  
My spirit grows sick and impatient

For a glimpse of the pastures so green ;  
Till then I shall sit in the doorway,

In the hour that my heart loves best,  
And think, when the children pass homeward,  
*My child will come with the rest.*

— *May Riley Smith.*

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair,” saith he ;  
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flow’rets gay,”  
The reaper said, and smiled ;  
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.



### Reunions in Heaven.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints upon their garments white  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The reaper came that day :  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

— *H. W. Longfellow.*

### HEARTS UNITED.

"That they may be one, even as we are one."

**T**HIS world is bright and fair, we know :  
The skies are arched in glory ;  
The stars shine on, the sweet flowers blow,  
And tell their blessed story.

But softer than the summer's breath,  
And fairer than its roses,  
Will be the clime afar, when Death  
The pearly gate uncloses, —

The land where broken ties shall twine,  
And fond hearts will not sever ;  
Where love's pure light shall brighter shine,  
Forever and forever.

— *Albert Laighton.*

## The Tearless Land.

### LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

**M**ID the pastures green of the blessed isle,  
Where never is heat or cold,  
Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile,  
Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.  
Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring,  
And never a heart grows old,  
Where the glad new song is the song they sing,  
Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.

There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth  
Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mould,  
But the light that paled at the stricken hearth  
Was joy to the Upper Fold :  
Oh, the white stone beareth a new name now,  
That never on earth was told,  
And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care  
The lambs of the Upper Fold.

— *Anon.*

### THE CIRCLE COMPLETE.

**O**URS is the grief, who still are left in this far wilderness  
Which will at times, now they are gone, seem  
blank and comfortless.  
For moments spent with loving hearts are breezes from  
the hills,  
And the balm of Christian brotherhood like Eden's dew  
distils :  
And we whose footsteps and whose hearts so often fail  
and faint,  
Seem ill to spare the cheering voice of one departed  
saint.

## Reunions in Heaven.

But oh, we sorrow not like those whom no bright hopes  
sustain,  
For them who sleep in Jesus, God will with him bring  
again.  
Love craves the presence and the sight of all its well-  
beloved,  
And therefore weep we in the homes whence they are far  
removed ;  
Love craves the presence and the sight of each beloved  
one,  
And therefore Jesus spake the word which caught them  
to his throne :  
“ Father, I will that all my own, which thou hast granted  
me,  
Be with me where I am to share my glory's bliss with  
thee.”

Thus heaven is gathering, one by one, in its capacious  
breast,  
All that is pure and permanent, and beautiful and blest ;  
The family is scatter'd yet, though of one home and  
heart,  
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly glory part.  
But who can speak the rapture, when the circle is  
complete,  
And all the children sunder'd now around one Father  
meet ?  
One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one everlasting  
home :  
“ Lo ! I come quickly.” “ Even so, Amen : Lord Jesus,  
come.”

— *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

## The Tearless Land.

### OH, GIVE THEM AGAIN TO ME.

"Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am."

I AM pressing on to the slippery shore  
With my sore and weary feet,  
But a little while and I hope to stand  
At the edge of the golden street.  
But I pray this prayer from amid the deep —  
O Saviour of sinners, bring  
Those whom I love to abide with me  
In the presence of the King.

There are warm young hearts in the household band ;  
There are brightly beaming eyes ;  
There are voices sweet that I fain would hear  
Mid the anthems of the skies :  
Thou knowest, O Jesus, how closely here  
The bonds of love entwine ;  
I count them o'er in the gloaming hour,  
And remember these words of thine.

There are trembling fingers and silvery hairs,  
And eyes that are growing dim,  
And voices less strong than in days of yore,  
Swelling the evening hymn.  
I would not miss them at home in heaven ;  
O Jesus, who gave them me,  
May I have them again in the land of peace,  
In the home by the glassy sea ?

When the golden crowns at my feet are cast,  
May they be among the band ;  
When the hymn is swelling o'er heavenly hills,  
Let them with the harpers stand.

## Reunions in Heaven.

It cannot be that the dearest ones  
Shall depart in the day of strife ;  
It cannot be that the loves of earth  
Shall die in the day of life.

I would that my dear ones might all be brought  
To the feet of the Crucified ;  
Might be carried to him when borne away  
By the coldly rolling tide.  
But man is weak, although love be strong,  
And I can but look to thee,  
And pray as thou prayedst in thine agony,  
Oh, give them again to me !

— *Marianne Farningham.*

## UNITED BY DEATH.

“TILL Death us part,”  
So speaks the heart,  
When each to each repeats the words of doom ;  
Through blessing and through curse,  
For better and for worse,  
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

Life with its myriad grasp,  
Our yearning souls shall clasp,  
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder :  
In bonds that shall endure,  
Indissolubly sure,  
Till God in death shall part our path asunder.

“*Till Death us join.*”  
O voice yet more divine !  
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime.

### The Tearless Land.

Through lonely hours  
And shattered powers  
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,  
Shall once more knit the band  
Which needs but that one link which none may sever ;  
Till, through the only Good,  
Heard, felt, and understood,  
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

— *Anon.*

### SOON WITH THEE.

OUR belovéd have departed,  
While we tarry, broken-hearted,  
In the dreary, empty house ;  
They have ended life's brief story ;  
They have reached the home of glory,  
Over death victorious !

Hush that sobbing ; weep more lightly ;  
On we travel, daily, nightly,  
To the rest that they have found ;  
Are we not upon the river,  
Sailing fast to meet forever  
On more holy, happy ground ?

Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,  
Thought to buried loves returning,  
Time is hasting us along,  
Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,  
Upward to the fountain welling  
With eternal life and song !

## Reunions in Heaven.

See ye not the breezes hying,  
Clouds along in hurry flying?

But we haste more swiftly on,  
Ever changing our position,  
Ever tossed in strange transition,  
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.

Every hour that passes o'er us  
Speaks of comfort yet before us,  
Of our journey's rapid rate ;  
And, like passing vesper bells,  
The clock of time its chiming tells  
At eternity's broad gate.

On we haste to home invited,  
There with friends to be united  
In a surer bond than here,  
Meeting soon, and met forever ;  
Glorious hope ! forsake us never,  
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah, the way is shining clearer,  
As we journey, ever nearer  
To the everlasting home ;  
Friends who there await our landing,  
Comrades round the throne now standing,  
We salute you, and we come !

— *From the German of J. Lange.*

## THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

'T is but one family, — the sound is balm,  
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart,  
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,  
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

### The Tearless Land.

'T is but one family, — the accents come  
Like light from heaven to break the night of woe,  
The banner-cry, to call the spirit home,  
The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate — is memory dead?  
Has thought, too, vanished, and has love grown chill?  
Has every relic and memento fled,  
And are the living only with us still?

No ! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain,  
Objects of love and ever-fresh delight ;  
And fancy leads them in her fairy train,  
In half-seen transports past the mourner's sight.

Yes ! in ten thousand ways, or far or near,  
The called by love, by meditation brought,  
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,  
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates ; the golden wires  
That ever trembled to their names before,  
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,  
And those we love, we look upon no more.

No more indeed in sorrow and in pain,  
But even memory's need ere long will cease,  
For we shall join the lost of love again,  
In endless bands, and in eternal peace.

— *James Edmeston.*

### THE OLD VOICES.

I FEEL the unutterable longing,  
The hunger of the heart is mine ;  
I reach and grasp for hands in darkness,  
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

## Reunions in Heaven.

O friend, no proof beyond this yearning,  
This outstretch of our hearts, we need ;  
God will not mock the hope he giveth,  
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er ;  
Some day their arms shall close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

ONE year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been ;  
One year has heaven's white portal shut back the  
sound of sin :

And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating down from  
thee,

To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven may be.

Our hearts before it listen, — the beautiful closed gate :  
The silence yearns around us ; we listen and we wait.

It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies bloom ;  
In thine immortal garland canst find for these no room ?

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us here :  
Now, from the heights of heaven, seems earth no longer  
dear ?

We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state afar,  
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer : therein can be no loss ;  
To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to cross ;  
No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen ;  
A veil before us only ; — thou in the light serene.

### The Tearless Land.

That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might waft  
aside ;

We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear Guide :  
Passed in to open vision, out of our mists and rain,  
Thou seest how sorrow blossoms ; how peace is won  
from pain.

And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep calm of bliss,  
To say of earth, " Beloved, how beautiful it is !  
The lilies in this splendor, — the green leaves in this  
dew ; —

Oh, earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed anew ! "

So, when the sky seems bluer, and when the blossoms  
wear

Some tender, mystic shading we never knew was there,  
We 'll say, " We see things earthly by light of sainted  
eyes ;

She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from Paradise. "

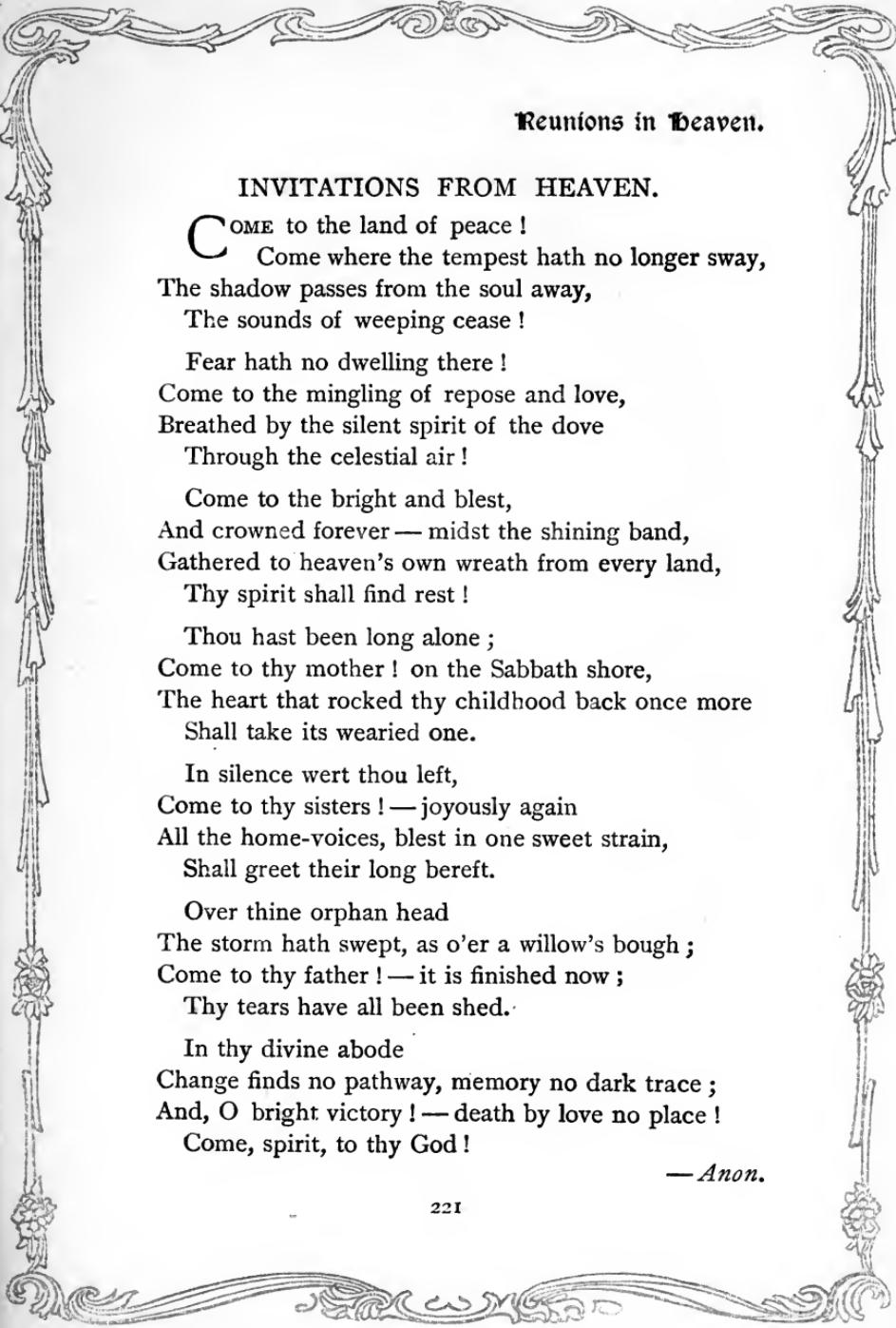
Because we know thee near us, and nearer still to Him,  
Who fills thy cup of being with glory to the brim,  
We will not stain with grieving our fair, though fainter  
light,

But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and go,  
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow,  
Hearing, from that sweet country where blighting never  
came,

Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and heaven the  
same.

— *Lucy Larcom.*



Reunions in Heaven.

INVITATIONS FROM HEAVEN.

COME to the land of peace !  
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease !

Fear hath no dwelling there !  
Come to the mingling of repose and love,  
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove  
Through the celestial air !

Come to the bright and blest,  
And crowned forever — midst the shining band,  
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,  
Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone ;  
Come to thy mother ! on the Sabbath shore,  
The heart that rocked thy childhood back once more  
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left,  
Come to thy sisters ! — joyously again  
All the home-voices, blest in one sweet strain,  
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough ;  
Come to thy father ! — it is finished now ;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode  
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace ;  
And, O bright victory ! — death by love no place !  
Come, spirit, to thy God !

— Anon.

## The Tearless Land.

### THAT HAPPIER SPHERE.

FRIEND, after friend, departs ;  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end :  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime,  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone :  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.

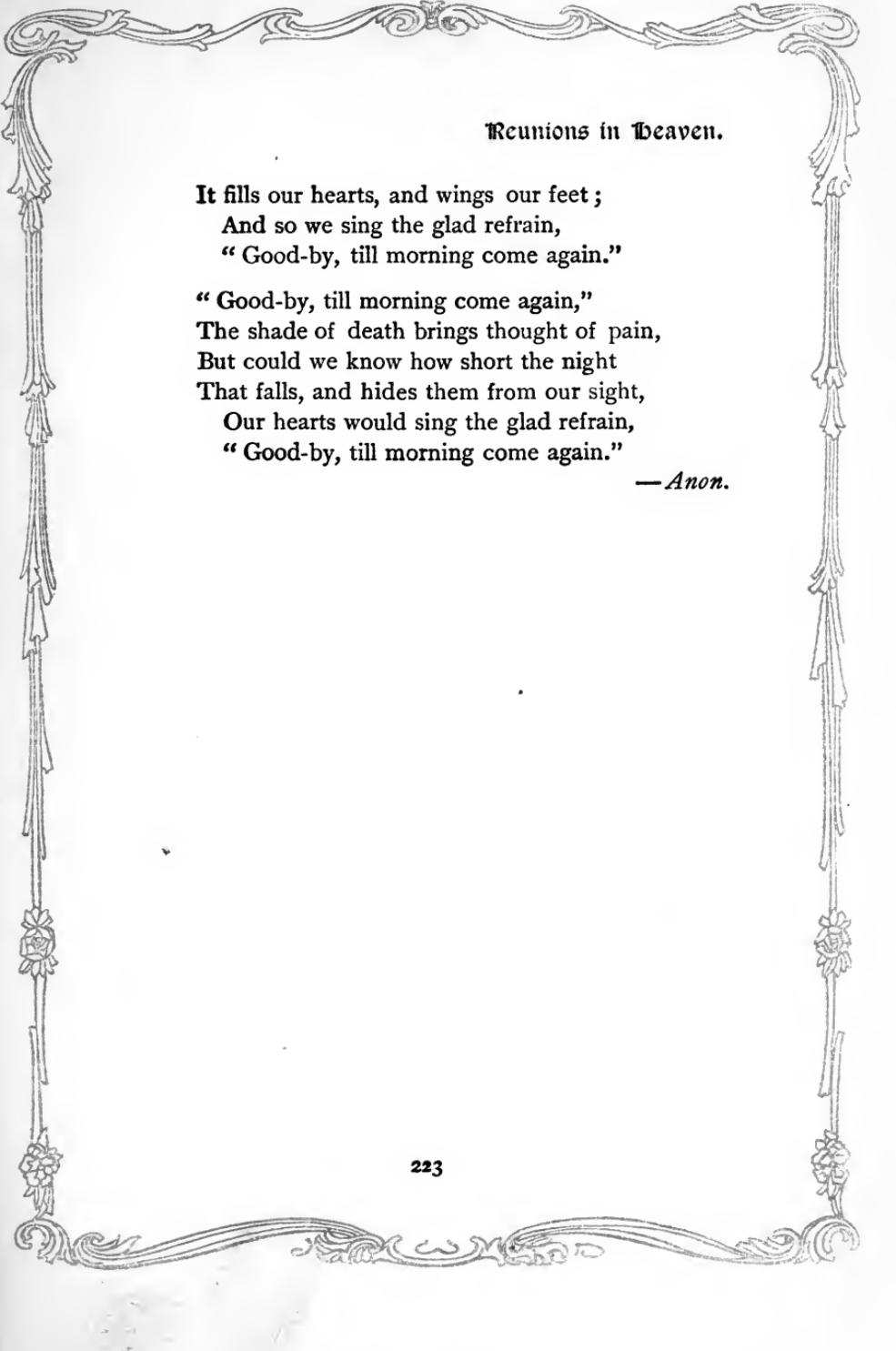
Thus star by star declines  
Till we are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day ;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1824.

— *James Montgomery.*

### "GOOD-BY TILL MORNING."

"GOOD-BY, till morning come again,"  
We part, but not with aught of pain,  
The night is short, and hope is sweet,

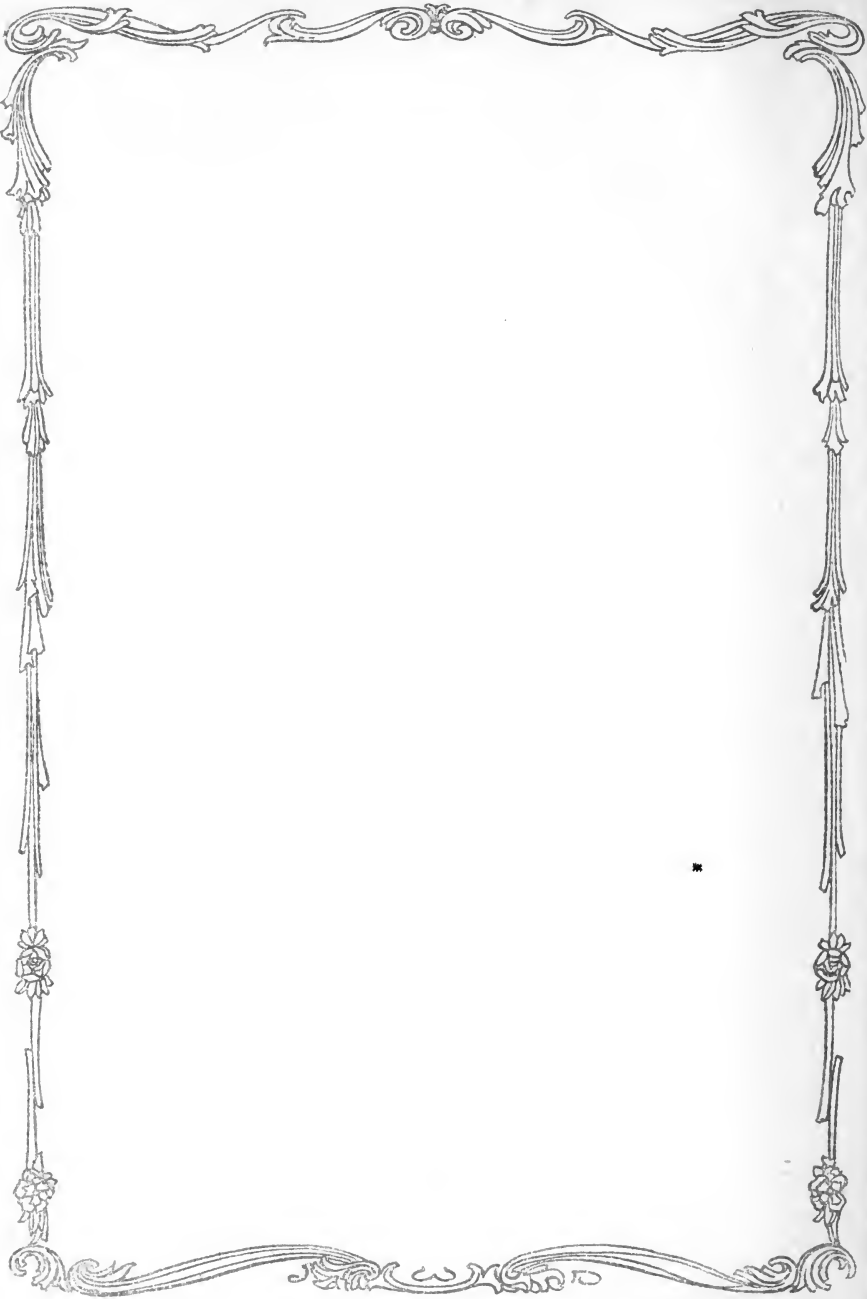


Reunions in Heaven.

It fills our hearts, and wings our feet ;  
And so we sing the glad refrain,  
“ Good-by, till morning come again.”

“ Good-by, till morning come again,”  
The shade of death brings thought of pain,  
But could we know how short the night  
That falls, and hides them from our sight,  
Our hearts would sing the glad refrain,  
“ Good-by, till morning come again.”

— *Anon.*



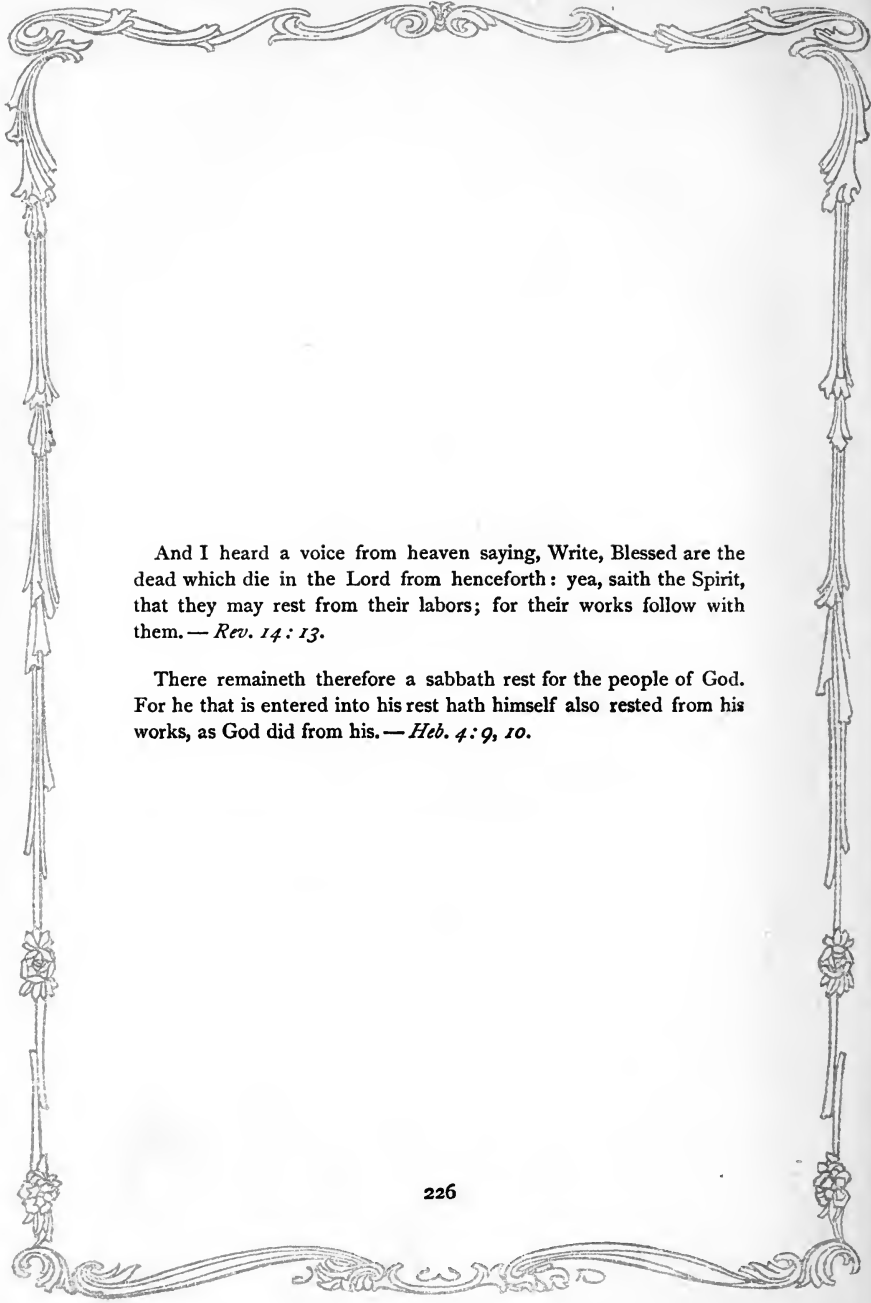


VIII.

**Rest in Heaven.**

*Blessed fold! no foe can enter,  
And no friend departeth thence;  
Jesus is their sun and center,  
And their shield, Omnipotence.  
Blessed; for the Lamb shall feed them,  
All their tears shall wipe away,  
To the living fountains lead them,  
Till fruition's perfect day.*

— *Josiah Conder.*



And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them. — *Rev. 14: 13.*

There remaineth therefore a sabbath rest for the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest hath himself also rested from his works, as God did from his. — *Heb. 4: 9, 10.*

## Rest in Heaven.

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### IN HEAVEN ALONE IS REST.

NOT in this weary world of ours  
Can perfect rest be found ;  
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers,  
Even on cultured ground.  
A brook to drink of by the way,  
A rock its shade to cast,  
May cheer our path from day to day,  
But such not long can last ;  
Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird  
To seek a lot more blest ;  
And this must be his onward word, —  
“ In heaven alone is rest.”

This cannot be our resting-place,  
Though now and then a gleam  
Of lovely nature, heavenly grace,  
May on thee briefly beam ;  
Grief's pelting shower, care's darkening shroud,  
Still falls, or hovers near ;  
And sin's pollutions often cloud  
The light of life while here ;  
Nor till it “ shuffle off the coil ”  
In which it lies depressed,  
Can the pure spirit cease from toil :  
“ In heaven alone is rest ; ” —

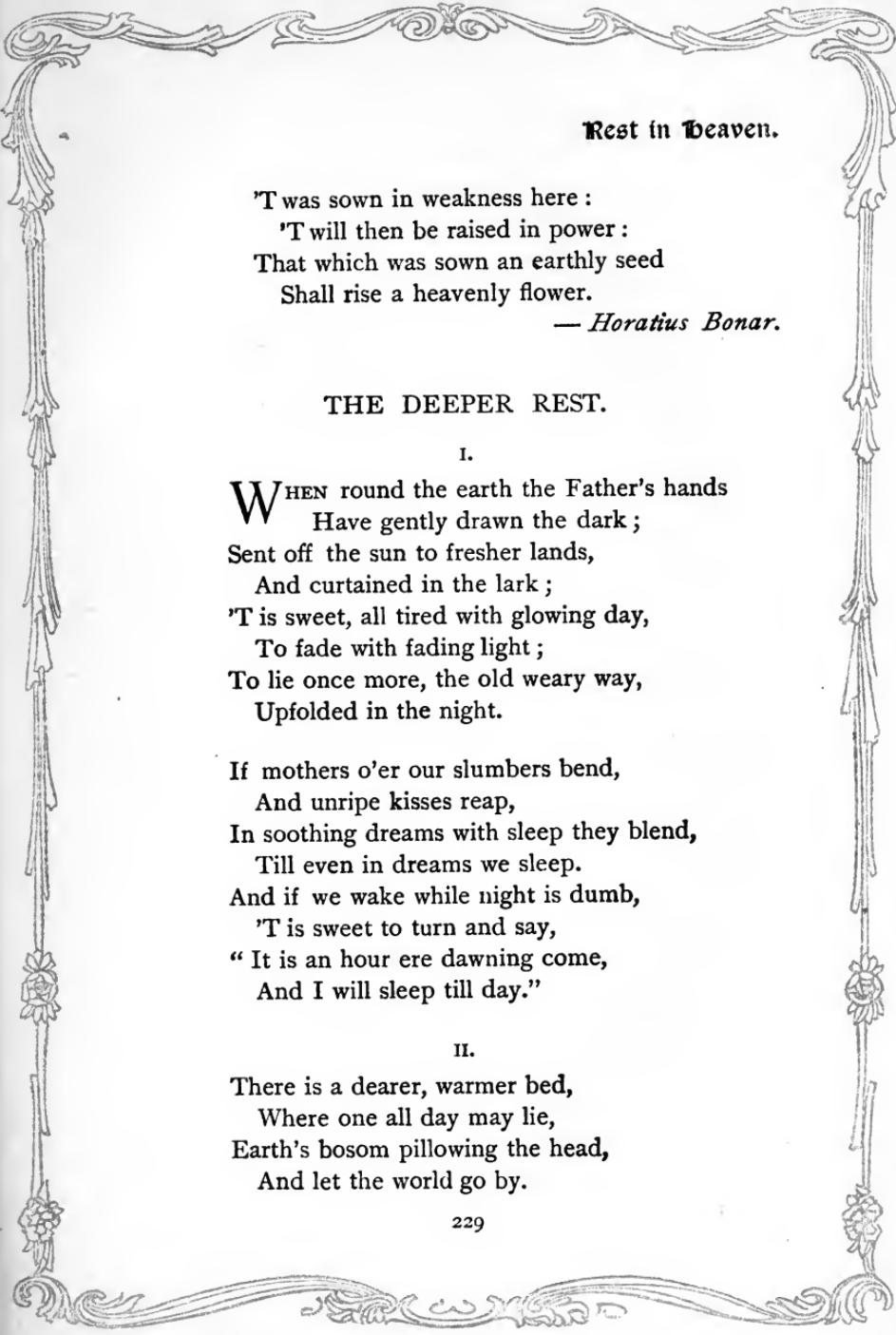
## The Tearless Land.

Rest to the weary, anxious soul,  
That on life's toilsome road  
Bears onward to the destined goal  
Its heavy, galling load ;  
Rest unto eyes that often weep  
Beneath the day's broad light,  
Or oftener painful vigils keep  
Through the dark hours of night ;  
But let us bear with pain and care,  
As ills to be redressed,  
Relying on the promise fair, —  
" In heaven there will be rest."

— *Anon.*

## REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

REST for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the anxious brow,  
Rest for the weary, wayworn feet,  
Rest from all labor now.  
Rest for the fevered brain,  
Rest for the throbbing eye :  
Through these parched lips of thine, no more  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.  
Soon shall the trump of God  
Give out the welcome sound  
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,  
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.  
Ye dwellers in the dust,  
Awake ! come forth and sing !  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.



Rest in Heaven.

'T was sown in weakness here :  
'T will then be raised in power :  
That which was sown an earthly seed  
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

THE DEEPER REST.

I.

WHEN round the earth the Father's hands  
Have gently drawn the dark ;  
Sent off the sun to fresher lands,  
And curtained in the lark ;  
'T is sweet, all tired with glowing day,  
To fade with fading light ;  
To lie once more, the old weary way,  
Upfolded in the night.

If mothers o'er our slumbers bend,  
And unripe kisses reap,  
In soothing dreams with sleep they blend,  
Till even in dreams we sleep.  
And if we wake while night is dumb,  
'T is sweet to turn and say,  
" It is an hour ere dawning come,  
And I will sleep till day."

II.

There is a dearer, warmer bed,  
Where one all day may lie,  
Earth's bosom pillowing the head,  
And let the world go by.

## The Tearless Land.

There come no watching mother's eyes ;  
The stars instead look down ;  
Upon it breaks, and silent dies  
The murmur of the town.

The great world, shouting, forward fares ;  
This chamber, hid from none,  
Hides safe from all, for no one cares  
For him whose work is done.  
Cheer thee, my friend ; bethink thee how  
A certain unknown place,  
Or here or there, is waiting now,  
To rest thee from thy race.

### III.

Nay, nay, not there the rest from harms,  
The slow composéd breath !  
Not there the folding of the arms !  
Not there the sleep of death !  
It needs no curtained bed to hide  
The world with all its wars ;  
No grassy cover to divide  
From sun and moon and stars.

There is a rest that deeper grows  
In midst of pain and strife ;  
A mighty, conscious, willed repose,  
The death of deepest life.  
To have and hold the precious prize  
No need of jealous bars ;  
But windows open to the skies,  
And skill to read the stars.



## Rest in Heaven.

### IV.

Who dwelleth in that secret place,  
Where tumult enters not,  
Is never cold with terror base,  
Never with anger hot.  
For if an evil host should dare  
His very heart invest,  
God is his deeper heart, and there  
He enters into rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,  
And tear the scattered waves,  
Peaceful as summer woods, below  
Lie darkling ocean caves :  
The wind of words may toss my heart,  
But what is that to me ?  
'T is but a surface storm — Thou art  
My deep, still, resting sea.

— *George Macdonald.*

### THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distrest,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'T is found above, in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,  
'T is fair as breath of even ;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose — in heaven.

### The Tearless Land.

There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There, rays divine disperse the gloom :  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

— *William Bingham Tappan.*

### IN COELO QUIES.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow  
Its darkened shadow fling,  
And hopes that cheer thee now  
Die in their early spring ;  
Should pleasure at its birth  
Fade, like the hues of even,  
Turn thou away from earth ;  
There's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life shall seem  
To thee a toilsome way,  
And gladness cease to beam  
Upon its clouded day ;

**Rest in Heaven.**

If, like the weary dove,  
O'er shoreless ocean driven,  
Raise thou thine eye above ;  
There 's rest for thee in heaven.

But oh, if thornless flowers  
Throughout thy pathway bloom,  
And gayly fleet the hours,  
Unstained by earthly gloom,  
Still let not every thought  
To this poor world be given,  
Nor always be forgot  
Thy better rest in heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek  
And dims thy lustrous eye,  
And pulses low and weak  
Tell of a time to die,  
Sweet Hope shall whisper then,  
"Though thou from earth be riven,  
There 's bliss beyond thy ken,  
There 's rest for thee in heaven."

— *J. Huntington Bright.*

**THE SLEEP.**

He giveth His beloved sleep. — *Psalm 127 : 2.*

**I.**

**O**F all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this —  
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

## The Tearless Land.

### II.

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows? —  
He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

### III.

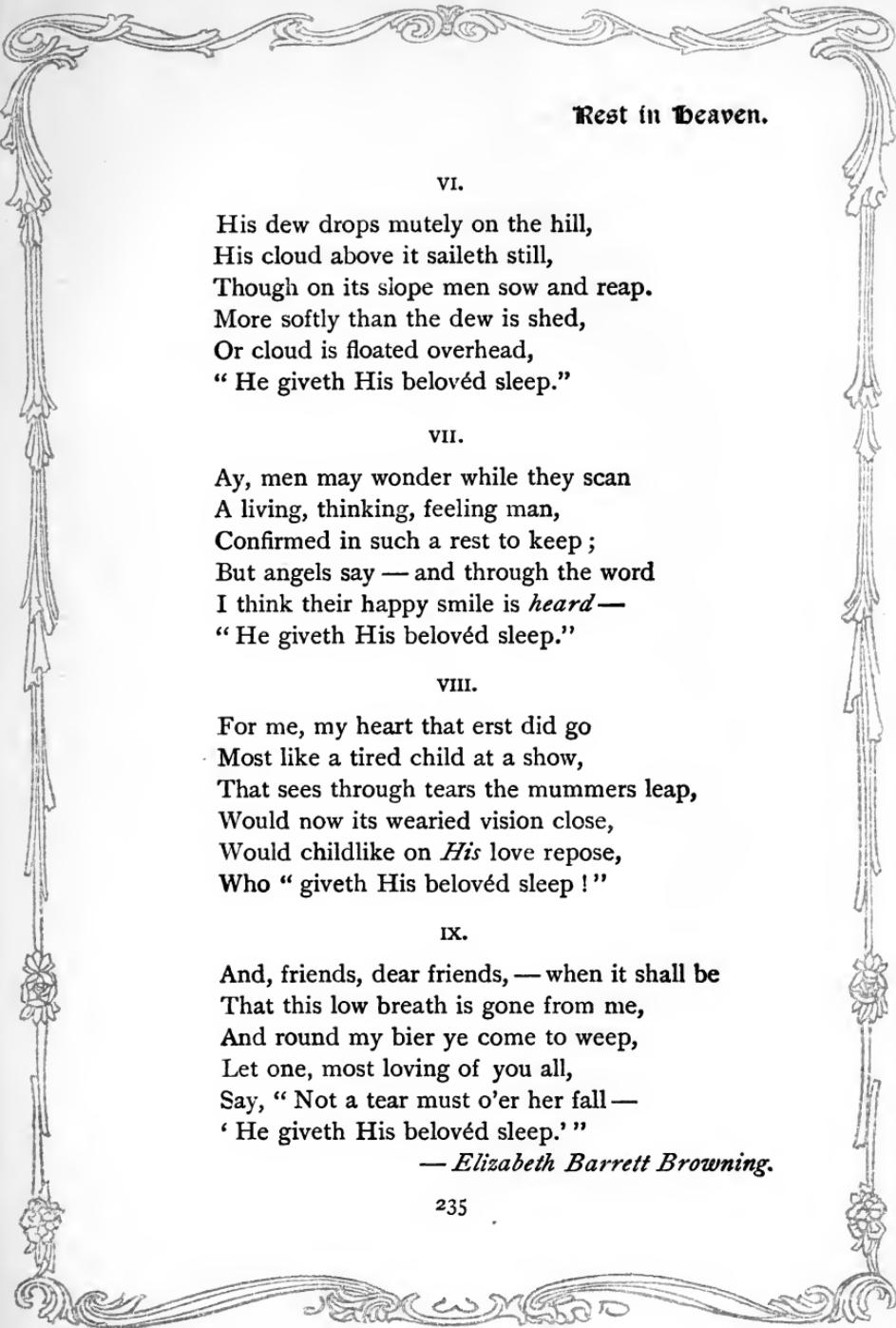
What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake,  
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

### IV.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

### V.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delv'd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And "giveth *His* beloved sleep."



Rest in Heaven.

VI.

His dew drops mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“He giveth His belovéd sleep.”

VII.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;  
But angels say — and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard* —  
“He giveth His belovéd sleep.”

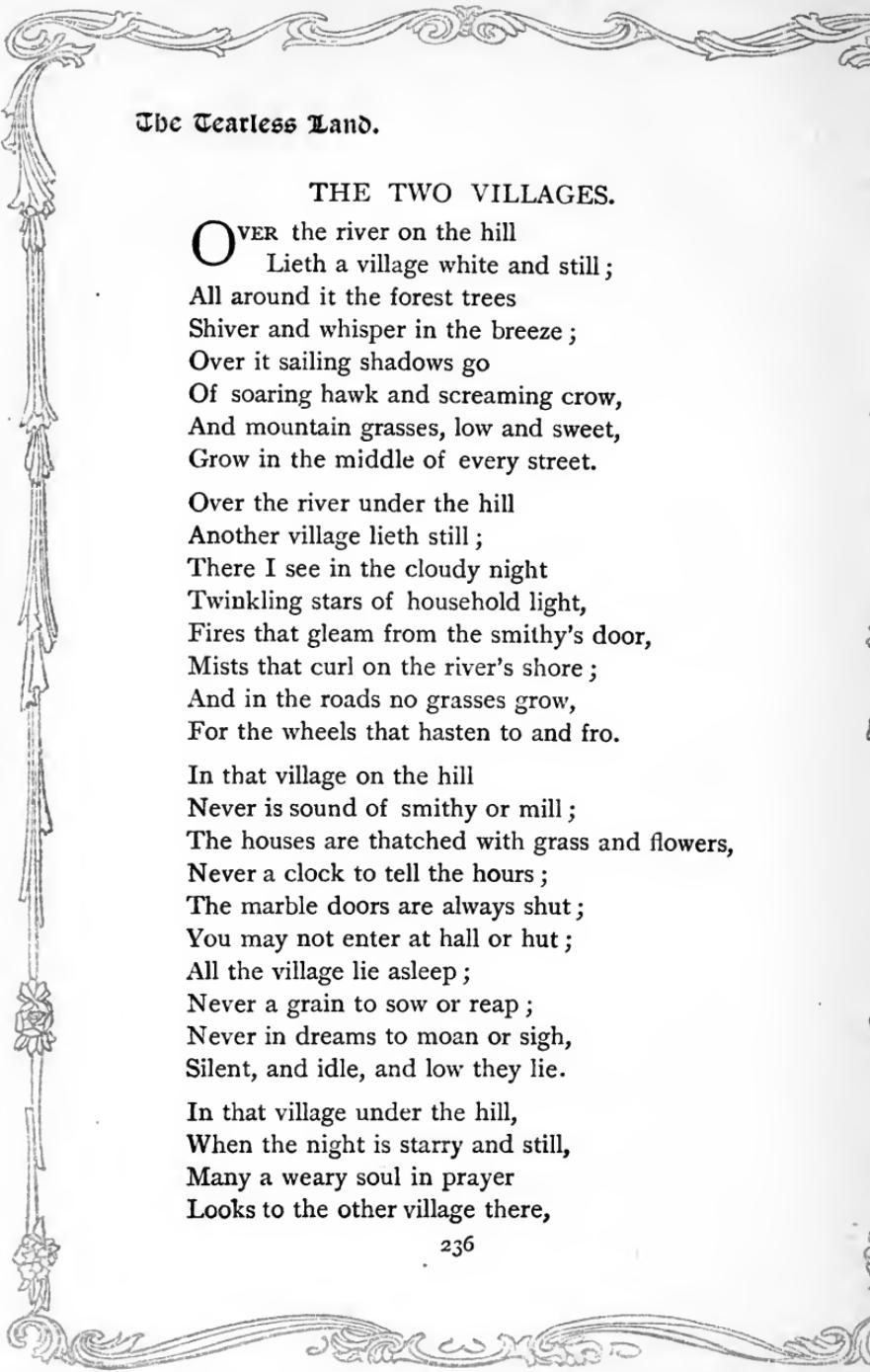
VIII.

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on *His* love repose,  
Who “giveth His belovéd sleep !”

IX.

And, friends, dear friends, — when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall —  
‘He giveth His belovéd sleep.’”

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



The Tearless Land.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river on the hill  
Lieth a village white and still ;  
All around it the forest trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze ;  
Over it sailing shadows go  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill  
Another village lieth still ;  
There I see in the cloudy night  
Twinkling stars of household light,  
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,  
Mists that curl on the river's shore ;  
And in the roads no grasses grow,  
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill  
Never is sound of smithy or mill ;  
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,  
Never a clock to tell the hours ;  
The marble doors are always shut ;  
You may not enter at hall or hut ;  
All the village lie asleep ;  
Never a grain to sow or reap ;  
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,  
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer  
Looks to the other village there,

**Rest in Heaven.**

And weeping and sighing, longs to go  
Up to *that* home, from this below ;  
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,  
Whither have vanished wife and child,  
And heareth, praying, this answer fall —  
“ Patience ! that village shall hold ye all ! ”

— *Rose Terry Cooke.*

**AT EVENING-TIME.**

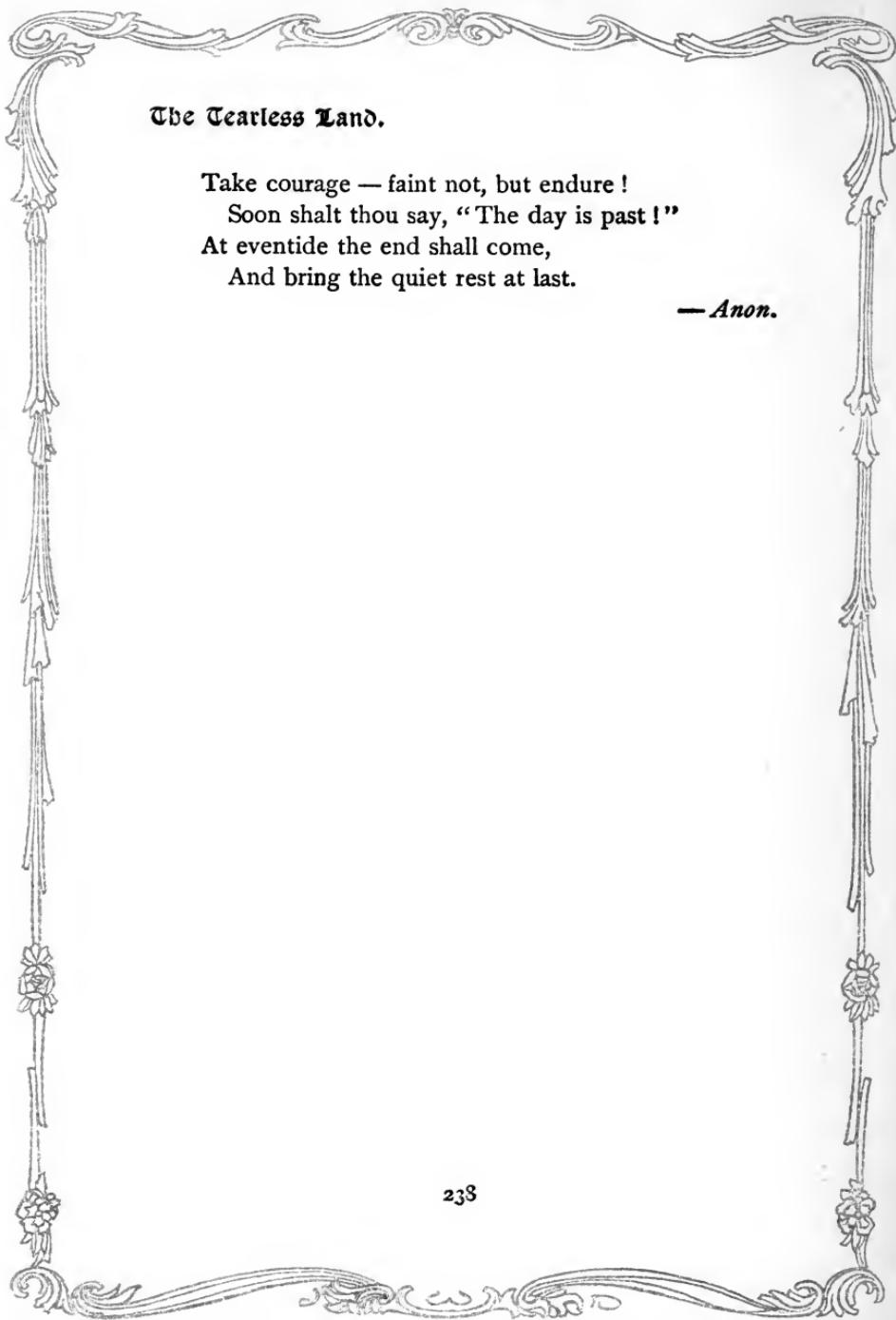
**T**HE light fades out of calméd sea,  
Dark shadows scar its lustrous breast ;  
Flushed, like the petal of a flower,  
The white sail melts into the west.

Far o'er the blue the weary winds  
Have winged their flight, and swell no more  
The waves' sad music o'er the shrill  
Of ripples on the pebbly shore.

Rest comes at last ! o'er purple hills  
The silvery sheep-bell tinkles clear,  
Slowly the lowing kine descend  
The homeward paths, and on the ear

Ring joyous echoes from afar  
As reapers lay their sickles by.  
Then all sound dies, and land and sea  
Sleep calmly 'neath a silent sky.

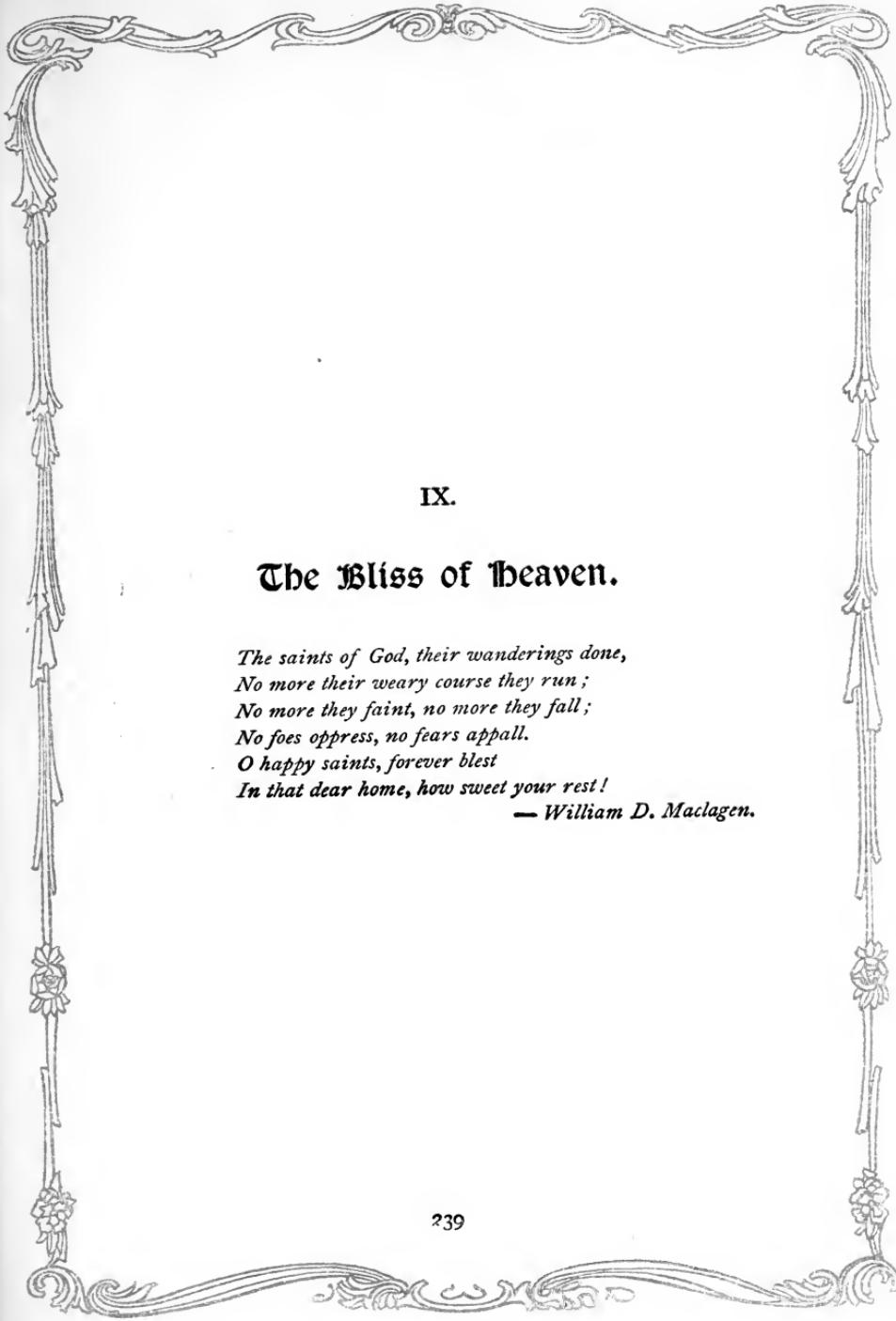
Rest comes at last ! O weary heart,  
Fevered and fainting, racked by care,  
And toiling 'neath thy earthly cross  
Too great for mortal strength to bear,



**The Tearless Land.**

Take courage — faint not, but endure !  
Soon shalt thou say, "The day is past !"  
At eventide the end shall come,  
And bring the quiet rest at last.

— *Anon.*

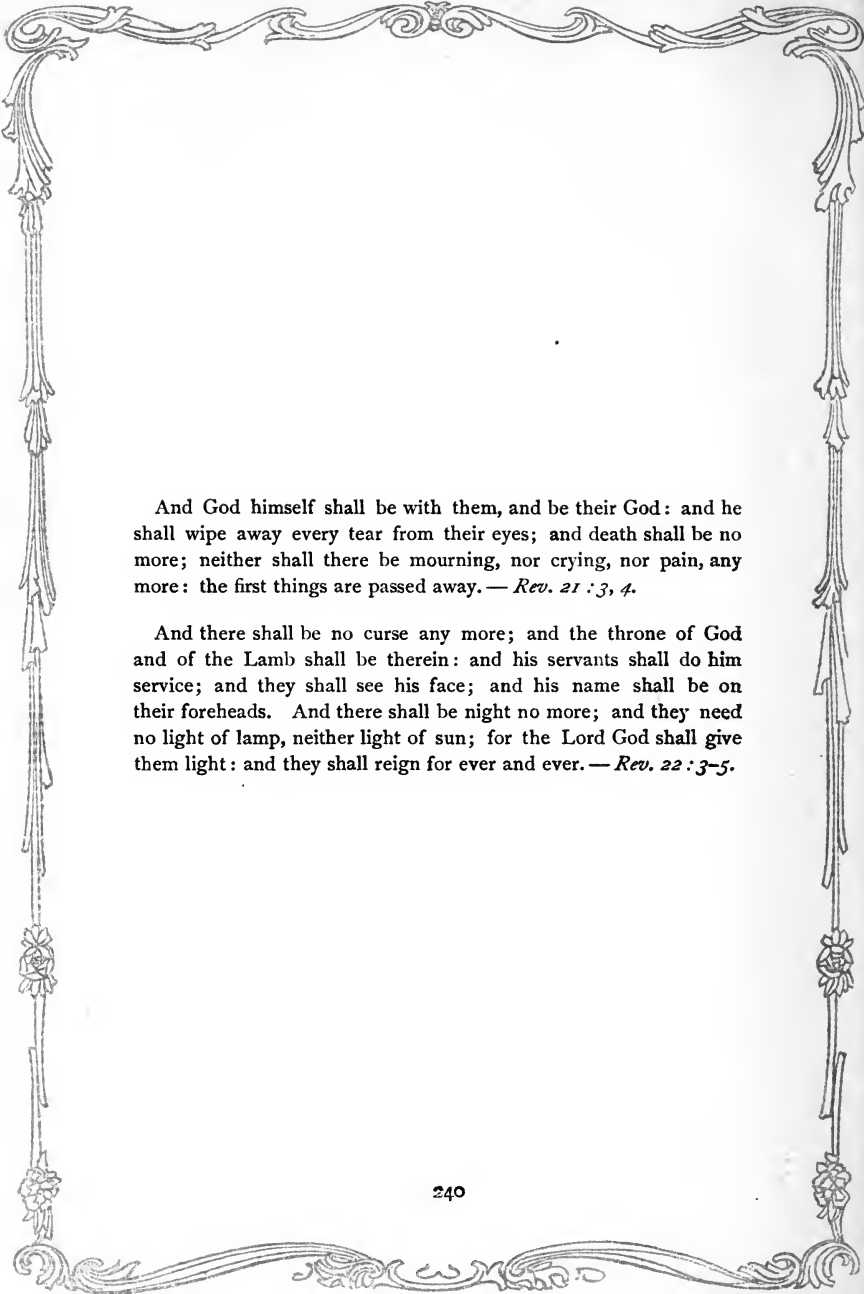


IX.

**The Bliss of Heaven.**

*The saints of God, their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run ;  
No more they faint, no more they fall ;  
No foes oppress, no fears appall.  
O happy saints, forever blest  
In that dear home, how sweet your rest !*

— William D. MacLagen.



And God himself shall be with them, and be their God: and he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. — *Rev. 21 : 3, 4.*

And there shall be no curse any more; and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and his servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever. — *Rev. 22 : 3-5.*

## The Bliss of Heaven.

### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.<sup>1</sup>

(Selig sind die in dem Herrn sterben.)

OH, how blest are ye whose toils are ended !  
Who, through death, have unto God ascended !  
Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,  
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving ;  
Our undertakings  
Are but toils, and troubles, and heartbreakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,  
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping ;  
No cross nor trial  
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever ;  
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.  
To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart with gladness,  
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?  
Who here would languish  
Longer in bewailing and in anguish ?

<sup>1</sup> Note 7.

### The Tearless Land.

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us !  
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us !  
With thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

### THE WEDDING FEAST.

COURAGE, O faithful heart ;  
Steadfast forever !  
In the eternal love  
Faltering never :  
Courage, O downcast eyes,  
Bitter tears shedding ;  
Hark ! how the chimes ring out  
Joy for the wedding !  
Open the golden doors ;  
Through the high portal  
Let the rich glory stream  
Sea-like, immortal !  
Open the golden doors  
Wide from the center ; —  
Countless the multitude  
Hither must enter !  
Light up the palace halls,  
From roof-tree to basement ;  
Bid the warm festal glow  
Flood every casement :  
Chant ye the bridal song  
Solemn and holy,  
Waking to Paradise  
Souls that lie holy ;

## The Bliss of Heaven.

But of old battlefields  
No man remembers ;  
Out of still village yards  
And dank charnel chambers,  
From the chill ocean graves  
Under far waters,  
And the dear sepulchers  
Where sleep the martyrs ;  
Dives and Lazarus,  
One with the other ;  
Peasant and emperor,  
Foeman and brother ;  
Men with long century-lives,  
Braving death's shadow,  
And sweet baby blossoms, — fresh  
As flower in the meadow : —  
Out of the million haunts  
Where dead men lie idle,  
Out of life's thousand ways : —  
Call to the bridal :  
Open the golden doors  
Wide from the center !  
For they that are ready  
To glory shall enter.

— *W. E. Littlewood.*

## NO GRAVES ARE THERE.

“No graves are there,”  
No willow weeps above the grassy bed  
Where sleeps the young, the fondly loved, the fair,  
The early dead !

## The Tearless Land.

No funeral knell  
Blends with the breeze of spring its mournful tone,  
Bidding henceforth the balmy breezes tell  
Of loved ones gone.

O'er the cold brow  
No bitter tears of agony are shed ;  
None o'er the still, pale form, in anguish bow,  
Whence life has fled.

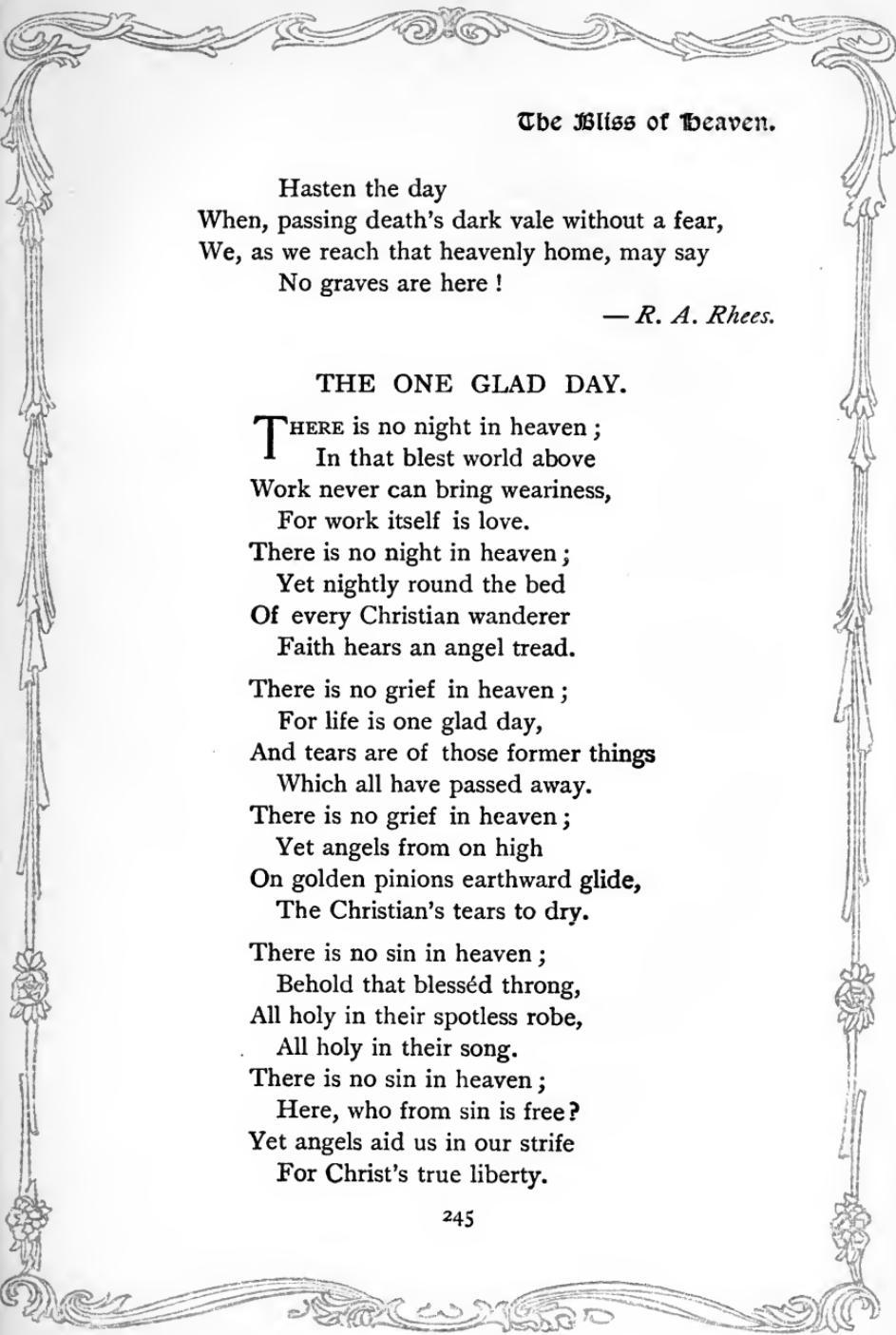
"No graves are there,"  
Nor sunny slope, green turf, or quiet grot,  
Those sad mementoes of departure bear,  
For death is not.

That fearful foe !  
Here, ever bearing from us those we love,  
Resistless as his power is owned below,  
Has none above.

No ! in the tomb  
Ends his dominion ; — there his power is o'er,  
And they who safely tread its path of gloom  
Shall die no more !

"No graves are there ;"  
Father, we thank thee that there is a clime  
Guarded alike from death, and grief, and care,  
Untouched by Time.

We praise Thy name  
That from the dust and darkness of the tomb  
We can look up in faith, and humbly claim  
Our future home.



The Bliss of Heaven.

Hasten the day  
When, passing death's dark vale without a fear,  
We, as we reach that heavenly home, may say  
No graves are here !

— *R. A. Rhees.*

THE ONE GLAD DAY.

THERE is no night in heaven ;  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.  
There is no night in heaven ;  
Yet nightly round the bed  
Of every Christian wanderer  
Faith hears an angel tread.  
There is no grief in heaven ;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.  
There is no grief in heaven ;  
Yet angels from on high  
On golden pinions earthward glide,  
The Christian's tears to dry.  
There is no sin in heaven ;  
Behold that blessed throng,  
All holy in their spotless robe,  
All holy in their song.  
There is no sin in heaven ;  
Here, who from sin is free?  
Yet angels aid us in our strife  
For Christ's true liberty.

### The Tearless Land.

There is no death in heaven ;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.  
There is no death in heaven ;  
But when the Christian dies,  
The angels 'wait his parted soul,  
And waft it to the skies.

— *Frederick D. Huntington.*

### O HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

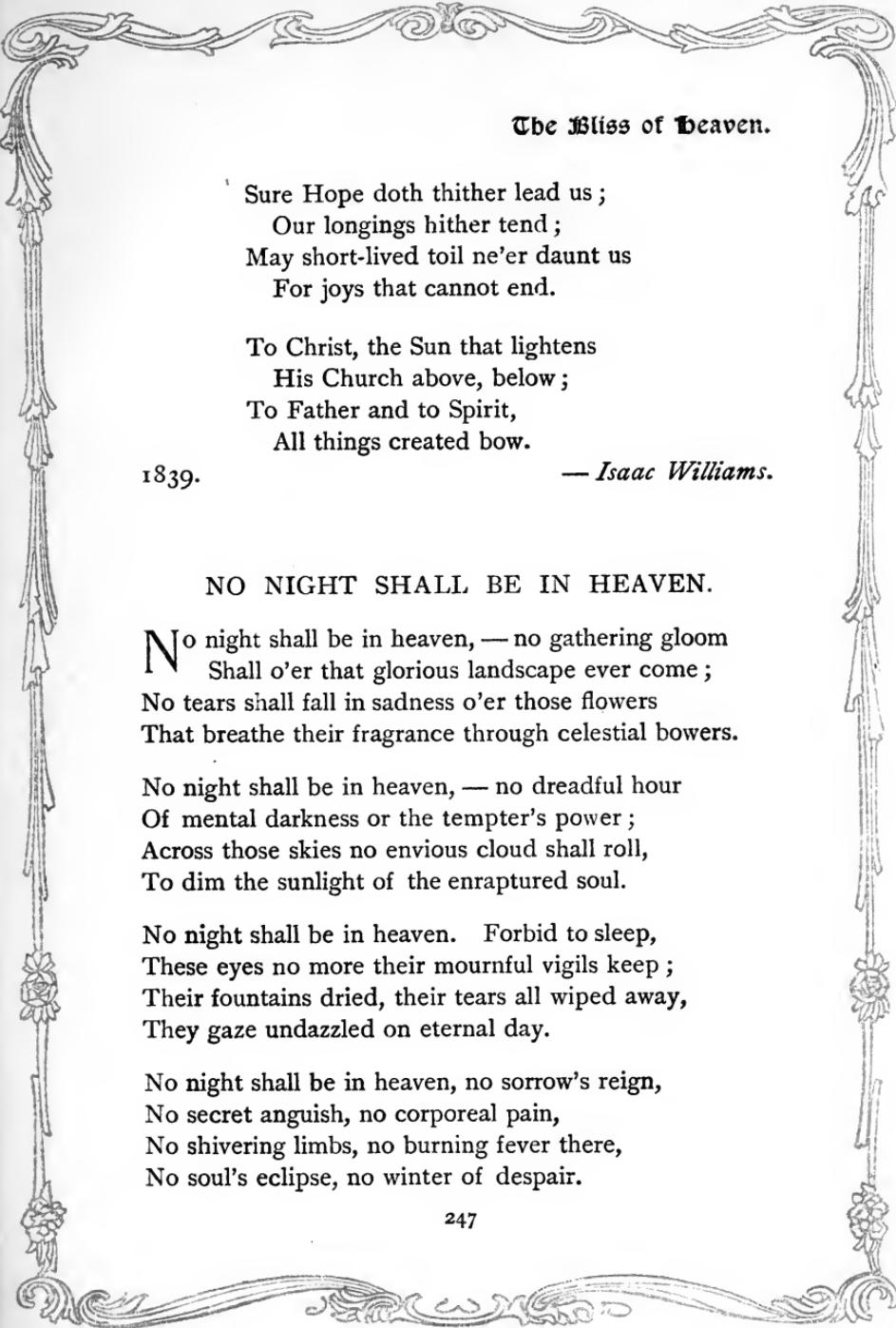
"Cœlestis O Jerusalem."

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,  
Of everlasting halls,  
Thrice blessed are the people  
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where saints forever sing ;  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the King.

There God forever sitteth,  
Himself of all the crown ;  
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth,  
Their sweet peace to molest ;  
They sing their God forever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.



The Bliss of Heaven.

Sure Hope doth thither lead us ;  
Our longings hither tend ;  
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.

To Christ, the Sun that lightens  
His Church above, below ;  
To Father and to Spirit,  
All things created bow.

1839.

— *Isaac Williams.*

NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

No night shall be in heaven, — no gathering gloom  
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come ;  
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers  
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven, — no dreadful hour  
Of mental darkness or the tempter's power ;  
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,  
To dim the sunlight of the enraptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,  
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep ;  
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,  
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night shall be in heaven, no sorrow's reign,  
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,  
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there,  
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

### The Tearless Land.

No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon ;  
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon ;  
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,  
Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room,  
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb ;  
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth  
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in heaven. But night is here —  
The night of sorrow and the night of fear ;  
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,  
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

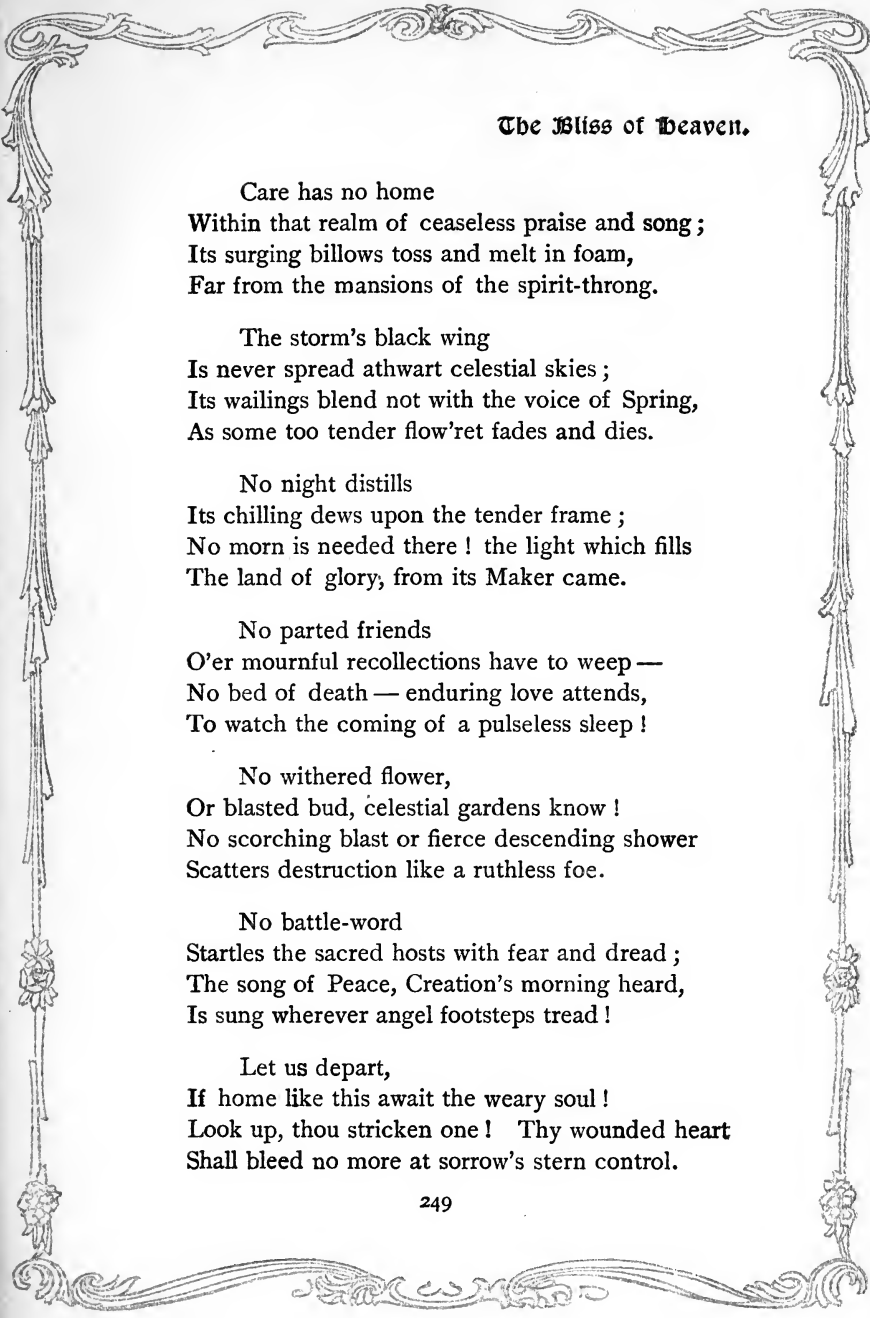
No night shall be in heaven. Oh, had I faith  
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,  
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,  
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me !

— *Thomas Raffles.*

### NO TROUBLES THERE.

No sickness there —  
No weary wasting of the frame away,  
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray !

No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair ;  
No vain petition for a swift relief,  
No tearful eye, no broken heart are there !



## The Bliss of Heaven.

Care has no home  
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song ;  
Its surging billows toss and melt in foam,  
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

The storm's black wing  
Is never spread athwart celestial skies ;  
Its wailings blend not with the voice of Spring,  
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distills  
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame ;  
No morn is needed there ! the light which fills  
The land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends  
O'er mournful recollections have to weep —  
No bed of death — enduring love attends,  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep !

No withered flower,  
Or blasted bud, celestial gardens know !  
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower  
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word  
Startles the sacred hosts with fear and dread ;  
The song of Peace, Creation's morning heard,  
Is sung wherever angel footsteps tread !

Let us depart,  
If home like this await the weary soul !  
Look up, thou stricken one ! Thy wounded heart  
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

## The Tearless Land.

With Faith our guide,  
White-robed and innocent, to tread the way, —  
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,  
And find the haven of eternal day?

— *Anon.*

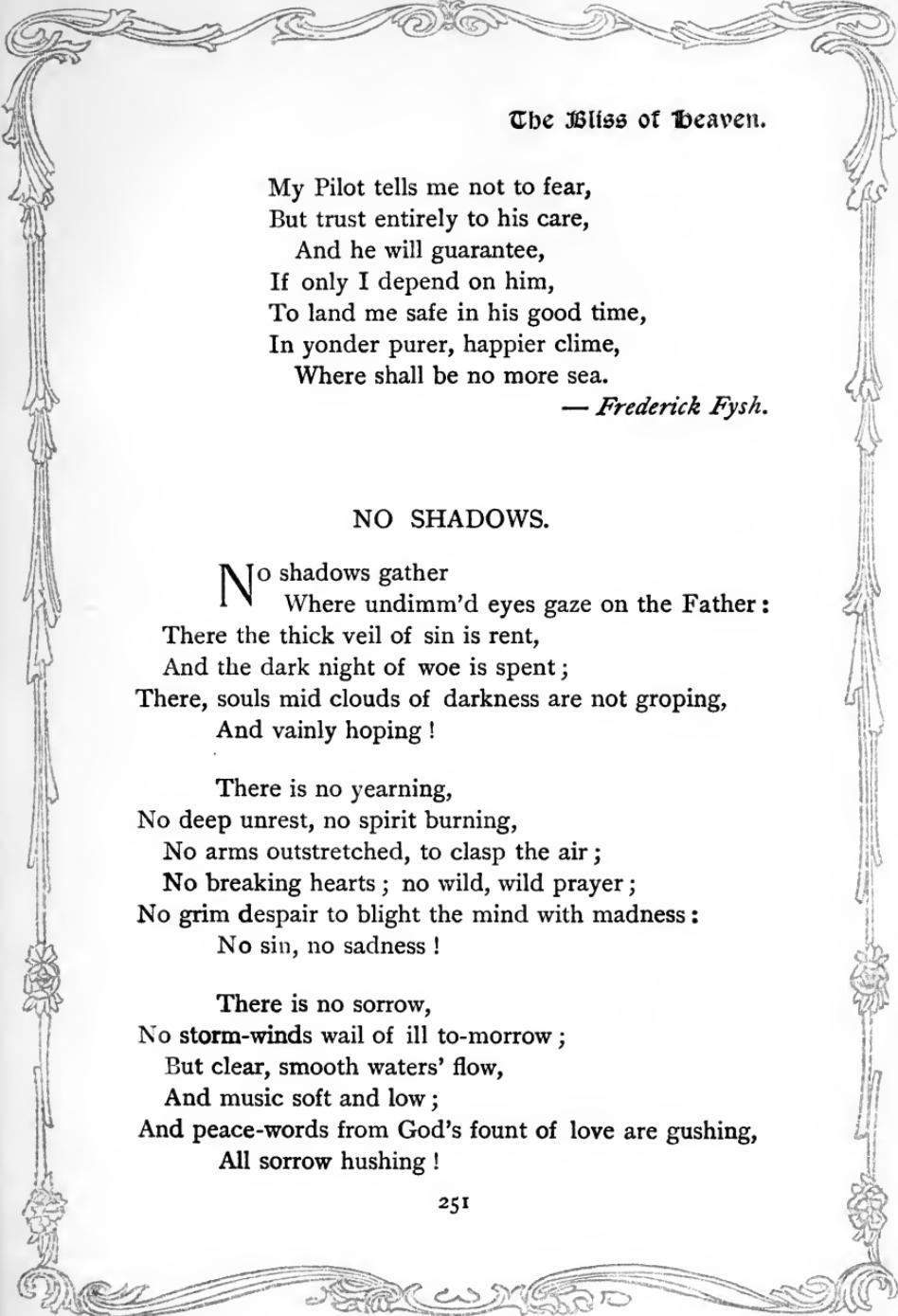
## NO MORE SEA.

Rev. 21: 1.

WHEN tempests toss, and billows roll,  
And lightnings rend from pole to pole ;  
Sweet is the thought to me,  
That one day it shall not be so :  
In the bright world to which I go,  
The tempest shall forget to blow :  
There shall be no more sea.

My little bark has suffered much  
From adverse storms ; nor is she such  
As once she seemed to be :  
But I shall shortly be at home,  
No more a mariner to roam ;  
When once I to the port am come,  
There will be no more sea.

Then let the waves run mountains high,  
Confound the deep, perplex the sky,  
This shall not always be :  
One day the sun will brightly shine  
With life, and light, and heat divine ;  
And when that glorious land is mine,  
There will be no more sea.



The Bliss of Heaven.

My Pilot tells me not to fear,  
But trust entirely to his care,  
And he will guarantee,  
If only I depend on him,  
To land me safe in his good time,  
In yonder purer, happier clime,  
Where shall be no more sea.

— *Frederick Fysh.*

NO SHADOWS.

No shadows gather  
Where undimm'd eyes gaze on the Father :  
There the thick veil of sin is rent,  
And the dark night of woe is spent ;  
There, souls mid clouds of darkness are not groping,  
And vainly hoping !

There is no yearning,  
No deep unrest, no spirit burning,  
No arms outstretched, to clasp the air ;  
No breaking hearts ; no wild, wild prayer ;  
No grim despair to blight the mind with madness :  
No sin, no sadness !

There is no sorrow,  
No storm-winds wail of ill to-morrow ;  
But clear, smooth waters' flow,  
And music soft and low ;  
And peace-words from God's fount of love are gushing,  
All sorrow hushing !

### The Tearless Land.

There is no sighing  
O'er the unloving or the dying :  
There eloquent smiles the fond lips wreath ;  
There hearts of deathless friendship breathe ;  
There, where love tokens evermore are thronging,  
Is no more longing !

Home of the weary,  
Of all the tempest-wrecked and dreary ;  
God, guide us to thy brilliant shore,  
Where — wild waves swelling high no more —  
Sorrow and sighing shade the spirit never —  
Flown, flown forever !

— *Marianne Farningham.*

### NO TOSSING OF THE BURNING HEAD.

No tossing of the burning head  
After the long day's closing ;  
No weary night-long watches where  
The spirit is reposing.  
Hot little hands shall no more stretch  
Imploringly before us ;  
We shall not weep in hopelessness  
When God's own house is o'er us.  
No crying of the little ones,  
Waking our feeble pity ;  
No groans arise at eventide  
Within the golden city ;  
For God's own hand has wiped the tears  
From all that band of weepers,  
And only music soft and low  
Awakes the peaceful sleepers.

## The Bliss of Heaven.

No aching limbs lie helplessly,  
Waiting the Saviour's healing ;  
For all are whole in that blest home,  
And perfect every feeling.  
No sighs, and sobs, and wild distress,  
No dread of storm or riot ;  
But perfect health, unbroken peace,  
Amid the sacred quiet.

There shall be no more pain ! O home  
So far from danger dreary !  
O holy, happy resting-place  
For all the worn and weary !  
God guide our feeble halting feet  
Safe to the blissful haven !  
God give us all his healing touch,  
And bring us all to heaven !

— *Marianne Farningham.*

## THE BLESSED DEAD.

HUSH ! blessed are the dead  
In Jesus' arms who rest,  
And lean their weary head  
For ever on His breast.  
O beatific sight !  
No darkling veil between,  
They see the Light of light,  
Whom here they loved unseen.

For them the wild is past,  
With all its toil and care ;  
Its dry sirocco blast,  
Its fiery noonday glare.

### The Tearless Land.

Them the Good Shepherd leads,  
Where storms are never rife,  
In tranquil dewy meads  
Beside the Fount of Life.

Ours only are the tears,  
Who weep around their tomb,  
The light of bygone years  
And shadowing years to come :  
Their voice, their touch, their smile, —  
Those love-springs flowing o'er, —  
Earth for its little while  
Shall never know them more.

O tender hearts and true,  
Our long last vigil kept,  
We weep and mourn for you ;  
Nor blame us ; — Jesus wept.  
But soon at break of day  
His calm Almighty voice,  
Stronger than death, shall say,  
Awake ! — weep not ! — rejoice !  
— *Edward Henry Bickersteth.*

### O HEAVEN ! SWEET HEAVEN !

O HEAVEN ! sweet heaven ! the home of the blest,  
Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest ;  
Where eyes that could see not rejoice in the light,  
And beggars made princes are walking in white.

O heaven ! sweet heaven ! the mansion of love,  
Where Christ in his beauty shines forth from above,



His calm Almighty voice, saying  
Awake!—weep not!—rejoice! Page 254.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

1. *Pharmaceuticals* (1997) 10, 11. *Pharmaceuticals* (1998) 11, 12. *Pharmaceuticals* (1999) 12, 13. *Pharmaceuticals* (2000) 13, 14. *Pharmaceuticals* (2001) 14, 15. *Pharmaceuticals* (2002) 15, 16. *Pharmaceuticals* (2003) 16, 17. *Pharmaceuticals* (2004) 17, 18. *Pharmaceuticals* (2005) 18, 19. *Pharmaceuticals* (2006) 19, 20. *Pharmaceuticals* (2007) 20, 21. *Pharmaceuticals* (2008) 21, 22. *Pharmaceuticals* (2009) 22, 23. *Pharmaceuticals* (2010) 23, 24. *Pharmaceuticals* (2011) 24, 25. *Pharmaceuticals* (2012) 25, 26. *Pharmaceuticals* (2013) 26, 27. *Pharmaceuticals* (2014) 27, 28. *Pharmaceuticals* (2015) 28, 29. *Pharmaceuticals* (2016) 29, 30. *Pharmaceuticals* (2017) 30, 31. *Pharmaceuticals* (2018) 31, 32. *Pharmaceuticals* (2019) 32, 33. *Pharmaceuticals* (2020) 33, 34. *Pharmaceuticals* (2021) 34, 35. *Pharmaceuticals* (2022) 35, 36. *Pharmaceuticals* (2023) 36, 37. *Pharmaceuticals* (2024) 37, 38. *Pharmaceuticals* (2025) 38, 39. *Pharmaceuticals* (2026) 39, 40. 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## The Bliss of Heaven.

The Lamb with his scepter, to charm and control,  
And love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O heaven ! sweet heaven ! where purity reigns,  
Where error disturbs not, and sin never stains ;  
Where holiness robes in its garments so fair  
The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O heaven ! sweet heaven ! where music ne'er dies,  
But rich pealing anthems of glory arise ;  
Where saints with one feeling of rapture are stirred,  
And loud hallelujahs forever are heard.

O heaven ! sweet heaven ! where friends never part,  
But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart ;  
Where farewell shall nevermore fall on the ear,  
Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with a tear.

1862.

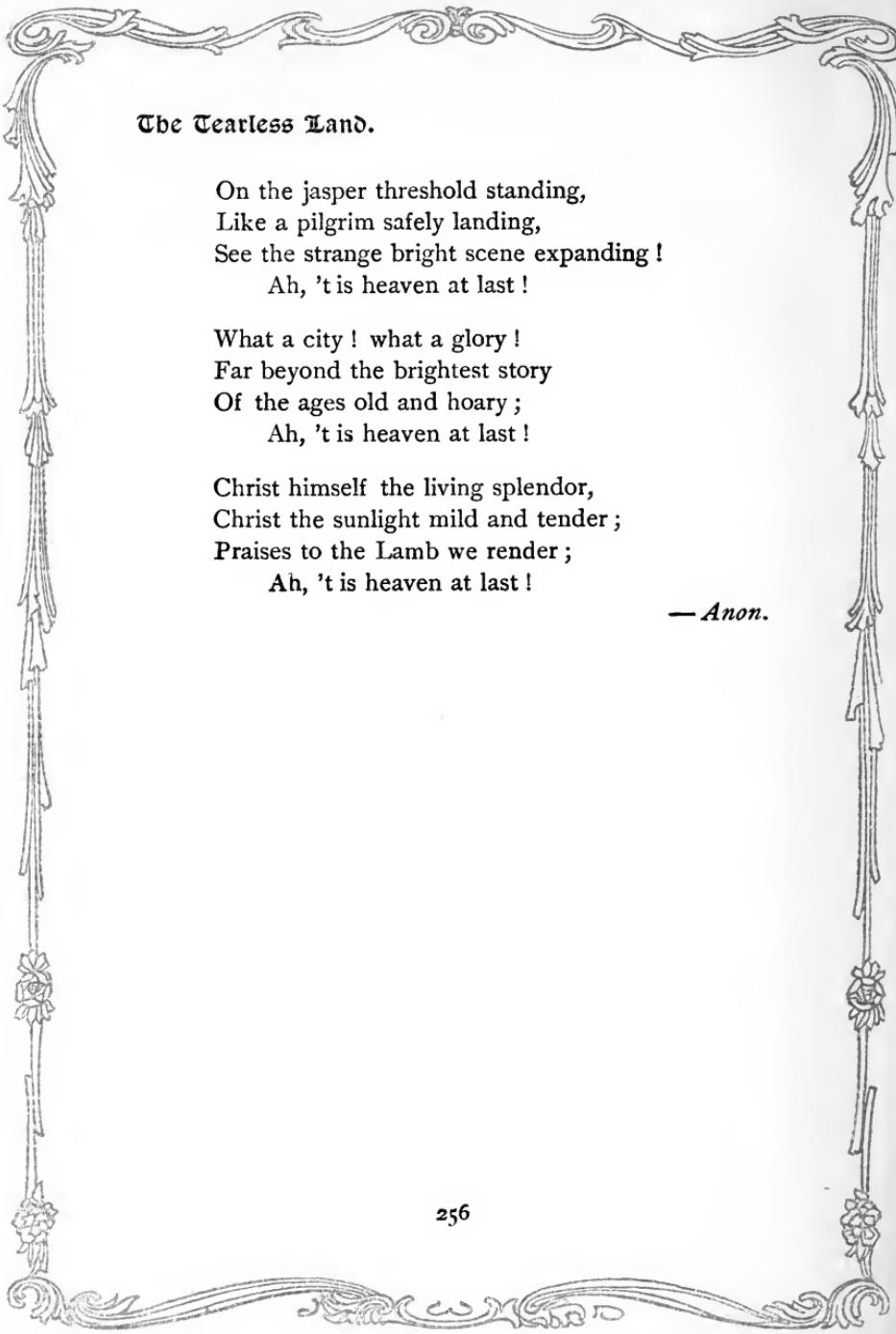
— *Edwin H. Nevin.*

## HEAVEN AT LAST.

ANGEL voices sweetly singing,  
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,  
News of wondrous gladness bringing ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

Now, beneath us all the grieving,  
All the wounded spirit's heaving,  
All the woe of hopes deceiving ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

Sin forever left behind us,  
Earthly visions cease to blind us,  
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !



**The Tearless Land.**

On the jasper threshold standing,  
Like a pilgrim safely landing,  
See the strange bright scene expanding !  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

What a city ! what a glory !  
Far beyond the brightest story  
Of the ages old and hoary ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

Christ himself the living splendor,  
Christ the sunlight mild and tender ;  
Praises to the Lamb we render ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

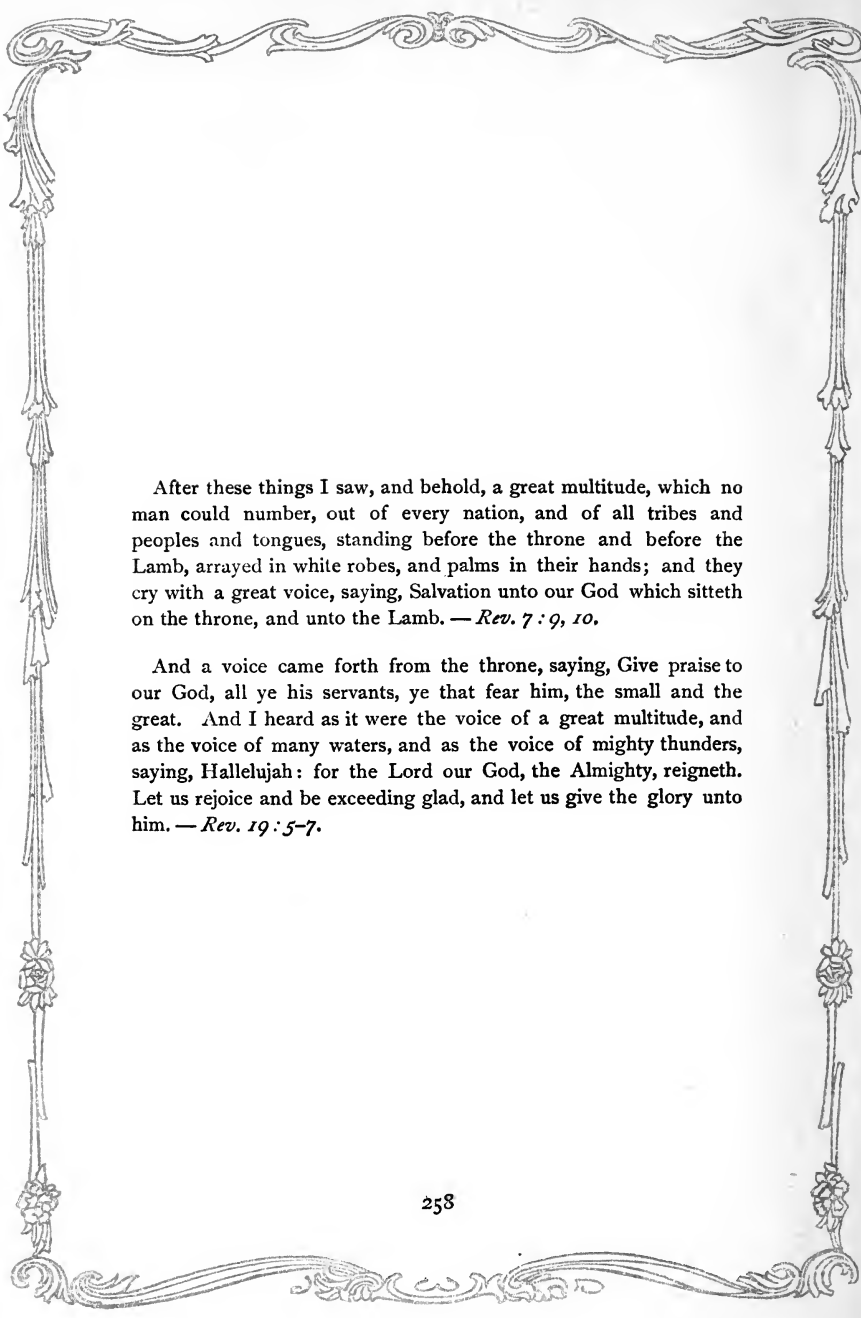
— *Anon.*

X.

The Lord of Heaven.

*Father, glorious with all splendor,  
But with holiness most bright!  
Son, in whom all sweet and tender,  
Dwelt on earth that blessed light!  
Spirit, through whose grace and sweetness,  
Into sinful souls is poured!  
In this strain what mighty meetness,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!*

— Thomas H. Gill.



After these things I saw, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. — *Rev. 7 : 9, 10.*

And a voice came forth from the throne, saying, Give praise to our God, all ye his servants, ye that fear him, the small and the great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah : for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth. Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, and let us give the glory unto him. — *Rev. 19 : 5-7.*

## The Lord of Heaven.

### THE SERAPH'S SONG.

"On his head were many crowns." — Rev. 19: 12.

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne !  
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own !

Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of him who died for thee ;  
And hail him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

Crown him, the Virgin's Son !  
The God incarnate born,  
Whose arms those crimson trophies won  
Which now his brow adorn.

Fruit of the mystic rose,  
As of that rose the stem ;  
The root whence mercy ever flows,  
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love !  
Behold his hands and side, —  
Rich wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified.

No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.

## The Tearless Land.

Crown him the Lord of peace !  
Whose power a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
Absorbed in prayer and praise.

His reign shall know no end ;  
And round his piercéd feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime !

Glassed in a sea of light  
Whose everlasting waves  
Reflect his form — the Infinite,  
Who lives and loves and saves.

Crown him the Lord of heaven !  
One with the Father known, —  
And the blest Spirit, through him given  
From yonder Triune throne !

All hail ! Redeemer, hail !  
For thou hast died for me :  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

1847.

— *Matthew Bridges.*

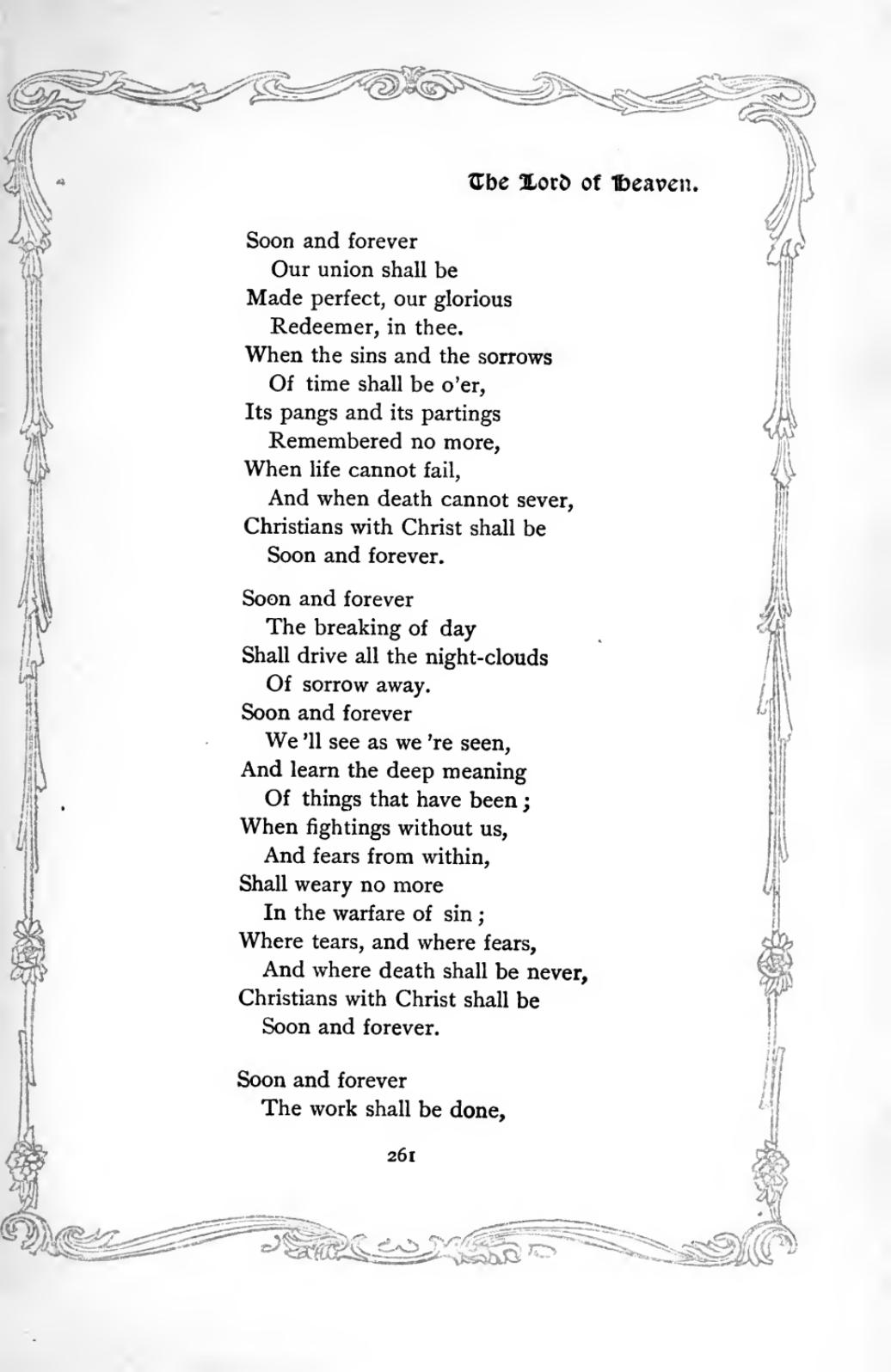
### SOON AND FOREVER.

“ **S**oon and forever ! ”  
Such promise our trust,  
Though ashes to ashes,  
And dust unto dust, —



All hail ! Redeemer, hail ! Page 260.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

*(continued)*



The Lord of Heaven.

Soon and forever  
Our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious  
Redeemer, in thee.  
When the sins and the sorrows  
Of time shall be o'er,  
Its pangs and its partings  
Remembered no more,  
When life cannot fail,  
And when death cannot sever,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon and forever.

Soon and forever  
The breaking of day  
Shall drive all the night-clouds  
Of sorrow away.  
Soon and forever  
We'll see as we're seen,  
And learn the deep meaning  
Of things that have been ;  
When fightings without us,  
And fears from within,  
Shall weary no more  
In the warfare of sin ;  
Where tears, and where fears,  
And where death shall be never,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon and forever.

Soon and forever  
The work shall be done,

### The Tearless Land.

The warfare accomplished,  
The victory won ;  
Soon and forever  
The soldier lay down  
His sword for a harp,  
And his cross for a crown.  
Then droop not in sorrow,  
Despond not in fear ;  
A glorious to-morrow  
Is brightening and near,  
When, blessed reward  
Of each faithful endeavor,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon and forever.

— *J. S. B. Monsell.*

### NONE IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.

LORD of earth ! thy bounteous hand  
Well this glorious frame hath planned ;  
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,  
Ocean rolling in his power,  
All that strikes the gaze unsought,  
All that charms the lonely thought ; —  
Friendship, — gem transcending price ;  
Love, a flower of Paradise ; —  
Yet, amid this scene so fair,  
Should I cease Thy smile to share,  
What were all its joys to me ?  
“ Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? ”

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight  
Rolls a world of purer light ;

## The Lord of Heaven.

There, in Love's unclouded reign,  
Parted hands shall join again ;  
Martyrs there, and prophets high,  
Blaze, a glorious company ; —  
While immortal music rings  
From unnumbered seraph strings ;  
Oh, that scene is passing fair !  
Yet shouldst Thou be absent there  
What were all its joys to me ?  
“ Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? ”

Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast  
Seeks in thee its only rest ;  
I was lost — thy accents mild  
Homeward lured thy wandering child ;  
I was blind — thy healing ray  
Charmed the long eclipse away ;  
Source of every joy I know,  
Solace of my every woe ;  
Yet should once thy smile divine  
Cease upon my soul to shine,  
What were heaven on earth to me ?  
“ Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? ”

— *Sir Robert Grant.*

## HIS THRONE AND TEMPLE.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below  
Such radiant gems are strewn,  
Oh, what magnificence must glow,  
My God, about thy throne !  
So brilliant here those drops of light —  
Where the full ocean rolls, how bright !

### The Tearless Land.

If night's blue curtain of the sky,  
With thousand stars inwrought,  
Hung like a glittering canopy  
With royal diamonds fraught,  
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,  
What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,  
Forth from his flaming vase  
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower  
Till vale and mountain blaze, —  
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine,  
What, then, the Day, where thou dost shine !

Oh, how shall these dim eyes endure  
That noon of living rays ;  
Or how my spirit, so impure,  
Upon Thy glory gaze ?  
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,  
And robe me for that world of light !

— *W. A. Muhlenberg.*

### WHOM MY SOUL ADORETH.

I KNOW the walls are jasper,  
The palaces are fair,  
And to the sounds of harpings  
The saints are singing there ;  
I know that living waters  
Flow under fruitful trees ;  
But oh, to make my heaven,  
It needeth more than these !

Read in the sacred story,  
What more doth it unfold,

## The Lord of Heaven.

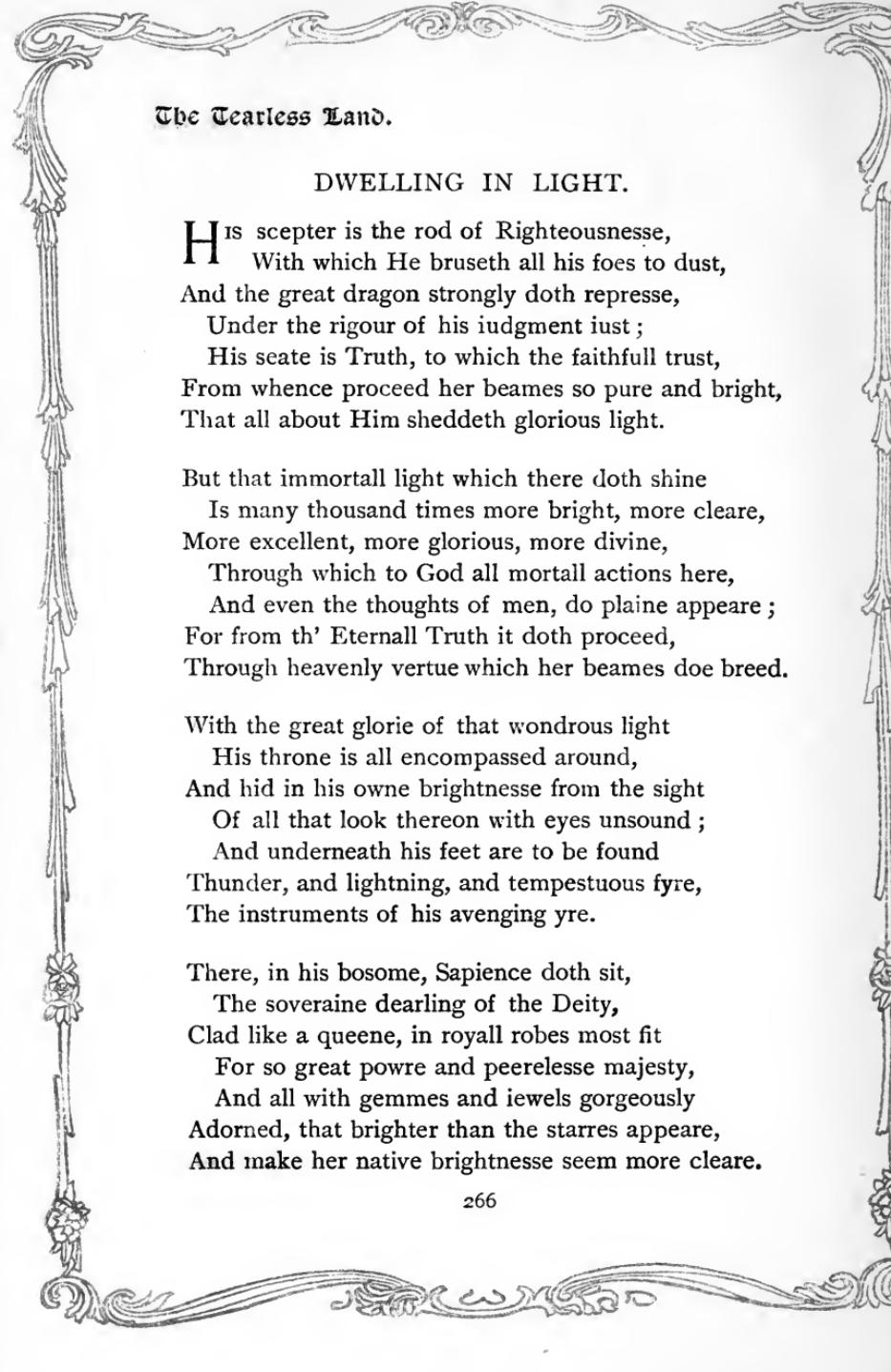
Beside the pearly gateways  
And streets of shining gold?  
No temple hath that city,  
For none is needed there,  
No sun nor moon enlighteneth ; —  
Can darkness then be fair?

Ah, now the bright revealing,  
The crowning joy of all !  
What need of other sunshine  
Where God is all in all?  
He fills the wide ethereal  
With glory all his own, —  
He, whom my soul adoreth,  
The Lamb amidst the throne !

Oh, heaven without my Saviour  
Would be no heaven to me ;  
Dim were the walls of jasper,  
Rayless the crystal sea.  
He gilds earth's darkest valleys  
With light and joy and peace ;  
What then must be the radiance  
When night and death shall cease !

Speed on, O lagging moments !  
Come, birthday of the soul !  
How long the night appeareth,  
The hours, how slow they roll !  
How sweet the welcome summons  
That greets the willing bride !  
And when mine eyes behold him,  
“ I shall be satisfied.”

— *Helen M. Parmlee.*



The Tearless Land.

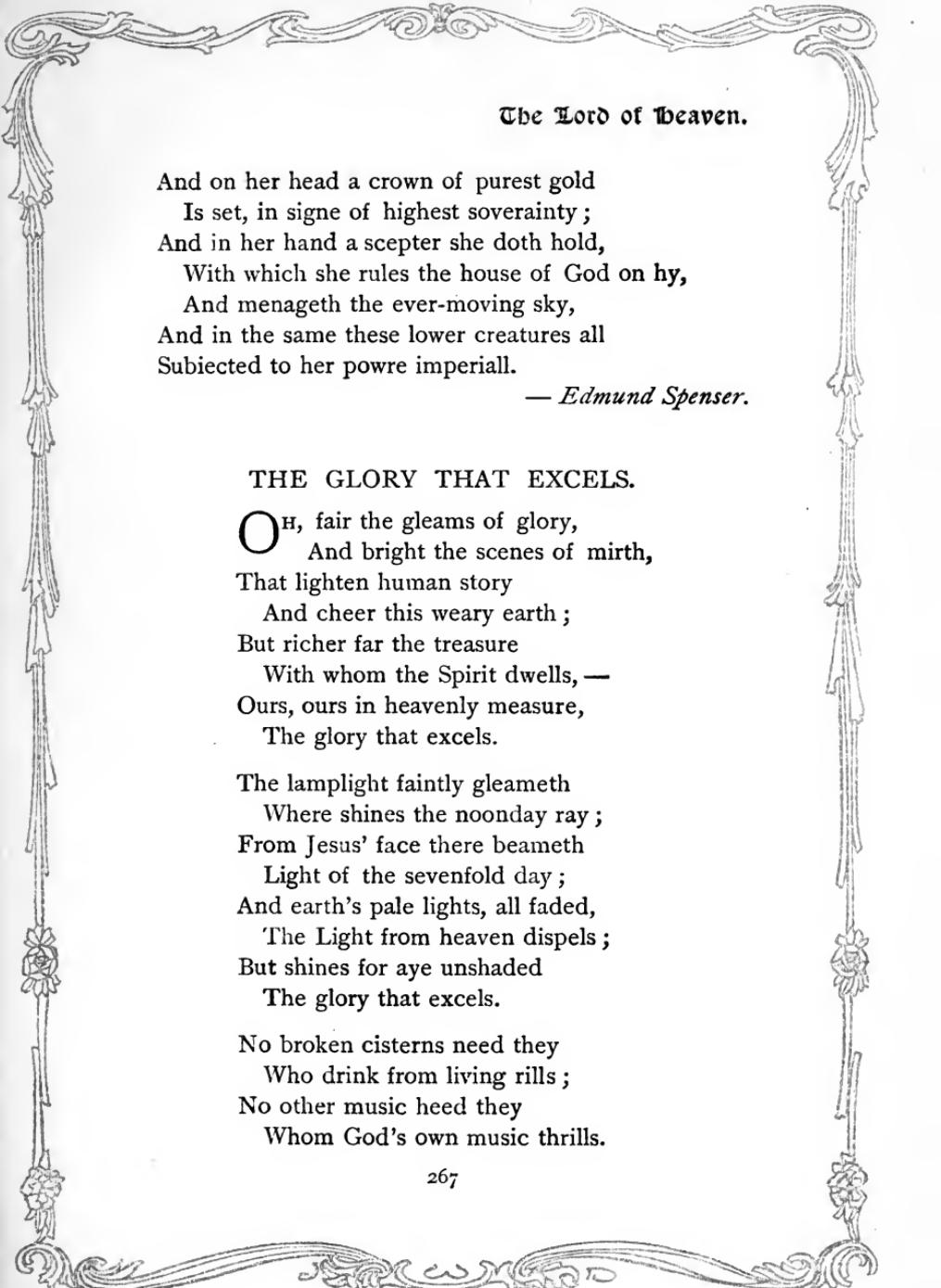
DWELLING IN LIGHT.

**H**is scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,  
With which He bruseth all his foes to dust,  
And the great dragon strongly doth repress,  
Under the rigour of his iudgment iust ;  
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,  
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,  
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light.

But that immortall light which there doth shine  
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,  
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,  
Through which to God all mortall actions here,  
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;  
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight  
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound ;  
And underneath his feet are to be found  
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,  
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There, in his bosome, Sapience doth sit,  
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,  
Clad like a queene, in royall robes most fit  
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,  
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously  
Adorned, that brighter than the starres appeare,  
And make her native brightnesse seem more cleare.



The Lord of Heaven.

And on her head a crown of purest gold  
Is set, in signe of highest sovereignty ;  
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,  
With which she rules the house of God on hy,  
And menageth the ever-moving sky,  
And in the same these lower creatures all  
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

— *Edmund Spenser.*

THE GLORY THAT EXCELS.

O<sup>H</sup>, fair the gleams of glory,  
And bright the scenes of mirth,  
That lighten human story  
And cheer this weary earth ;  
But richer far the treasure  
With whom the Spirit dwells, —  
Ours, ours in heavenly measure,  
The glory that excels.

The lamplight faintly gleameth  
Where shines the noonday ray ;  
From Jesus' face there beameth  
Light of the sevenfold day ;  
And earth's pale lights, all faded,  
The Light from heaven dispels ;  
But shines for aye unshaded  
The glory that excels.

No broken cisterns need they  
Who drink from living rills ;  
No other music heed they  
Whom God's own music thrills.

### The Tearless Land.

Earth's precious things are tasteless ;  
Its boisterous mirth repels,  
Where flows in measure wasteless  
The glory that excels.

Since on our life descended  
Those beams of light and love,  
Our steps have heavenward tended,  
Our eyes have looked above,  
Till through the clouds concealing  
The home where glory dwells,  
Our Jesus comes revealing  
The glory that excels.

— *Rev. Charles Innes Cameron.*

### THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

**M**y soul, there is a countrie  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentrie,  
All skillful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,  
And (O my soul, awake !)  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flowre of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortresse and thy ease.

The Lord of Heaven.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

1681.

— *Henry Vaughan.*

ALONE UPON THAT SHORE.

ALONE ! to land alone upon that shore,  
With no one sight that we have seen before ;  
Things of a different hue,  
And the sounds all new,  
And fragrances so sweet, the soul may faint.  
Alone ! O that first hour of being a saint !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore,  
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar ;  
Perhaps no shape of ground,  
Perhaps no sight or sound ;  
No forms of earth our fancy to arrange,  
But to begin alone that mighty change.

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore,  
Knowing so well we can return no more ;  
No voice or face of friend,  
None with us to attend

Our disembarking on that awful strand,  
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore ;  
To begin alone to live for evermore ;  
To have no one to teach  
The manners or the speech  
Of that new life, or put us at our ease —  
Oh, that we might die in pairs or companies !

## The Tearless Land.

*Alone ? No ! God hath been there long before ;  
Eternally hath waited on that shore*

*For us who were to come  
To our eternal home,  
And he hath taught his angels to prepare  
In what way we are to be welcomed there.*

*Like one that waits and watches, He hath sate  
As if there were none else for whom to wait ;*

*Waiting for us, — for us  
Who keep him waiting thus,  
And who bring less to satisfy his love  
Than any other of the souls above.*

*Alone ? The God we know is on that shore,  
The God of whose attractions we know more*

*Than of those who may appear  
Nearest and dearest here ;  
Oh, is He not the life-long Friend we know  
More privately than any friend below ?*

*Alone ? The God we trust is on that shore,  
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more,*

*In trials and in woes,  
Than we have trusted those  
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife ;  
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life !*

*Alone ? The God we love is on that shore,  
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,*

*And whom we 've loved all through,  
And with a love more true  
Than other loves, — yet now shall love him more :  
True love of Him begins upon that shore.*

The Lord of Heaven.

So not alone we land upon that shore ;  
'T will be as though we had been there before.

We shall meet more we know  
Than we can meet below,  
And find our rest like some returning dove,  
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love !  
— *F. W. Faber.*

PALM-BEARERS.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light ;  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords !"

Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'T was the Saviour's righteousness,  
And his blood, that made them so.

Who were these? On earth they dwelt,  
Sinners once of Adam's race ;  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,  
But were saved by sovereign grace.

## The Tearless Land.

They were mortal, too, like us ;  
Ah ! when we like them must die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !  
— *James Montgomery.*

## THE FIRST MARTYR.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung  
Loud anthems round the throne,  
When, lo ! one solitary tongue  
Began a song unknown, —  
A song unknown to angel ears,  
A song that told of banished fears,  
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host  
Could these high notes attain ;  
But spirits from a distant coast  
United in the strain,  
Till he who first began the song,  
To sing alone not suffered long,  
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still, as hours are fleeting by,  
The angels ever bear  
Some newly-ransomed soul on high,  
To join the chorus there ;  
And so the song will louder grow,  
Till all, redeemed by Christ below,  
To that fair world of rapture go.



The angels ever bear some newly ransomed soul on high. Page 272.

(From painting by W. Bouguereau.)

A collection of 48 small, stylized line drawings of various insects, including beetles, flies, and bees, arranged in a grid-like pattern.

The Lord of Heaven.

Oh, give me, Lord, my golden harp,  
And tune my broken voice,  
That I may sing of troubles sharp  
Exchanged for endless joys ;  
The song that ne'er was heard before,  
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,  
But now shall sound for evermore.

— *Anon.*

THAT HOLY SABBATH DAY.<sup>1</sup>

PART I.

OH, what shall be, oh, when shall be  
That holy Sabbath day,  
Which heavenly care shall ever keep,  
And celebrate alway ;  
When rest is found for weary limbs,  
When labor hath reward,  
When everything, for evermore,  
Is joyful in the Lord ?

The true Jerusalem above,  
The holy town is there,  
Whose duties are so full of joy,  
Whose joys so free from care ;  
Where disappointment cometh not  
To check the longing heart,  
And where the soul in ecstasy  
Hath gained her better part.

There, there, secure from every ill,  
In freedom we shall sing  
The songs of Zion, hindered here  
By days of suffering ;

## The Tearless Land.

And unto Thee, our gracious Lord,  
Our praises shall confess  
That all our sorrow hath been good,  
And Thou by pain canst bless.

### PART II.

O glorious King ! O happy State !  
O Palace of the Blest !  
O sacred peace, and holy joy,  
And perfect heavenly rest !  
To thee aspire thy citizens  
In glory's bright array,  
And what they feel and what they know  
They strive in vain to say.

But while we wait and long for home,  
It shall be ours to raise  
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers  
In that dear country's praise ;  
And from these Babylonian streams  
To lift our weary eyes,  
And view the city that we love  
Descending from the skies.

There Sabbath day to Sabbath day  
Shed on a ceaseless light ;  
Eternal pleasure of the saints  
Who keep that Sabbath bright ;  
Nor shall the chant ineffable  
Decline, nor ever cease,  
Which we with all the angels sing  
In that sweet realm of peace.

Tr. 1883.

— *Peter Abeland. Tr. by*  
*Rev. S. W. Duffield.*

## The Lord of Heaven.

### HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS.

WHEN I shall go where my Redeemer is,  
In the far city on the other side,  
And at the threshold of his palaces  
Shall loose my sandals, ever to abide ;  
I know my heavenly King will smiling wait  
To give me welcome as I touch the gate.

Oh, joy ! oh, bliss ! for I shall see his face,  
And wear his blessed name upon my brow !  
The name that stands for pardon, love, and grace,  
The name before which every knee shall bow.  
No music half so sweet can ever be  
As that dear name which he shall write for me !

Crowned with his royal signet, I shall walk  
With lifted forehead through the eternal street ;  
And with a holier mien, and gentler talk,  
Will tell my story to the friends I meet —  
Of how the King did stoop his name to write  
Upon my brow, in characters of light !

Then, till I go to meet my Father's smile,  
I'll keep my forehead smooth from passion's scars,  
From angry frowns that trample and defile,  
And every sin that desecrates or mars ;  
That I may lift a face unflushed with shame,  
Whereon my Lord may write his holy name.

— *May Riley Smith.*

### THE PALACE O' THE KING.

IT's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo ;  
Aften sunny is the lan' that here we pilgrims traivel  
throo,

### The Tearless Land.

But in vain we look for something here to which oor  
herts may cling,  
For its beauty is as naething to the Palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,  
And we sigh when hoary Winter lays its beauties wi' the  
dead ;

For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes an' the down on  
Winter's wing,

It's fine to ken he daurna touch the Palace o' the King.

Then again, I've juist been thinkin' that when a' thing  
here 's sae bright,

The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiv'rin'  
light,

The ocean i' the simmer, or the woodlan' in the spring,  
What maun it be oop yonner i' the Palace o' the King !

It's here we hae oor trials, and it's here that He prepares  
His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner  
wears ;

An' it's here that He wad hear us mid oor tribulations  
sing,

"We'll trust the God wha' reigneth i' the Palace o' the  
King."

Oh, it's honor heaped on honor, that His courtiers should  
be ta'en

Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for i' this warl' of sin  
and pain,

An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christians aye  
should bring

To the feet of Him wha reigneth i' the Palace o' the  
King.

## The Lord of Heaven.

The time for sawin' seed, it's a wearin', wearin' dune,  
An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower very sune,  
Ther lat us a' be active, if a fruit-sheaf we wad bring  
To adorn the royal table i' the Palace o' the King.

Then lat us trust him better than we've ever dune afore,  
For the King will feed his servants frae his ever boun-  
teous store ;

Lat us keep a closer grup o' him, for the time is on the  
wing,  
An' sune he'll come an' take us tae the Palace o' the  
King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie upon which the rainbows shine,  
An' its Eden bowers are trellised wi' a never leafless  
Vine ;

An' the pearly gates of heaven do a glorious radiance  
fling  
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the Palace o' the  
King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,  
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample in the city of the free ;  
There's everlastin' daylight, an' a never fadin' spring,  
Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the Palace o' the King.

We see oor friens await us ower yonner at his gate ;  
Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late ;  
Lat oor lamps be brichtly burnin' ; lat us raise oor voice  
and sing,  
For sune we'll meet to pairt no more i' the Palace o' the  
King.

— *William Mitchell.*

## The Tearless Land.

### AT HOME WITH JESUS.

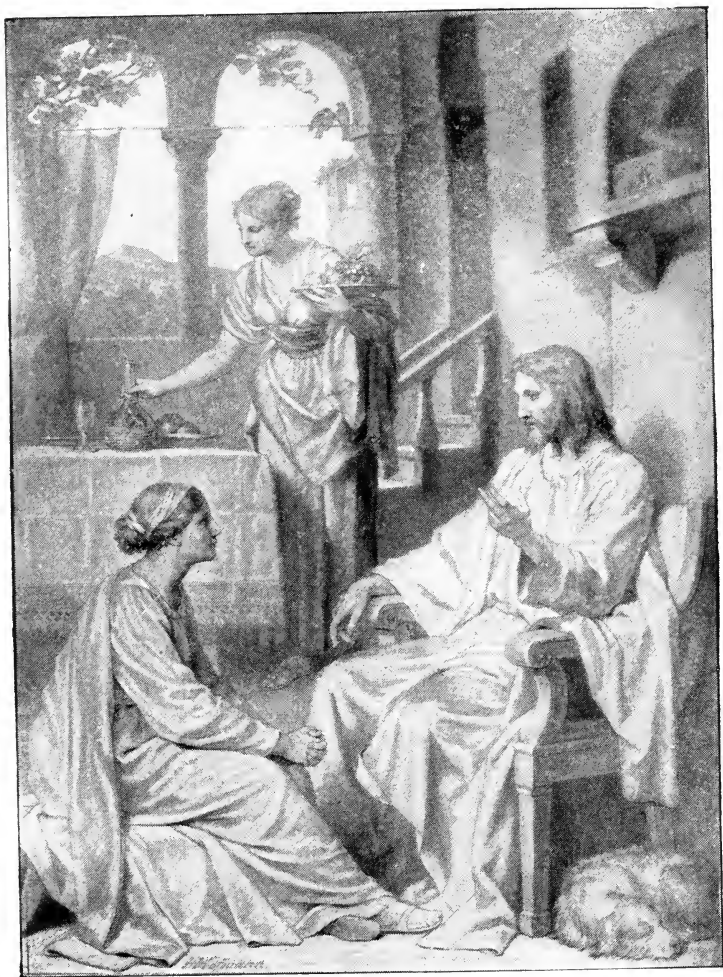
O SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,  
Thrice welcome message from a land of light !  
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,  
So on eternity's deep shrouded night  
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word :  
" So shall we be forever with the Lord."

At home with Jesus? He who went before,  
For his own people mansions to prepare ;  
The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,  
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.  
What home like this can the wide earth afford ?  
" So shall we be forever with the Lord."

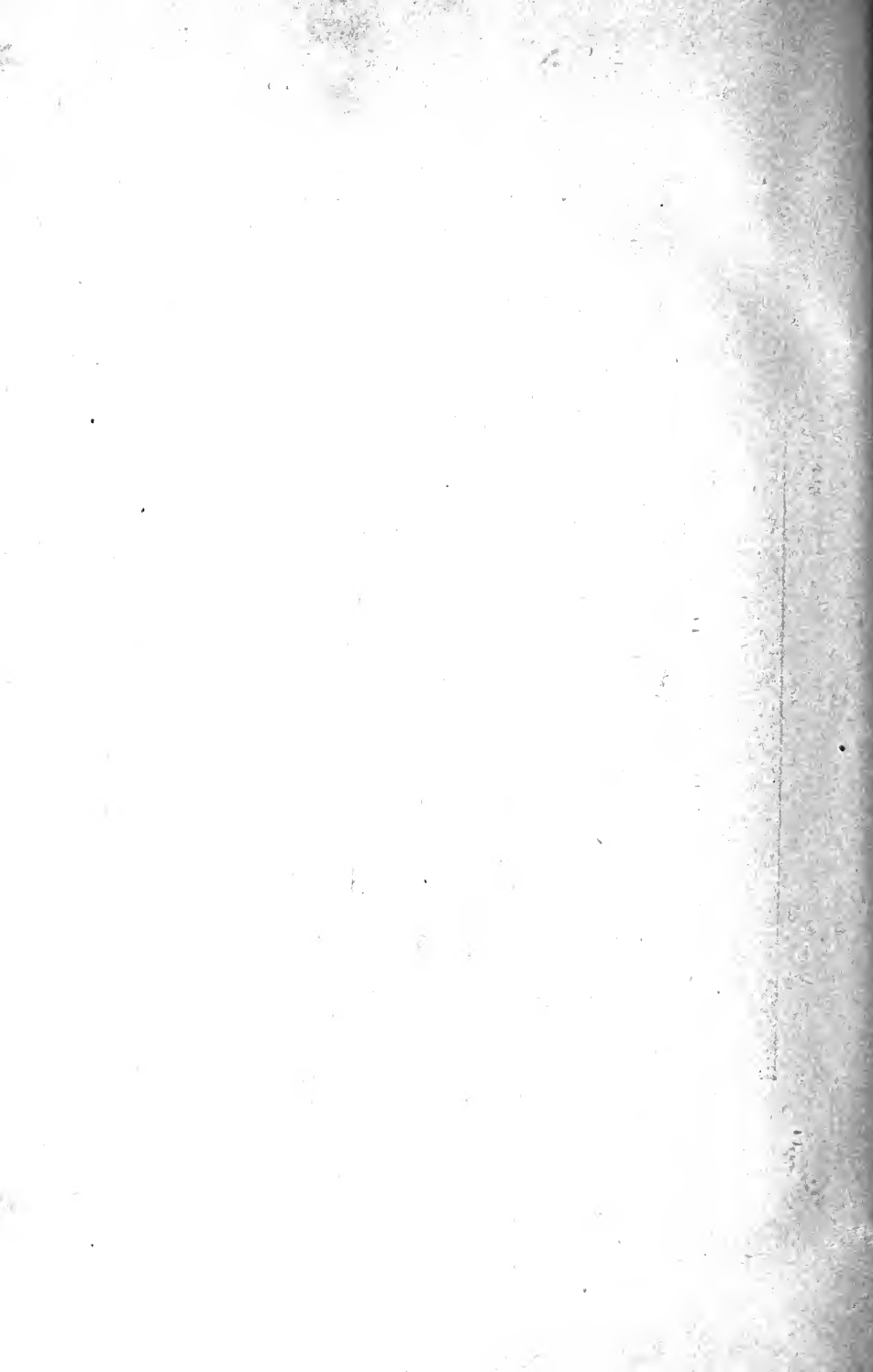
With him all gathered ! To that blessed home,  
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends ;  
While ever and anon bright glimpses come  
Of that fair city where the journey ends.  
Where all of bliss is centered in one word :  
" So shall we be forever with the Lord."

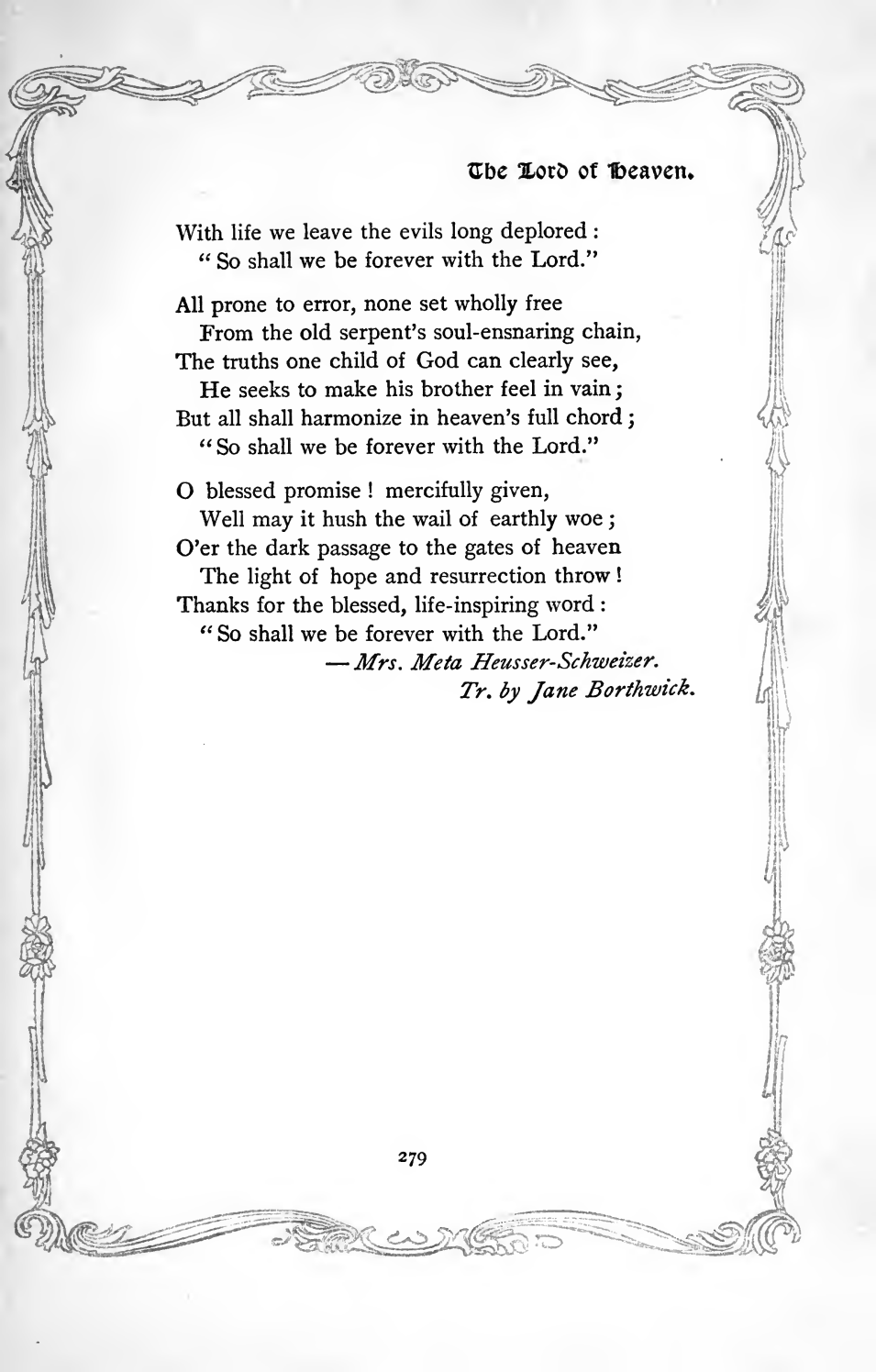
Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,  
By many a weary mile of land and sea,  
Or life's all varied cares and paths divide ;  
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,  
The broken links repaired, the lost restored,  
" So shall we be forever with the Lord."

And is there ever perfect union here ?  
Ah, daily sins, lamented and confessed,  
They come between us and the friends most dear,  
They mar our blessedness and break our rest.



What home like this can the wide earth afford. Page 278.  
THE IMMORTAL HOPE.





## The Lord of Heaven.

With life we leave the evils long deplored :

“So shall we be forever with the Lord.”

All prone to error, none set wholly free

From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,

The truths one child of God can clearly see,

He seeks to make his brother feel in vain ;

But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord ;

“So shall we be forever with the Lord.”

O blessed promise ! mercifully given,

Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe ;

O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven

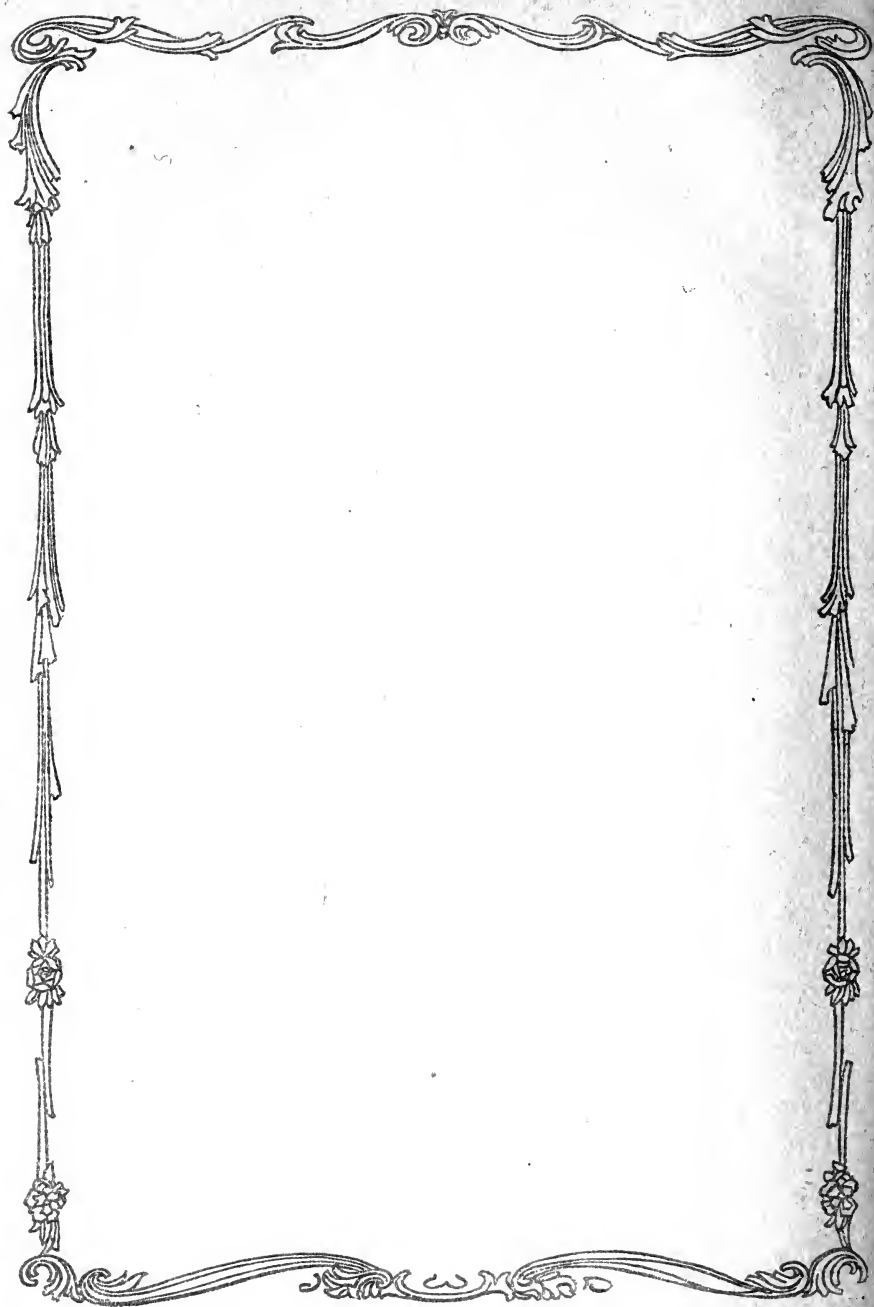
The light of hope and resurrection throw !

Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word :

“So shall we be forever with the Lord.”

— *Mrs. Meta Heusser-Schweizer.*

*Tr. by Jane Borthwick.*



## Notes.

Note 1. "The Celestial Country," p. 31.

The original of this poem was written by Bernard, a monk of Cluny, about A.D. 1145, and consists in the Latin of some three thousand lines. It was dedicated to Peter the Venerable, General of the Order to which Bernard belonged. It is found in the Bodleian Library in a thirteenth-century MS.

The poem was evidently inspired by the closing chapters of the book of Revelation on the one side and by the evil condition of the world on the other. It was called by its author "De Contemptu Mundi," because of the fact that it expressed his disgust with this world. It is in fact a severe satire on the corruptions of the times, which are so contrasted with the glories and the joys of heaven as to make this life appear hardly worth the living. It is known also by the name "Laus Patriæ Cœlestis," that being the caption given by Archbishop Trench to the cento of about one hundred lines which he took from various portions of the poem.

The poem was written in a rhythm "of intense difficulty." It is a dactylic hexameter, with the leonine and tailed rhyme, after the manner of the monkish efforts in the Middle Ages. The embarrassments of the effort can readily be seen from the following initial lines, broken up for ease of scanning:—

Hora novissima || tempora pessima || sunt: vigilemus!  
Ecce menaciter || imminet arbiter || ille supremus!  
Imminet, imminet || ut mala terminet || æqua coronet  
Recta remuneret || unxia liberet || æthera donet.

Referring in his introduction to the complications to be overcome in such a meter, the author naïvely says that the two most eminent versifiers of his day, Hildebert of Lavardin and Wichard, Canon of Lyons, had attempted but little in it because of its impracticability, and adds: "I may then assert, not in ostentation, but with humble confidence, that if I had not received directly from on high the gift of inspiration and intelligence, I had not dared to attempt an enterprise so little accorded to the powers of the human mind." It may safely be said that such a task could have been accomplished only in the leisure and retirement of a cloister.

## The Tearless Land.

Of course the arduousness of the meter has been a hindrance to its literal translation. What was hard for the author is tenfold more difficult for the translator, inasmuch as he has not the privilege of yielding to the leadings of the rhyme. Yet the task has been attempted in two instances, and with fair results. The translation by Gerard Moultrie, published in *The Church Times* and in *Lyra Mystica* in 1865, is praised by Archbishop Trench as metrically close and beautiful. Though a remarkable achievement, it is faulty in that it omits the double rhyme. That by Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, published in 1867 in a booklet called "*The Heavenly Land*," is faithful in every particular to the original. Mr. Duffield was peculiarly fitted for such an undertaking, being himself a ready and apt versifier. The whole translation is too long for reproduction here, but two quotations are given for the purpose of showing both the metrical difficulties of the original and how fairly Mr. Duffield succeeded in overcoming them in the translation:—

Land of delightfulness, safe from all spitefulness, safe from all trouble  
Thou shalt be filled again, Israel built again, joy shall redouble.  
Land all beneficent, country magnificent, succored from dangers,  
Given thou art to be and there have part in thee home-born and strangers;  
While upon men around, glory shall then abound, vision supernal  
Of that great dignity, full of benignity, peace, pure, eternal —  
Peace without wickedness, peace without wretchedness, peace without quarrel,  
Goal to all wanderings, rest to all ponderings, — conquest and laurel.  
Portion shall then be mine in the dear Lord divine; I shall distinguish  
Him the Sole Beautiful, whom the true dutiful never relinquish.  
Jacob with Israel and Leah with Rachel then change condition;  
Then Zion's palace halls rise where no malice falls, lift to completion.

Thou hast no wave or strand, thou hast no grave or band — rill and yet river!  
Sweet wines there flow for us, jewels there glow for us, radiant ever.  
Laurels and golden toys better than olden joys thou there shalt gather:  
Yet in thy deference Jesus hath preference, his art thou rather.  
Lilies like driven snow, gems set in even row, wait for thy wearing.  
The Lamb is still with thee, that Spouse is still with thee, clear light declaring.  
No occupation there, no aspiration there, save but the sweet singing,  
Telling of life preserved granted for grief deserved, gratitude bringing.  
City of luster rare, none but the just are there, thou shalt not crumble;  
Proud hearts are stupefied, and, from the Crucified, learn to be humble.  
Naught I know, naught I know, what joys then ought to grow, what rays shine  
o'er thee,  
How deep thy pleasures are, how rare thy treasures are, in years before thee!  
When I have tried thy praise, wonder denied my lays, foiled I desisted.  
O best of any light! in thee does any sight fail unassisted.

## Notes.

Sion, majestic place, mansion of mystic grace, heaven-built o'er me,  
Now I rejoice in thee, now does my voice in me fail — I long for thee!  
Thee, though my flesh be weak, strive I afresh to seek by my heart's yearning;  
But through my earthiness and earth's unworthiness, faint in my learning:  
No one discloseth yet, no one exposeth yet, unto us mortals  
Where are thy walls of light, on which there falls no night, or where are thy  
portals.

Thou dost each soul oppress with thy fair holiness, Sion the peaceful!  
City where time is not, praise though my rhyme is not aught but disgraceful.  
O thou secure from sin, whom tears endure not in — thou without striving;  
Land of the rarest grace, country of fairest face — ever surviving!

Though Mr. Duffield succeeded so well, yet he himself regarded his rendering as more curious than useful. In that conclusion we must reluctantly agree, though there are not a few lines, as shown in the quotations, that will linger in the memory. The reproduction which will live is the one by Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. He paraphrased but a portion of the poem, making use of the ballad measure, instead of the involved meter of the original. This left him comparatively free from the entanglements of rhyme and meter to reproduce the spirit and the thoughts of the poem. It must be said that Dr. Neale more than caught the spirit of the author. While faithful to his thought, it must be the verdict of those who compare the original with the translation, that he has so worked it all over that the result is almost as much his own as though he had originally conceived it. From his paraphrase have been taken those familiar and much prized hymns, which can never be dislodged from the hearts of true worshipers:—

"The world is very evil."  
"Brief life is here our portion."  
"For thee, O dear, dear country."  
"Jerusalem the golden."

**Note 2.** "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," p. 46. "Jerusalem, my happy Home," p. 59.

This hymn, which is but a portion of the original, is ascribed to Rev. David Dickson, and came into use about 1650-1670. He, however, evidently was not the author, but appears to have made up his verses from W. Prid's hymn, which has the same beginning, and from "A Song," by F. B. P., both of which in turn seem to have been drawn from the same source, inasmuch as they have some stanzas which are much alike. The latter has been regarded as a free translation of

Urbs beata Hierusalem  
Dicta pacis visio,

## The Tearless Land.

which was written in the seventh century, with the exception of the conclusion, *Angulare fundamentum*, which probably is an addition of the same or the succeeding century. *Urbs beata, vera pacis* is a recast of this dedication hymn. On the title-page of Prid's hymn, however, is stated the fact that his poem is "faithfully translated (out of S. Augustine his booke, intituled Speculum peccatoris)." If the two came from the same source, this would definitely indicate the origin. Prid's hymn was published in London by John Windet, in 1585. The first stanza is as follows:—

O Mother deare Hierusalem,  
Jehouas throne on hie:  
O Sacred Citie, Queene and Wife,  
Of Christ eternally.

The greater interest attaches to the song of F. B. P., from which comes the larger portion of our modern "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," and which has given to us the hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy Home." It is preserved in a thin quarto, numbered 15,225, in the British Museum, and is indorsed on the back, "Queen Elizabeth." The quarto contains several other pieces of poetry, evidently by Roman Catholics. This one is there recorded as follows:—

### A SONG MAD BY F: B: P:

*To the tune of Diana.*

- "1 Hierusalem my happie home  
When shall I come to thee  
When shall my sorrowes haue an end  
Thy ioyes when shall I see
- "2 O happie harbour of God's saints  
O sweete and pleasant soyle  
In thee noe sorrow may be founde  
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle
- "3 In thee noe sicknesse may be seene  
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore  
There is no death, nor uglye devill  
There is life for euermore
- "4 Noe dampish mist is seene in thee  
Noe could, nor darksome night  
There everie soule shines as the sunne  
There god himself gives light
- "5 There lust and lukar cannot dwell  
There envie beares noe sway  
There is no hunger heate nor coulede  
But pleasure everie way

## Notes.

- "6 Hierusalem: Hierusalem  
God grant I once may see  
Thy endlesse ioyes and of the same  
Partaker aye to bee.
- "7 Thy wales are made of precious stones  
Thy bulwarks Diamondes square  
Thy gates are of right orient pearle  
Exceedinge riche and rare
- "8 Thy terrettes and thy pinacles  
With carbuncles doe shine  
Thy verie streetes are paved with gould  
Surpassinge cleare and fine
- "9 Thy houses are of Ivoire  
Thy windoes cristale cleare  
Thy tyles are mad of beaten gould  
O god that I were there
- "10 Within thy gates nothinge doeth come  
That is not passage cleane  
Noe spiders web, noe durt noe dust  
Noe filthe may there be seene
- "11 Ah my sweete home Hierusaleme  
Would god I were in thee  
Would god my woes were at an end  
Thy ioyes that I might see
- "12 Thy saints are crownd with glorie great  
They see god face to face  
They triumph still, they still reioyce  
Most happie is their case
- "13 We that are heere in banishment  
Continuallie doe mourne  
We sighe and sobbe, we weepe and weale  
Perpetually we groane
- "14 Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaulc  
Our pleasure is but paine  
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on  
Our sorrowes still remaine
- "15 But there they liue in such delight  
Such pleasure and such play  
As that to them a thousand yeares  
Doth seeme as yeaster day
- "16 Thy viniardes and thy orchardes are  
Most beutifull and faire  
Full furnished with tree and fruits  
Most wonderfull and rare

## The Tearless Land.

- " 17 Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes  
Continually are greene  
There groes such sweete and pleasant flowers  
As noe where eles are seene
- " 18 There is nector and ambrosia made  
There is muske and civette sweete  
There many a faire and daintie drugge  
Are troden under feete
- " 19 There cinomen there sugar groes  
There narde and balme abound  
What tounge can tell or hart conceue  
The ioyes that there are founde
- " 20 Quyt through the streetes with siluer sound  
The flood of life doe flowe  
Upon whose bankes on everie syde  
The wood of life doth growe
- " 21 There trees for euermore beare fruite  
And euermore doe springe  
There euermore the Angels sit  
And euermore doe singe
- " 22 There David standes with harpe in hand  
As master of the Queere  
Tenne thousand times that man were blest  
That might this musicke hear
- " 23 Our Ladie singes magnificat  
With tune surpassinge sweete  
And all the virginns beare their parts  
Sittinge aboue her feete
- " 24 Te Deum doth Sant Ambrose singe  
Saint Augustine dothe the like  
Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
Haue not their songes to seeke
- " 25 There Magdalene hath left her mone  
And cheerfullie doth singe  
With blessed Saints whose harmonie  
In everie streete doth ringe
- " 26 Hierusalem my happie home  
Would god I were in thee  
Would god my woes were at an end  
Thy ioyes that I might see  
finis finis"

The initials "F. B. P." probably stand for Francis Baker, Priest. Dr. Neale quoted Daniel Sedgewick, who then was an authority in such

## Notes.

matters, as attributing the poem to Francis Baker Porter, but Dr. Neale evidently misread Pater as Porter, an easy thing to do in handwriting. The MS. is undated, but probably is to be assigned, like that of Prid's, to the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Note 3. "Lead, Kindly Light," p. 78.

This exquisite lyric was written, as Cardinal Newman himself says, while becalmed for a week in the Mediterranean in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Sardinia and Corsica. At the time he had not gone over to Catholicism, but was struggling with the depression caused by his conviction that the Church of England was not equal to the correction of the evils of the times. He believed that there was need of a second Reformation. In broken health he went with two friends to the south of Europe. He fell ill of a fever at Leonforte, on the island of Sicily, and his servant thought him to be dying; but he declared that he should get well, for he had not sinned against light. At Castro-Giovanni he was laid up for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May, 1833, he set off for Palermo. Before starting he sat down upon his bed and began to sob bitterly. When asked by his servant what ailed him, he replied that he had a work to do in England. His belief that he had a work, his impatience to get to it, but his ignorance of what it was, led him to breathe forth the prayer of the hymn, which has been adopted by so many in all branches of the Christian Church. The date of the composition is fixed by himself as June, 1833.

The two closing lines are obscure, and a number of interpretations have been put upon them. When appealed to for their meaning the author humorously replied that after almost fifty years he was not bound to remember what he did have in mind! He has distinguished company in the matter of forgetting his own thought, for Coleridge and Goethe and others have confessed to the same lapse of memory.

Note 4. "The Two Angels," p. 95.

In a letter to a correspondent, written April 25, 1855, Mr. Longfellow says: "I have only time this morning to enclose you a poem which perhaps you have not seen, as it is not in any volume. It was written on the birth of my younger daughter and the death of the young and beautiful wife of my neighbor and friend, the poet Lowell. It will serve as an answer to one of your questions about life and its many mysteries. To these dark problems there is no other solution possible, except the one word *Providence*." The poem was written in March, 1854, and published in Putnam's Magazine, April, 1854.

Note 5. "Nearer Home," p. 123.

This poem, the author says, was written in 1882, in a little back third-

## The Tearless Land.

story bedroom one Sunday morning after returning from church. In the year before her death she wrote of it, "It makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

Note 6. "Immanuel's Land," p. 154.

The refrain of this poem is the echo of the dying words of Rev. Samuel Rutherford, a man of great learning and talents, who lived 1600-1661. He was first a professor in the University of Edinburgh, then minister of the parish at Anworth, and subsequently professor of theology at St. Andrews. His deathbed was remarkable for its triumph of faith and trust. Mr. Fleming, who has preserved some of his final utterances, says that "full of the Spirit, yea, as it were, overcome with sensible enjoyment, he breathed out his soul, his last words being, 'Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.'" It is this expression of which Mrs. Cousin has made such happy use in her remarkable poem.

Note 7. "Blessed are the Dead," p. 241.

Published in the "Poets and Poetry of Europe." See Müller's "Bibliothek deutscher Dichter des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts," vol. v, p. 123.

Note 8. "That Holy Sabbath Day," p. 273.

From its first line this poem is known as "O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata." It was written by Peter Abelard about 1134, when he was the abbot of St. Gildas. It has been said that in the main his hymns are didactic and cold, but this one is neither. Few poems equal it in devout fervor. It is sufficient in itself to perpetuate his name, and to soften somewhat the harsh judgment which is compelled by the uglier facts of his previous life. The present translation was made by Rev. Samuel W. Duffield in the alcoves of the Astor Library, New York, in 1883, when he was making an examination of the hymns prepared by Abelard for the abbess Heloise and her nuns.

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Acknowledgment is herewith made to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to use "Two Angels, One of Life and One of Death," "Into the Silent Land," "There is a Reaper Whose Name is Death," "O how blessed are ye Whose Toils are ended," by Henry W. Longfellow; and "I long for Household Voices gone" and "I feel the Unutterable Longing," by John G. Whittier. Also to Roberts Brothers for the privilege of incorporating the following poems by Susan Coolidge: "The Last Hour," "O Dear and Friendly Death," "Through the Door."

## List of Authors.

**ABELARD, PETER, 273.**

A monk of the twelfth century, abbot of St. Gildas, at the time of writing the poem quoted from him. He was a controversialist and was looked upon as a heretic. The blot upon his record is his relations with Heloise, who became the abbess of Paraclee.

**ALFORD (D.D.), REV. HENRY, 108.**

1810-1871. Dean of Canterbury. The well-known Biblical scholar, whose excellent edition (1841) of the Greek New Testament is still in use. Author of a volume of poems (1835), "The School of the Heart."

**ARNOLD, EDWIN, 106.**

1832-. Editor in chief of the London Telegraph. Author of the poem, "The Light of Asia." Passed a portion of his early manhood in India, where he was principal of the government Sanscrit college at Poonah in the Deccan.

**BAKER, REV. HENRY WILLIAMS, 181.**

1821-1877. Baronet; vicar of Monkland, Hertfordshire, England. Chairman of the forty clergymen who (1861) prepared "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

**BARING-GOULD, REV. SABINE, 168.**

1834-. Rector of an Episcopal church in Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, England. His works, biographical, historical, sermonic, and hymnal, are numerous. "Onward, Christian soldiers," is from his pen.

**BARTON, BERNARD, 110.**

1784-1849. Commonly known in England as "The Quaker Poet." Forty years a clerk in Alexander's Bank, Woodbridge, England.

**BERNARD OF CLUNY, 31.**

A monk in the Abbey of Cluny during the time of Peter the Venerable (1122-1156), the General of the Order to which he belonged. Born at Morlaix in Brittany of English parents. The marvelous poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*, a part of which, as translated by Dr. John Mason Neale, is herein published under the title "The Celestial Country," is the only one of his productions known.

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**BETHUNE (D.D.), REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON, 109.**

1805-1862. An eminent divine of the Reformed Dutch Church of America. Died suddenly after preaching in Florence, Italy, whither he had gone for his health.

**BICKERSTETH (D.D.), REV. EDWARD HENRY, 75, 212, 253.**

1825-. Bishop of Exeter, England. Well known by his poem "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." His contributions to hymnology are of real worth and importance.

**BONAR (D.D.), REV. HORATIUS, 14, 22, 52, 68, 79, 94, 105, III, 115, 124, 128, 145, 149, 176, 182, 228.**

1808-1889. Pastor of the Grange, or Chalmer's Memorial Church, Edinburgh. Author of many of our sweetest and best hymns. His verses are remarkable for their spirituality, devotion, and true poetic quality.

**BORTHWICK, JANE, 87, 278.**

1813-. A Scottish authoress, residing in Edinburgh. Colaborer with her sister, Mrs. Eric Finladen, in translating from the German, "Hymns from the Land of Luther."

**BOWLES, CAROLINE ANN, 120.**

1786-1854. Became the wife of Robert Southey, the poet, in 1839.

**BRIDGES, MATTHEW, 259.**

1800-. Born at The Friars, Malden, Essex, England. Of late years a resident of Canada near Quebec.

**BRIGHT, J. HUNTINGTON, 232.**

1804-1837. Born at Salem and died at Manchester, Mass. A contributor to the press under the *nom de plume* of "Viator."

**BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, 197, 199, 201, 233.**

1809-1861. The far-famed poetess; wife of the poet, Robert Browning.

**BULKLEY, C. H. A., 151.**

Compiler of "Plato's Best Thoughts" (1883), from Professor Jowett's translation of the Dialogues of Plato.

**BULWER-LYTTON, SIR EDWARD, 67.**

1805-1873. The distinguished English novelist.

**CARY, PHOEBE, 123.**

1825-1871. The older of the two well-known Cary sisters, the other of whom was Alice. They were born in the Miami Valley, Ohio. In 1850 they published a volume of poems together which brought them into notice. Thenceforward they labored together in New York City, sustaining themselves by literary work of various kinds. Alice, who was chronically ill, died first.

## List of Authors.

CAMERON, REV. CHARLES INNES, 267.

1837-1876? Born at Kilmalie, near Fort William, Scotland; removed to Canada, 1858. Missionary to India, 1865; ill health compelled his return to Canada in 1875, where he died soon after.

CASWALL, REV. EDWARD, 19, 25.

1814-1878. Born at Yately, Hampshire, England. Became a Roman Catholic priest at Birmingham, 1850. His translations of hymns are of a high order.

COBB (D.D.), REV. HENRY N., 84.

1834-. Born in New York City. Now Corresponding Secretary of Board of Foreign Missions of Reformed Church in America, New York.

COOKE, ROSE TERRY, 236.

1827-1892. A writer of great originality and force, especially in the New England dialect. Author also of a volume of poems.

COOLIDGE, SUSAN. See Sarah Chauncy Woolsey.

COUSIN, MRS. ANNE R., 154.

Only daughter of David Ross Cundell, M.D., Leith, Scotland, widow of Rev. William Cousin, minister of the Free Church, Melrose, Scotland. Contributor of poems to various periodicals. An edition of her poems was published in 1876, with the title "Immanuel's Land, and other Pieces."

CREWDSON, JANE FOX, 73, 78.

1809-1863. Daughter of George Fox, of Perran, Cornwall; wife of Thomas D. Crewdson, Manchester, England.

CROSSMAN, SAMUEL, 16.

1624-1683. Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral, England.

DEMAREST, MARY LEE, 60.

1838-1888. Born in New York City. "My Ain Countree and Other Verses" was published in 1883.

DICKSON, REV. DAVID, 46.

1583-1663. Professor of divinity, first at Glasgow and afterwards at Edinburgh.

DORR, JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY, 62.

1825-. Born at Charleston, S. C., but for the most part has resided in Vermont. Her principal literary effort has been in the line of fiction, but she has published two volumes of poems.

DUFFIELD, REV. SAMUEL W., 54, 273.

1843-1887. A Presbyterian minister, remarkable in his translations for the grace and aptness of his versification. Author of "English Hymns" and "Latin Hymns," with critical notes and biographical sketches.

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EDMESTON, JAMES, 217.

1791-1867. An English architect and surveyor. Author of nearly two thousand hymns.

ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE, 55, 57.

1789-1871. Born at Westfield Lodge, Brighton, England. Editor of The Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book for twenty-five years. A constant invalid after thirty-two years of age. Author of "The Invalid's Hymn Book" (1836), in which appeared the hymn, "Just as I am."

FABER (D.D.), REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM, 48, 56, 89, 269.

1814-1863. A Roman Catholic; founder of a brotherhood in London. The complete edition of his hymns, many of which are of great beauty, contains about two hundred and fifty.

FARNINGHAM, MARIANNE, 76, 214, 251, 252.

1834-. Pseudonym of Mary Anne Hearne. Born at Farningham, Kent, England, whence her *nom de plume*. Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," etc. Editorially connected with The Christian World and The Sunday-School Times.

FYSH, FREDERICK, 250.

An English writer. Author of "A Lyrical Version of the Psalms," and various theological works.

GANNETT, REV. WILLIAM C., 203.

1840-. Boston. A contributor to magazines and periodicals, and author of some very fine hymns and poems.

GAUDENZ VON SALIS, JOHANN, 150.

1762-1834. Born at Seewis, Germany, and died at Malans. For a time was captain of the Swiss Guard at Versailles. Was a friend of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland.

GILL, THOMAS H., 65, 170.

1819-. An English layman, living near London. Author of nearly two hundred hymns.

GRANT, SIR ROBERT, 262.

1785-1838. A Scotch-English barrister of wide reputation. A member of Parliament; finally governor of Bombay, India, where he died.

HAWEIS, REV. H. R., 23.

1838-. Perpetual Curate of St. James, Marylebone, England, since 1866. Editor of Cassell's Magazine, 1868.

HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER, MRS. META, 278.

1797-1876. Born and lived in the village of Hirzel, canton Zurich, Switzerland. Declared to be the most gifted of Germany's female poets.

## List of Authors.

**HOGG, JAMES, 104.**

1770 or 1772-1835. Best known as "The Ettrick Shepherd." An edition of his poetical works was published in 1822.

**HOSMER, REV. FREDERICK L., 200.**

Unitarian minister, Cleveland, Ohio.

**HOWITT, MARY, 98.**

1804-. A popular English authoress of numerous instructive books.

**HUNTER (D.D.), REV. WILLIAM, 183.**

1811-1877. Born in Ireland; removed to America in 1830. In this country was editor of some Methodist publications, then professor of Hebrew in Alleghany College; finally a Methodist minister at Alliance, Ohio.

**HUNTINGTON (D.D.), REV. FREDERICK D., 245.**

1819-. Episcopal bishop of Central New York. A well-known writer on current religious themes.

**INGELOW, JEAN, 187.**

1830-. Born at Boston, England. A poetess popular on both sides of the ocean.

**IVES, ELLA GILBERT, 24.**

Principal of a young ladies' preparatory school, Boston.

**JACKSON, HELEN HUNT, 205, 207.**

1831-1885. Daughter of Professor N. W. Fiske, of Amherst. Long known as a writer only by her initials "H. H.," which appeared also in connection with her verses, issued in 1871. Author of "A Century of Dishonor," etc.

**JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, 186.**

A Sicilian of the ninth century; an exile to Thessalonica in 830; captured by sea pirates, and sold by them as a slave on the island of Crete, where he was held for several years, etc. It is questionable whether the things which bear his name have not been materially altered and bettered by their translators.

**LAIGHTON, ALBERT, 211.**

1829-1887. Born at Portsmouth, N. H. A volume of his poems was published in 1878.

**LANGE (D.D.), REV. JOHANN PETER, 216.**

1802-1884. At Zurich, professor of Church History and Dogmatics; at Bonn, professor of Systematic Theology. Best known as a theologian. Though a thinker rather than a poet, he attained prominence as a hymn writer in the German Reformed Church.

**LARCOM, LUCY, 20, 219.**

1826-. Born at Beverly Farms, Mass. A favorite poet; at one time associate editor of "Our Young Folks."

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LITTLEWOOD, REV. W. E., 242.

1812?-1881. Vicar of St. James, Bath, England. An acceptable writer on church history and practical matters.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 95, 150, 210, 241.

1807-1882. A poet so widely known that no itemized reference is necessary.

LYTE, REV. HENRY FRANCIS, 80.

1793-1847. Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham, Devon, England. In addition to his own hymns, which are quite popular, he published (1846) the poems of Henry Vaughan.

MACDONALD, GEORGE, 229.

1824-. An Episcopalian clergyman of London, England, and also novelist and poet. Four volumes of his poems have been published, 1855, 1857, 1864, 1868.

MACKELLAR, THOMAS, 93.

1812-. A typefounder, Philadelphia; elder in a Presbyterian church.

MANT, BISHOP RICHARD, 184.

1776-1848. A writer of both prose and poetry; chiefly known by his translations from the Latin.

MASSEY, GERALD, 13, 185.

1828-. An English poet, born in Hertfordshire. Published "Poems and Chansons," in 1847; "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," in 1853; "A Tale of Eternity," in 1870, etc.

MEYER, MRS. LUCY J. RIDER, 29.

Principal of the M. E. Training School for Home and Foreign Missions, Chicago.

MILLS, MRS. ELIZABETH, 58.

1805-1829. Born at Stoke Newington, England; died at Finsbury Place, London.

MITCHELL, WILLIAM, 275.

MONSELL (LL.D.), REV. J. S. B., 165, 260.

1811-1875. Rector in Guildford, England. Born in Londonderry, Ireland. Author of "Hymns of Love and Praise," and of "Spiritual Songs." His hymns are exceptionally fine.

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, 100, 117, 222, 271.

1771-1854. Sheffield, England. Editor and poet. Sometimes called, rather extravagantly, "The Cowper of the Nineteenth Century." An adherent of the Moravian Church.

MUHLENBERG (D.D.), WILLIAM A., 263.

1796-1877. An Episcopal rector, New York. Author of "I would not live away," etc.

## List of Authors.

- NAIRNE (BARONESS), LADY CAROLINA**, 28, 103.  
1766-1845. Third daughter of Lawrence Olyphant, county of Perth, Scotland; wife of Captain Murray Nairne, afterwards Lord Nairne. Called "The Flower of Strathearn."
- NEALE (D.D.), REV. JOHN MASON**, 31, 133, 186.  
1818-1866. Minister in the Church of England, Warden of Sackville College, East Grimstead, founder of the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, etc. Best known as a translator of mediæval hymns.
- NEWMAN (D.D.), JOHN HENRY**, 78.  
1801-1890. At first an English Episcopalian; afterwards a Roman Catholic cardinal, Birmingham.
- NEVIN (D.D.), REV. EDWIN HENRY**, 254.  
1814-. A retired Presbyterian minister, Philadelphia. Composer of poems and hymns of recognized merit.
- NEWTON, REV. JOHN**, 167.  
1725-1807. Rector of St. Mary-Woolworth, London. His services as a hymn-writer have been of great value.
- PARMLEE, MRS. HELEN M.**, 264.  
Died at Albany, N. Y., 1864. Author of "Poems, Religious and Miscellaneous," published in 1865.
- PRIEST, NANCY A. W.** See Wakefield.
- PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE**, 70.  
1825-1864. Born in Belford Square, London. Author of "Legends and Lyrics," etc.
- RAFFLES (D.D., LL.D.), REV. THOMAS**, 174, 247.  
1788-1863. For fifty years one of the most prominent Congregational ministers of England. Pastor of the Great George Street Congregational Church, Liverpool.
- RHEES, R. A.**, 243.
- RYAN, REV. ABRAM JOSEPH**, 99.  
1839-1886. Born at Norfolk, Va. A Roman Catholic priest; chaplain in the Confederate army during the war.
- ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.**, 65, 144.  
1830-. An English poetess; author of "Goblin Market," "The Prince's Progress," "A Pageant and Other Poems," etc.
- SACHSE (D.D.), CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH HEINRICH**, 97.  
1785-1860. Through his hymns he did much to stimulate Christian life among the Lutherans.
- SAWYER, MRS. C. M.**, 47.  
1812-. Editor of "Ladies' Repository" in 1861. Has published several religious works and made a number of translations from the German and French.

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**SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON, 67.**

1759-1805. The great national poet of Germany.

**SMITH, CHARITIE LEES, 53.**

1841-. Born at Bloomfield, Merrion, county of Dublin, Ireland. Now wife of Mr. Arthur E. Bancroft.

**SMITH, MAY LOUISE RILEY, 137, 208, 275.**

1842-. Born at Rochester, N. Y. A frequent contributor to periodicals. A collection of her poems, under the title "Fringed Gentians," was published in 1882.

**SPENSER, EDMUND, 266.**

1552-1599. A disciple of Chaucer, whose style he imitated.

**ST. TERESA OF SPAIN, 25.**

1515-1582. Considered one of the greatest saints of the Roman Catholic Church. Born at Avila in Castile. At twenty devoted herself to the conventual life.

**STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, 147.**

1833-. An editor, critic, contributor to current literature, and poet of high rank.

**STENNETT (D.D.), REV. SAMUEL, 27.**

1727-1795. An eminent scholar; pastor of the Baptist church in Little Wild Street, London, for thirty-seven years.

**STODDARD, WILLIAM O., 74.**

1835-. Private secretary to President Lincoln, 1861-1864; since then a journalist; author of a number of books for the young.

**STOWE, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER, 126.**

1812-1896. The famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

**TAPPAN, REV. WILLIAM BINGHAM, 231.**

1794-1849. A Congregational minister long in the employ of the American Sunday-School Union.

**TENNYSON, ALFRED, 132.**

1809-1892. Successor of Wordsworth as poet laureate of England; the world's poet as well.

**UHLAND (LL.D.), JOHANN LUDWIG, 30.**

1787-1862. A celebrated German lyric poet. Born and died at Tübingen. His collection of patriotic songs published in 1815 was very popular.

**VAUGHAN, HENRY, 268.**

1621-1695. A physician practicing at Brecon and Newton, England. Sometimes termed "The Silurist." After a lapse of nearly two centuries his poems and hymns are coming into deserved favor.

## List of Authors.

WAKEFIELD, MRS. NANCY A. W. PRIEST, 143, 195.

1836-1870. Born in Royalston, Vt. The poem "Over the River they Beckon to Me" was written when she was but nineteen.

WATTS (D.D.), REV. ISAAC, 153.

1674-1748. The famous preacher; an English Congregationalist, whose hymns are used the world over. "The father of English hymnody."

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, 196, 218.

1807-1892. The Quaker poet of America. Lived at Amesbury, Mass.; died at Hampton Falls, N. H.

WILLIAMS, REV. ISAAC, 246.

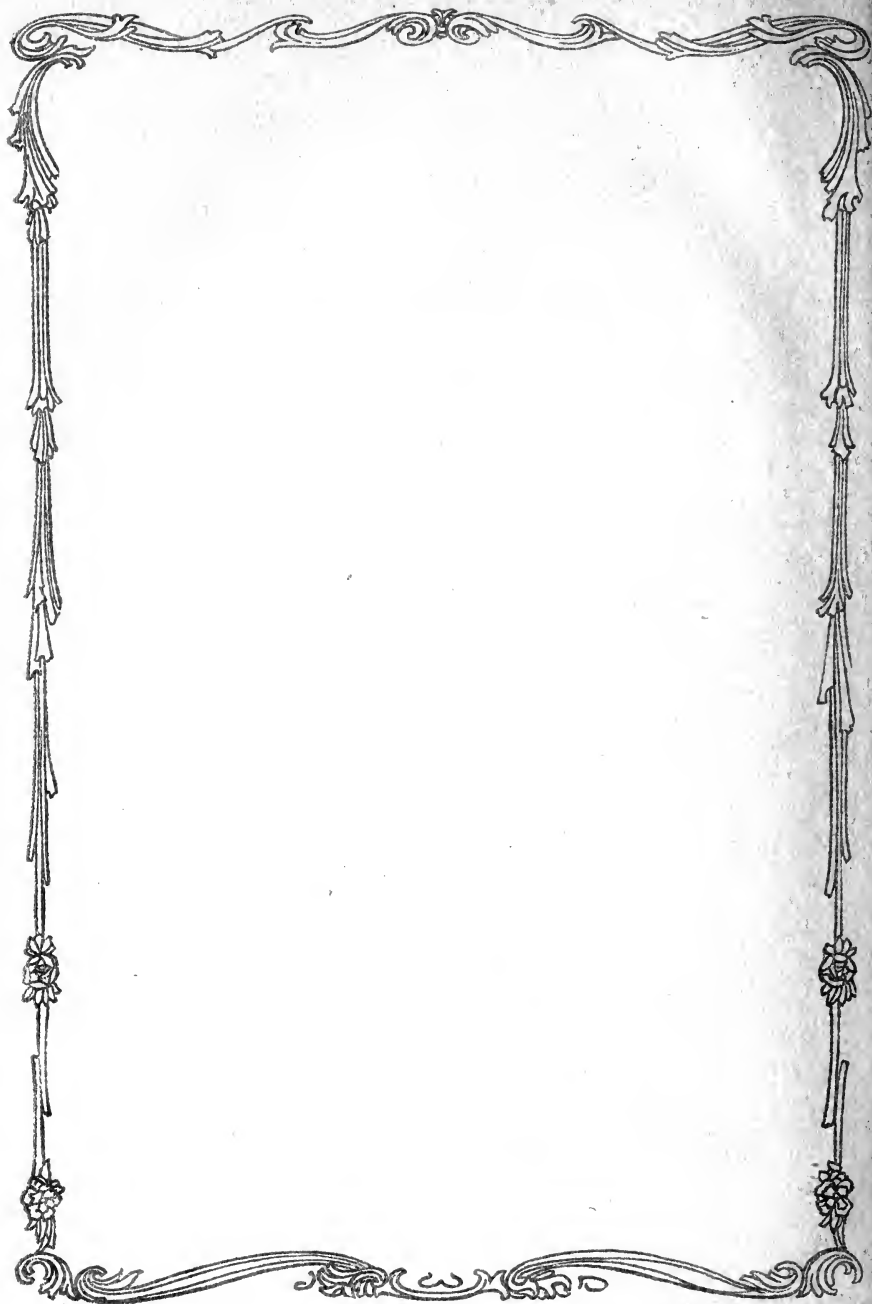
1802-1865. A Welsh Methodist preacher.

WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY, 71, 101, 113.

Born about 1845. Niece of President Woolsey. Resides at Newport, R. I. Is best known under her pseudonym of "Susan Coolidge." Is a contributor to romance, history, and poetry, and is the author of some charming books for the young.

ZINZENDORF, NICOLAUS LUDWIG, COUNT VON, 87.

1700-1760. Bishop of the Moravian Brethren's Unity at Berlin. His hymns number two thousand.



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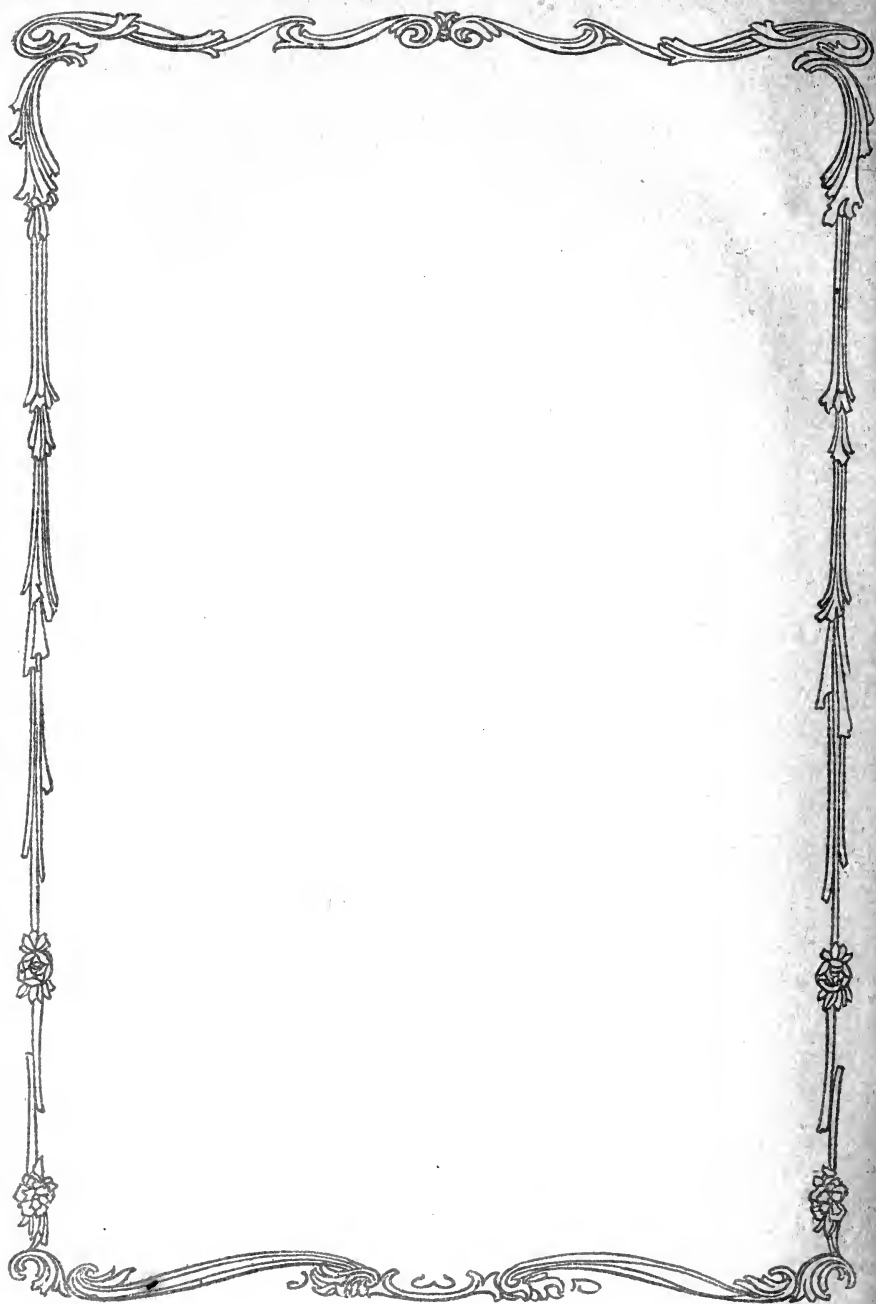
## The Tearless Land.

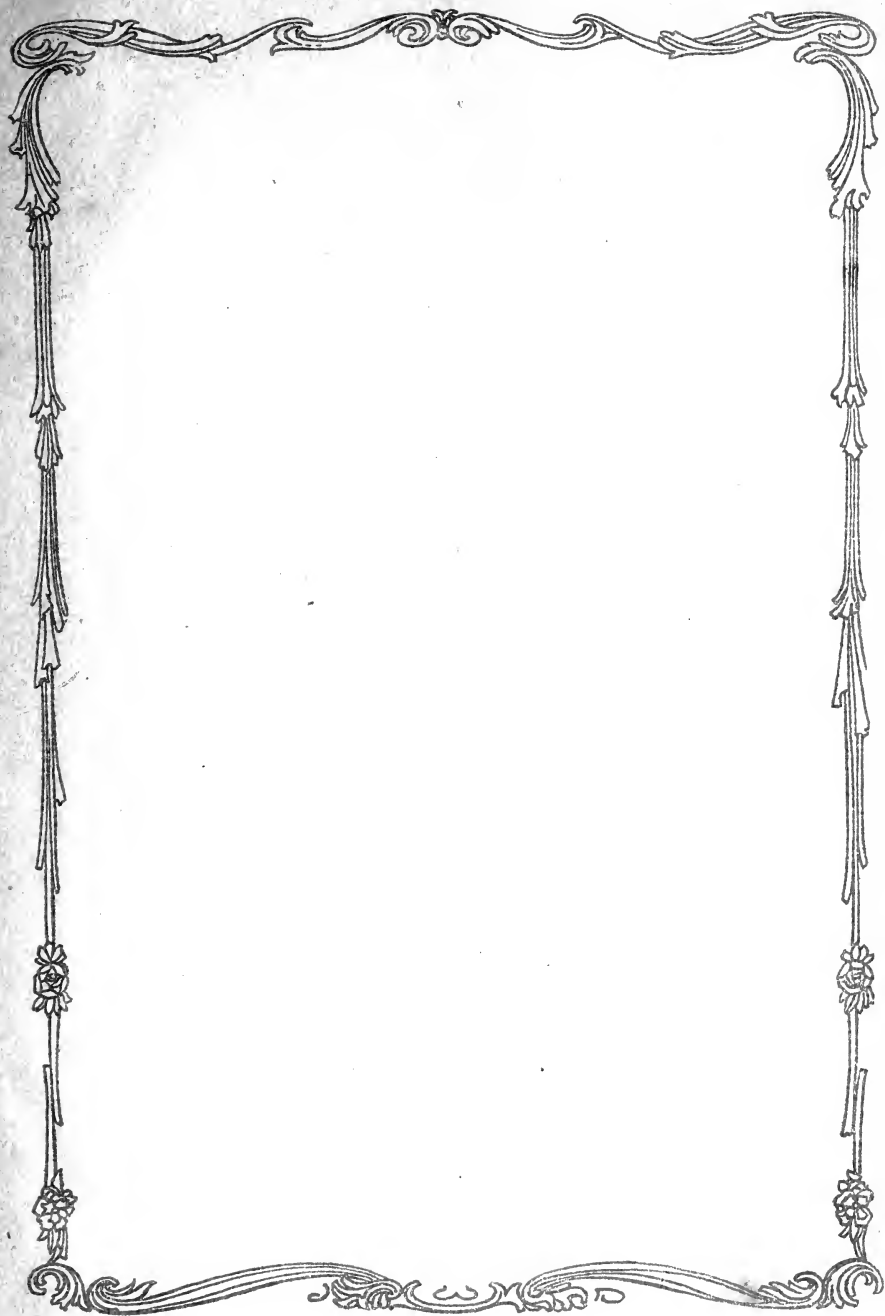
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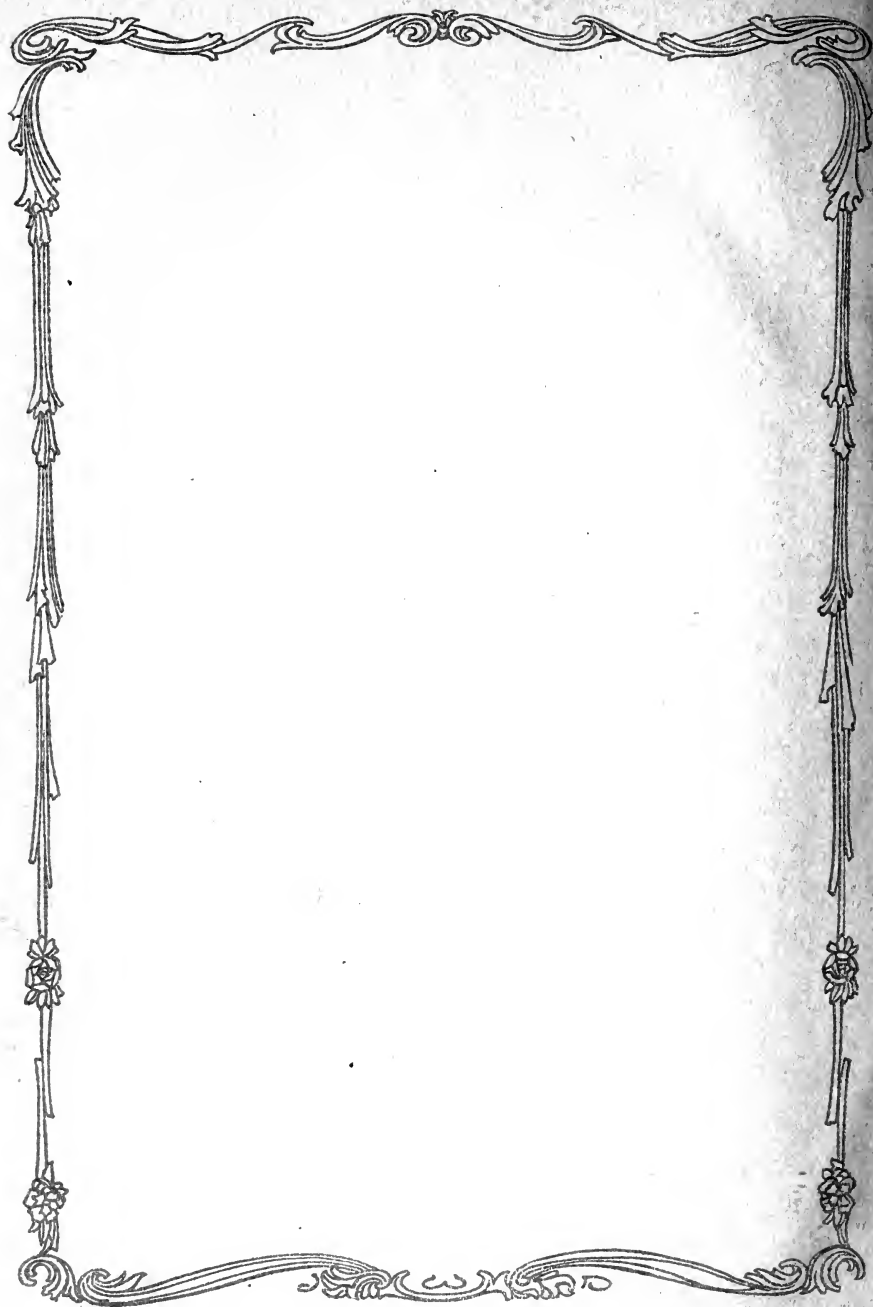


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